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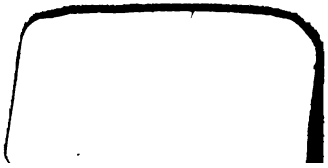

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THE WORKS OF
Mrs. SHERWOOD.

Uniform Edition.

Vol. II.

2

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New York:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 PLATT ST.

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THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. SHERWOOD.

BEING

THE ONLY UNIFORM EDITION EVER PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
329 & 331 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
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MRS. SHERWOOD'S WORKS.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT

The Subscribers solicit attention to their proposed republication of the works of Mrs. Sherwood in a cheap and handsome edition. This is, unquestionably, one of the most admirable family series in the English language from the pen of a single writer. It is a fact somewhat remarkable, considering the great merit of these writings, their extensive and increasing popularity in England, and the favour with which such as are familiar to American readers have been received, that *many of them have never been republished* in this country; while some of the works published as Mrs. Sherwood's are in fact not her productions.

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there are young persons; at the same time, most of them are of such a nature as to afford both profit and delight to readers of every age.

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HISTORY

OF

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild lived very far from any town; their house stood in the midst of a garden, which in the summer-time was full of fruit and sweet flowers. Mr. Fairchild kept only two servants, Betty and John; Betty's business was to clean the house, cook the dinner, and milk the cow; and John waited at table, worked in the garden, fed the pig, and took care of the meadow in which the cow grazed.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had three children; Lucy, who was about nine years old when these stories began: Emily who was next in age: and Henry, who was between six and seven. These little children did not go to school: Mrs. Fairchild taught Lucy and Emily, and Mr. Fairchild taught little Henry. Lucy and Emily learned to read, and to do various kinds of needlework. Lucy had begun to write, and took great pains with her writing: their mamma also taught them to sing psalms and hymns, and they could sing several very sweetly. Little Henry, too, had a great notion of singing.

Besides working and reading, the little girls could do many useful things: they made their beds, rubbed the chairs and tables in their rooms, fed the fowls; and, when John was busy, they laid the cloth for dinner, and were ready to fetch any thing which their papa or mamma might want.

Mr. Fairchild taught Henry every thing that was proper for little boys in his station to learn: and when he had finished his lessons in a morning, his papa used to take him very often to work in the garden; for Mr. Fairchild had great pleasure in helping John to keep the garden clean. Henry had a little basket; and he

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THE

HISTORY

OF

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY

BEING

A COLLECTION OF STORIES CALCULATED TO SHOW THE IMPORTANCE AND EFFECTS OF A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

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used to carry the weeds and rubbish in this basket out of the garden, and do many such other little things as his papa set him to do.

I must not forget to say, that Mr. Fairchild had a school for poor boys in the next village, and Mrs. Fairchild one for girls. I do not mean that they taught the children entirely themselves, but they paid a master and mistress to teach them; and they used to take a walk two or three times a week to see the children and to give rewards to those who had behaved well. When Lucy and Emily and Henry were obedient, their papa and mamma were so kind as to let them go with them to see the schools; and then they always contrived to have some little things ready to carry with them, as presents to the good children.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had been brought to the knowledge of God in the early part of their lives.

It is the greatest blessing which we can possibly receive, to be made to know our God, and to be made acquainted with all that he has done for our salvation. It is the work of the Spirit to bring us to this knowledge; and they who are thus enlightened, have new hearts given them, and are entirely changed,—insomuch, that they may be called new creatures: and the way by which we may know those whose hearts are changed through the power of the Spirit, is, that they love God above all things, and seek the everlasting good of their friends on earth with a degree of earnestness which makes them despise all other things in comparison.

So it was with Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild; they did not wish their dear little children to be handsome, or rich, or powerful in the world; all that they desired for them was the blessing of God; without which, all that this world can give is nothing worth.

You would perhaps like to hear the prayer which these pious parents used to offer up in behalf of their children—a prayer which they often used as they knelt down in a morning in their own chamber, the three little ones kneeling by them.

The pious Father and Mother's Prayer for their beloved Children.

O Heavenly Father! who hast opened a way for us to approach thee, through the blood and righteousness of thy blessed Son, for his sake hearken to the prayers of

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us sinful parents, who presume to intercede with thee in behalf of our children. Thou, O God, in thine infinite love, hast provided a means of salvation for all men. O grant to our humble and earnest prayers the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, to enlighten and renew the minds of our children, to convince them of the unbelief in which they have hitherto lived, and to point out to them that glorious atonement which thou hast provided for their sins. We do not ask any worldly honour or possession for our children; but we pray that they may be enabled to prefer Thee above all things, and be made sensible of that everlasting love with which thou hast loved thy people through all eternity.

O glorious Saviour! we devote these our little ones to thee, wholly unto thee, either to take them now to thyself, or to give them longer life, as it seemeth to thee good: but, oh! intercede for them, that they may be the children of the Holy One; and that of these little ones, whom thou hast given us, we may be able to say, at the last day, "Of them which thou gavest us have we lost none." John xviii. 9.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, honour, and praise, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

HYMN I.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
We bring them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our children be.

Ye little babes with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust

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CREATION OF ALL THINGS BY THE SACRED THREE IN ONE.

"It is a fine morning, my little ones," said Mr. Fairchild one day to his children; "we will take a walk to the top of the hill, and sit there under the shade of the trees; and there we will talk about God, and we will sing a hymn in praise of him." Then Lucy and Emily and Henry ran joyfully to put on their hats and tippets; and when their mamma was ready, they set out.

Near Mr. Fairchild's house there was a little green hill, at the top of which were some beautiful chestnut-trees: and under the chestnut-trees was a wooden seat, which Mr. Fairchild, with John's help, had placed there. In the summer mornings Mr. Fairchild often used to retire to this place, in order to sit there and read his Bible undisturbed: for the singing of the little birds in the trees was no disturbance to him. From the top of this hill one might see Mr. Fairchild's house standing in the pleasant garden; and also many beautiful cornfields, and little coppices, and meadows, through which flowed a smooth river; the long green lane which led to the village, too, was visible from the hill: and John Trueman's neat cottage just at the entrance of the village; and the spire of the church just peeping over the trees.—You do not know who John Trueman is; but you shall know by-and-by.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children walked up the hill, and sat down upon the seat under the chestnut-trees; and then Mr. Fairchild began to talk to his children about holy things.

"Look round you, my dear children," he said; "what a beautiful place is this! Behold that glorious sun, which just appears above those golden clouds: that sun is a million of times larger than this earth; it shines upon this world, and gives it light and warmth; it would be quite dark, and very cold, if there were no sun, and we shoul dall die. The sun shines upon other worlds, many of which are vastly larger than this; of these we know but little, but that they were all made by God.

"The globe which we inhabit is very fair; look at the green fields, full of sweet flowers, in which the cows and the sheep are feeding—how beautiful they are! and how

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sweet is the smell of the flowers as the wind blows gently over them! The little birds make their nests in the branches of the trees, and God provides them with food. Men build themselves houses; but God creates the wood and the stone of which they are made: men sow seeds in the ground; but God sends rain and sunshine to make the seeds grow. All the things that are in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, are made by the Lord Almighty.

"God is called in Scripture the Lord Jehovah; by which we understand three persons in one God—namely God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; these three holy Persons are one God, which is a great mystery above our understanding, but which we are bound to believe, because it is a doctrine of Scripture. These holy Persons are continually engaged in the great work of man's salvation, and the bringing multitudes of those to glory and happiness who are lost through sin and disobedience."

Then Mr. Fairchild taught his children a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the wonders of creation; which prayer any little children may use upon the same occasion.

The Prayer.

O blessed Lord God: holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! we thank thee for having made the sun to shine upon us and warm us in the day-time, and the moon and stars to shine in the night. We thank thee for having made this world for us to live in; and for filling it with trees, and flowers, and corn, and useful animals. We thank thee, O Lord, for having made us and our dear papa and mamma; and for taking care of us every day, and giving us food and drink, and clothes to wear. O Lord, thou art very good! we thank thee for all thy goodness, and all the care which thou hast taken of us, ever since we were little babies; but more especially we thank thee for sending thy Son to die for us. And now, O dear and holy Lord God, give us new hearts, that we may know thee, and love thee, and serve thee all the days of our lives on earth; and after death that we may go up to heaven and live there, in thy presence, for ever and ever. Amen.

Our Father, which art in heaven, &c.

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HYMN II.

I sing th' Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food.
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye.
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand and move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye,
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

"It is Lucy's birth-day," said Mr. Fairchild, as he came into the parlour one fine morning in May: "we will go to see John Trueman, and take some cake to his little children; and afterward we will go on to visit Nurse, and carry her some tea and sugar."

Nurse was a pious old woman, who had taken care of Lucy when she was a baby, and now lived with her son and his wife Joan in a little cottage not far distant, called

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Brookside cottage, because a clear stream of water ran just before the door.

"And shall we stay at nurse's all day, papa?" said the children.

"Ask your mamma, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild.

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Fairchild; "and we will take Betty with us to carry our dinner."

So when the children had breakfasted, and Betty was ready, they all set out. And first they went down the lane towards John Trueman's cottage. There was not a pleasanter lane near any village in England; the hedge on each side is of hawthorn, which was then in blossom; and the grass was soft under the feet as a velvet cushion: on the bank, under the hedge, were all manner of sweet flowers, violets, and primroses, and the blue vervain.

Lucy and Emily and Henry ran gayly along before their papa and mamma, and Betty came after with the basket. Before they came up to the gate of John Trueman's cottage, the children stopped to take the cake out of Betty's basket, and to cut shares of it for John's little ones. While they were doing this, their papa and mamma had reached the cottage, and were sitting down at the door when they came up.

I promised to make my reader acquainted with John Trueman. He was a poor working man, and had a wife and six children. But I should not call him poor: I should rather call him rich: for he had cause to hope that his wife and all his children (that is, all who were old enough to inspire such hopes) had been brought to the knowledge of God; and as for John himself, there was reason to think that he was one of the most faithful servants of God in all the country round.

John Trueman's cottage was a neat little place, standing in a garden, adorned with pinks, and rosemary, and southernwood. John himself was gone out to his daily work when Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild came to his house; but his wife Mary was at home, and was just giving a crust of bread and a bit of cheese to a very poor woman, who had stopped at the gate with a baby in her arms.

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Fairchild; "I hope it is a sign that you are getting rich, as you have bread and cheese to spare."

"Sir," she answered, "this poor woman is in want, and my children will never miss what I have given her."

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"You are very right," said Mrs. Fairchild. "'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,' and the Lord will pay it again;" and at the same time she slipped a shilling into the poor woman's hand.

John and Mary Trueman had six children; the eldest, Thomas, was working in the garden; and little Billy, his youngest brother, who was but three years old, was carrying out the weeds as his brother plucked them up. Mary, the eldest daughter, was taking care of the baby; and Kitty, the second, sat sewing; while her brother Charles, a little boy of seven years of age, read the Bible aloud to her. They were all neat and clean, though dressed in very coarse clothes.

When Lucy, and Emily, and Henry divided the cake among the poor children, they looked very much pleased; but they said that they would not eat any of it till their father came in at night. "If that is the case," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you shall have a little tea and sugar, to give your father with your cake;" so she gave them some out of the basket. Mary Trueman first thanked God, and then Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, for these good things: and she, with all her children, followed Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild with courtesies and bows to the corner of the lane.

As Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children passed through the village, they stopped at the schools, and found every thing as they could wish;—the children all clean, neat, cheerful, and busy; and the master and mistress very attentive. They were much pleased to see every thing in such good order in the schools: and having passed this part of the village, they turned aside into a large meadow through which was the path to Nurse's cottage. Many sheep with their lambs were feeding in this meadow: and here, also, were abundance of primroses, cowslips, daisies, and buttercups; and the song of the birds which were in the hedge-rows was exceedingly delightful.

As soon as the children came in sight of Nurse's little cottage, they ran on before, to kiss Nurse; and to tell her that they were come to spend the day with her. The poor woman was very glad, because she loved Mr. Fairchild's children very dearly; she therefore kissed them, and took them to see her little grandson Tommy, who was asleep in the cradle. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Betty had come up; and while Betty

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prepared the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild sat talking with Nurse at the door of the cottage.

Their discourse ran upon the mercy and goodness of God to his people, and poor Nurse especially was full of gratitude for what had been lately done for her son for this young man had for a short time past given evidence of a great change of heart, insomuch that he made his mother and wife extremely happy, whereas he had formerly given them great uneasiness. "These are blessings," said Mr. Fairchild to Nurse, "for which you cannot be too thankful."

Betty and Joan laid the cloth upon the fresh grass before the cottage door; and when Joan had boiled some potatoes, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild sat down to dinner, with the children; after which, the children went to play in the meadow, by the brook-side, till it was time for them to be going home. But before they parted from Nurse, I should tell you that Mr. Fairchild read a chapter in the Bible aloud; and afterward they all prayed together, that God would bless them until they should meet again: and Mrs. Fairchild having given Nurse the tea and sugar, the good old woman kissed the dear children, and they returned home with their papa and mamma.

"What a happy day we have had!" said Lucy, as she walked home between her papa and mamma: "every thing has gone well with us since we set out; and every one we have seen has been kind and good to us; and the weather has been so fine, and every thing looks so pretty all around us!"

"It is very true," said Mr. Fairchild, "that we have had a happy day, my dear; for we have conversed with no persons to-day but those who live in the fear of God. If everybody in this world feared God, the world would again become nearly such as it was before Adam sinned; but 'by reason of sin all lands mourn.'"

"Was the world very pretty, papa," said Emily, "before wickedness came into it?"

"It is written in the first chapter of Genesis," said Mr. Fairchild, "that when God had made all things, he looked on them, and behold, they were very good. Adam and Eve were made in the image of God: they were no doubt most lovely to look upon; and they had no angry, wicked passion to disturb them. They were placed in a garden watered by four streams, in which was every kind of tree pleasan to the sight or good for food

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There were no evil beasts then in the world; no sickness or sorrow, no pain, no death; but when Adam sinned, all these evils came into the world."

"If men were to leave off being wicked, papa," said Lucy, "would pain and sorrow leave them?"

"Men can never leave off sinning, my dear," said Mr Fairchild, "because sin is in our hearts, and will continue to trouble us to our dying day; but in proportion as the people of any town, or village, or house, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, they will become more and more happy; and in proportion as people give way to sin, they become more miserable. In those heathen countries where God is not known at all, the people are poor, miserable, cruel, and dirty: they do not know what it is to be happy; the fields look barren and desolate, and the very beasts share their misery. I remember a time when Nurse and her son did not love God; and then they were not happy, but were always quarrelling and miserable: their little cottage did not look clean, and orderly, and pleasant as it now does, but was always in an uproar and confusion; but, now that God has given them clean hearts, you see how happy they are. We must have clean hearts, before we could be happy even in heaven; 'without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.'" Heb. xii. 14.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, with their children, had got home; and they were very much tired, for they had walked a long way that day. Before they went to bed, however, Mr. Fairchild taught his children a very pretty prayer, which I shall put down here for your use.

A Prayer for the Restoration of the Image of God in which Man was first made.

O Lord God Almighty, blessed Three in one, it is written in the first chapter of Genesis, that thou didst make man in thine own image—that is, without sin in him, with a clean and innocent heart; but we are fallen from the innocence in which God first made our father Adam: our hearts are not good now; no, they are very wicked. When Adam and Eve had no sin, they lived in the garden of Eden, and were never unhappy: then they loved thee, O Lord God, and loved each other, with all their hearts: but when sin came into them, they hid themselves from God, and were angry with each other. O Lord God, give us clean and holy hearts, that we may

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love thee, and live in peace with each other. Without new hearts we cannot be happy; we should not be happy even in heaven, without clean hearts. O Lord, we ask for clean hearts, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, who for our sakes was nailed upon the cross, and there gave up his life for us. O Lord, hear the prayers of us poor wicked children, and give us clean and holy hearts.

Our Father, &c. &c.

HYMN III.

Backward with humble shame we look
On our original:
Here is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall.

To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill!
What dreadful darkness vails our mind!
How obstinate our will!

What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From a corrupted spring?

Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean!
While Christ and grace prevailed above
The tempter, death, and sin.

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosannah to that Sovereign Power
Which new-creates our dust!

GENERAL DEPRAVITY OF MANKIND IN ALL COUNTRIES AFTER THE FALL.

Mr. Fairchild had a little tame hare, which he kept in his study. He had it many years. This hare had a little wooden house, with a small door, in the study; and whenever any thing frighted it, it used to run into its house, where it remained in safety. Emily and Lucy and Henry used to go every morning into the garden, to get parsley and other green things for the hare. One day, when they came in with the hare's food, they saw their papa sitting at his study table examining a large round ball, or globe, which was fixed upon a stand before

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him. The children had never seen this before, because it was just come from London, a present from Mr. Fairchild's uncle.

"Oh! papa! papa! what pretty thing is that?" said the children: "pray let us see it."

"It is a globe, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild; "your kind uncle sent it from London for your use."

"Oh, that was good, papa," said Lucy; "it is very pretty."

"Yes, it is very pretty indeed," said Henry: "but I do not understand its use."

"My little people, come here," said Mr. Fairchild; "and stand round the table, and I will try to make you understand what is the use of the globe."

So the children gave the hare his paraley, and gathered round their papa.

"Of what shape is this thing, my dears?" said Mr. Fairchild.

"It is round, papa," said Lucy: "round like an apple."

"This thing, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild, "is called a globe; it shows the shape of the world in which we live; and upon it are drawn, as in a picture, all the countries of the world."

"Oh, papa! how pretty!" said Emily; "and is the world in which we live round like this?"

Mr. Fairchild. Yes, my dears; and it hangs in the heavens as the moon does, kept there by the almighty power of God.

"Papa," said Henry, "will you teach us where all the countries are upon the globe?"

Mr. Fairchild. Yes, my dear; you shall come into my study; and I will teach you a little every day; and we will talk about the various nations and people who live on this globe.

The next morning the children came again into Mr. Fairchild's study, and he gave them the instruction he had promised them. And first he taught them that the globe was divided, by general agreement, into four unequal parts—namely, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. "Asia is that part of the world," said Mr. Fairchild, "in which the garden of Eden, or Paradise, is supposed to have been placed, where the first man, Adam, lived."

"Oh papa!" said Emily, "show us where the garden of Eden was."

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"Here it was," said Mr. Fairchild, "as is supposed, upon the borders of the river Euphrates, which was one of the four rivers of Paradise."

"Papa," said Henry, "I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise. 'And the Lord God planted a garden eastward, in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food: the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium, and the onyx stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon; the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel; that is it which goeth towards the east of Assyria. And the fourth is the Euphrates. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.'" Gen. ii. 8–15.

"Paradise, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild, "was a most lovely place, such as we never saw; for there is no place in this world in which the ruin caused by sin does not appear. But when Adam and Eve were tempted by the devil to eat the forbidden fruit, they were cast out of Paradise; their bodies became subject to sickness and death; and their hearts became exceedingly corrupt, and all their children, who have since been born in their likeness, are utterly and entirely sinful: so that of ourselves we cannot do a good thing, or think a good thought."

"Papa," said Lucy, "may we say some verses, about mankind having bad hearts?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Mr. Fairchild.

Then each of the children repeated a verse from the Bible to prove that the nature of man, after the fall of Adam, is utterly and entirely sinful.

Lucy's verse.—"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually; and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled

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with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." Gen. vi. 5, 6, 11, 12.

Emily's verse.—"And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour: and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth: neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done." Gen. viii. 20, 21.

Henry's verse.—"For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Rom. vii. 18.

"You find, by these verses, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that the heart of man is entirely and utterly corrupt; that there is no good in us whatever! so that we cannot, without God's help, think even one good thought. This is the dreadful state into which Adam brought himself and his children by his disobedience; he made us children of wrath and heirs of hell. But, at the very time that Adam fell, and was turned out of Paradise, God, in his very great goodness, gave him a promise to be his comfort: this promise was that One born among his children should destroy his enemy the devil, and save his brethren."

"I know who that is," said Lucy, "who was to be born among the children of Adam to destroy the works of the devil: it is the Lord Jesus Christ; who, though he is God, took the body of a man, and was born like a baby, and died for us all."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I wish I could love the Lord Jesus Christ more than I do; but my wicked heart will not let me."

"Ah! my boy," said Mr. Fairchild, "we may all say the same: but there is one comfort, that we could not wish to love him if he did not put this wish into our hearts. And now, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild, "let us pray that God will give us a knowledge of the exceeding wickedness of our hearts; that we may, knowing our wretched state, look up to the dear Saviour, who only can save us from hell."

So saying, Mr. Fairchild taught his children a prayer: after which he kissed them, and sent them to play in the garden, telling them to come to him at the same hour the next day, when he promised to show them more

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of the countries upon the globe. As I think Mr. Fairchild's prayer may be useful to you, I will put it down in this place, together with a hymn, which he taught his children to sing.

A Prayer that God would give us a Knowledge of the Wickedness of our Hearts.

O Lord God Almighty, hear the prayer of a child, who comes unto thee to lament the hardness of his heart The Holy Bible teaches us that our hearts are wicked; and we can see that all the people about us, our brothers and sisters, and playfellows, and even the grown people we live with—have much sin in them; but we do not rightly feel the vileness of our own hearts. Hear, therefore, my prayer, O Lord, and send thy Holy Spirit to show unto me the wickedness of my own heart; that I may hate myself, and know, that, had I my deserts, I should be now dwelling with everlasting burnings.

Oh! how proud I am! and how highly do I sometimes think of myself! and how do I despise my neighbours! and yet I have a heart full of all manner of evil, and a body full of corruption! O my Saviour! thou in whom is no spot or stain of sin; thou who didst die to save little children such as I am, have mercy on me have mercy on me! and send thy Holy Spirit to make me know all my sins. Set them all before me in order, that I may know that I am a poor miserable wretch by nature, and that I may feel more and more that I can never save myself by any good thing that I can do, and that without thee, my Saviour, I should be utterly lost for ever, and ever and ever.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God th Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever *Amen.*

HYMN IV.

The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

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I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more:
But when I say, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer:
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache·
Decide this doubt for me:
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

STORY ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

The next morning, at the time fixed by Mr. Fairchild, the children went into the study; and Mr. Fairchild showed them more places on the globe, and taught them many things which they did not know before. I shall put down what he taught them in this place, as you may perhaps like to read it.

"After Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise," said Mr. Fairchild, "on account of their disobedience to God, they had many children born; and these children had children, and children's children, till, at the end of two thousand years, they had multiplied exceedingly; but these people were very wicked; so very wicked, that it repented God that he had made them; and he sent a flood of water to destroy all the people that were upon the face of the earth, excepting only one person and his family."

Henry. And that was Noah, who was saved in the ark.

"The account of Noah's preservation is given us in Heb. xi. 7," said Mr. Fairchild; "By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house: by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Mr. Fairchild then

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showed to his children, upon the globe, a mountain in Asia, which he said was Ararat, where Noah's ark rested after the flood. And he showed them also a place not very far distant, to which Noah's children travelled after they began to multiply upon the face of the earth, called the Plain of Shinar.

"Oh!" said Emily, "and I know what the children of Noah did in the Plain of Shinar."

"Let us hear, then," said Mr. Fairchild, "if you can repeat the account from the Bible."

Emily. Yes, papa. "And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly: and they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded; and the Lord said, Behold, the people are one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the whole earth, and they left off to build the city: therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon all the earth." Gen. xi. 1–9.

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild. "From this place, which is called Babel, or Babylon, to this day, the families of the children of Noah spread themselves all over the face of the earth; some going one way, and some another, and settling themselves in different countries: some going towards the north, where it is extremely cold, and the fields are covered with frost and snow; and others towards the south, where the sun has immense power, and the earth is in some seasons scorched with burning heat.

"But wherever the families of the children of Noah settled themselves," added Mr. Fairchild, "they have from

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the time of Noah, even till now, filled the earth with violence and wickedness. How many nations have for ages past, forgotten the name of the true God, and have made to themselves vile gods of wood and of stone! 'changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.'" Rom. i. 23.

"Papa," said Emily, "is not this verse made about these people? 'The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands: they have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not: neither is there any breath in their mouths: they that made them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.'" Psalm cxxxv. 15–18.

"But, papa," said Lucy, "surely there are not many people in the world who now worship gods of wood, and of silver, and gold: I thought people in these days knew better than that."

"The people who worship these gods," said Mr. Fairchild, "are called idolaters; and it is a great mistake, my dear, to suppose that there are no idolaters left in the world: more than one-third of the inhabitants of the globe are supposed to be idolaters: there are numbers in Africa, in Asia, and in America, and the Roman Catholics in Europe, and other parts of the world, who address their prayers to images of saints, and of the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, may also be called idolaters. Many people in England are very wicked; but the people in those countries which serve idols, are more horribly wicked than you can imagine; their ways and manners of life are so bad, that they are not fit even to be spoken of. St. Paul speaks of the wickedness of the heathen in these words: 'And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only

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do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.'" Rom. i. 28–32.

Mr. Fairchild then stated to his children this awful truth, which few understand, or duly consider: that vile and abominable as the heathen are, there is another order of people to be found too commonly in countries calling themselves Christian, whose condemnation in the world to come, it is to be feared, will be greater than even that of the heathen themselves: "And these," he said, "are those persons, who having the opportunity of reading their Bible, and hearing the gospel preached, yet live in utter neglect of the great salvation prepared for them; people who think of little or nothing but enjoying what they call pleasure, gathering together riches, or making themselves great in the world. Even England," added Mr. Fairchild, "this happy country, in which there are many who preach the pure gospel, in which there are numbers of holy books daily within our reach, in which the Bible is found in almost every house, is full of those persons who neglect and despise religion; and though it would be thought very shameful in this country for a man plainly to say, 'I do not love my Saviour—I do not believe in the Holy Spirit!' yet there are thousands who show as much by their careless lives and vain conversation."

"Papa," said Lucy, "I fear from what you say, that there are very few real Christians in the world, and that a very great part of the human race will be finally lost."

"My dear child," replied Mr. Fairchild, "it is not the will of God that one should be lost; neither is it our business to decide upon this matter; this we know, that a way of salvation has been pointed out to us, and that it will be our own fault if we do not accept this great salvation; the great sins of mankind are pride and unbelief; this is the natural state of man's heart, and it is the work of the Holy Spirit of God, to convince us of this unbelief, and to bring us to a knowledge of our unhappy state by nature, and of that which the blessed Saviour has done for us. From the beginning of the world, until this present day, there always have been some who have been thus convinced of sin and brought to the knowledge of God. These are the blessed persons who are called in Scripture the children of God;

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and these are they who are described in the Revelations, chap. xiv. verses 1–5. 'And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on mount Sion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God.' The first of these, among the children of Adam," proceeded Mr. Fairchild, "was Abel, 'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death: and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Sampson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was

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not worthy); they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.'" Heb. xi. 4–6, 32–40.

"Oh, papa," said Lucy, "what pretty verses!"

"From these verses we may learn, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that all people who are not brought to believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the blessed and Holy Trinity, as they are shown to us in the Bible, remain in their sins, and are in a state of condemnation; but that those who have a right faith will receive a new nature from God, and will be saved through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh! papa, papa!" said the children, "pray for us, that we may not be wicked and go to hell."

"I would have you remember, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that there is no such thing as being saved, except by the Lord Jesus Christ, through his death: nothing you can do yourselves can save you. Even if you could, from this time forward, live without sin, yet you are condemned already for your past sins. Neither can you keep even one of God's commandments without the help of the Holy Spirit."

"Papa," said Lucy, "we will pray to the Holy Spirit to help us, and then we shall get better."

"Ask your mamma, to morrow," said Mr. Fairchild "to tell you a story of something which happened to her when she was young, by which you will better understand what is meant when I say you cannot be good without the help of the Spirit. And now we will kneel down, and I will teach you to pray that God will make you of the number of his holy ones; and then you shall go and play in the garden."

A Prayer to be admitted into Christ's little Flock.

O Lord God! we little children come unto thee in the name of Him who died for all men. We do not ask thee to make us clever, or to make us rich, or to make us handsome, or to give us any worldly good; but we ask thee to make us thine own little children. Take us, O holy Father, and wash us from our sins in the blood of the Lamb without spot; and set upon us thy seal

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that we may be numbered among thy sheep, and dwell for ever in thy fold, under the good Shepherd, who laid down his life for his sheep. And, oh! increase through all the world the number of thy sheep! Have mercy on all men: turn them from their sins, and bring them into thy fold; that the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, may find none to devour.

O Lord, hear our prayers, for thy dear Son's sake; to whom, with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, now and for ever. *Amen.*

HYMN V.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies.
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me

Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am!

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress;
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

MRS. FAIRCHILD'S STORY.

The next morning, when Lucy and Emily were sitting at work with their mamma, Henry came in from his papa's study:

"I have finished all my lessons, mamma," he said: "I have made all the haste I could, because papa said that

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you would tell us a story to-day; and now I am come to hear it."

So Henry placed himself by his mamma, and Lucy and Emily hearkened, while Mrs. Fairchild told her story.

"My mother died," said Mrs. Fairchild, "many years ago, when I was a very little child; so little that I remember nothing more of her than being taken to kiss her when she lay sick in bed. Soon afterward, I can recollect seeing her funeral procession go out of the garden gate, as I stood in the nursery window; and I also remember, some days afterward, being taken to strew flowers upon her grave, in the village church-yard.

"After my mother's death, my father sent me to live with my aunts, Mrs. Grace, and Mrs. Penelope, two old ladies, who, having never been married, had no families to take up their attention, and were so kind as to undertake to bring me up. These old ladies lived near the pleasant town of Reading. I can fancy I see the house now, although it is many years since I left it. It was a handsome old mansion: for my aunts were people of good fortune. In the front of it was a shrubbery, neatly laid out with gravel walks; and behind it was a little rising ground, where was an arbour, in which my aunts used to drink tea in a fine afternoon, and where I often went to play with my doll. My aunts' house and garden were very neat: there was not a weed to be seen in the gravel walks, or among the shrubs, nor any thing out of its place in the house. My aunts themselves were nice and orderly, and went on from day to day in the same manner: and, as far as they knew, they were good women; but they knew very little about religion; and what people do not understand they cannot practise."

"Could not they read the Bible, mamma?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild; "they could read it, and did read it every day; but unless the Spirit of God make us understand the Bible, we may read it all our lives and know nothing of it—at least, be none the better for reading it."

"You have often told me, mamma," said Lucy, "that when we read our Bible, we ought to pray that God would send us his Holy Spirit to make us understand it."

"Very true, my dear; reading the Bible without prayer is of very little use," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"What did our aunts know of relifion, mamma?" asked Emily.

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"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "as far as I can judge, they believed that there is but one God, who made all things; and that this God hates sin, and loves goodness."

"That was right, mamma," said Henry.

"So far it was, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild "but people cannot be called Christians who know no more than this."

"Did not our aunts know any thing about our Lord Jesus Christ?" said Henry.

"They knew that there is such a person, and that he is called the Son of God,' answered Mrs. Fairchild; "and that he taught men to be good; and died upon the cross; but they did not seem to have much notion that he is God, and that he has power to save all those who come to him in faith—at least, they never taught me any thing of the kind: neither did they explain to me that my heart was so bad as it is, or that I needed the help of the Spirit of God to change my vile nature."

"Then what did they teach you, mamma?" said Henry.

'Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild; "almost the first things they taught me were the Ten Commandments; and they told me that they were the words of God; and that, if I did not keep these words, I should go to hell, and be burnt in everlasting fire, with the devil and his angels; but that, if I did keep these commandments, I should go to heaven, and live with God and the holy angels for ever."

"Why, my aunts could not keep the commandments themselves," said Lucy; "because nobody can, without the help of the Holy Spirit: and how could they expect you to do it, mamma, when you were a little girl?"

"My aunts," said Mrs. Fairchild, "could not keep the commandments any more than I did, my dear; that is true enough: but people who have not true religion, often live for years, and even die, without knowing that they are sinners. The beginning of true religion, my dear, is to know that we are sinners."

"Are my aunts dead?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Then I am afraid that they are not gone to heaven," said Henry.

"You must hear my story to the end," said Mrs. Fairchild. "Some people receive the Holy Spirit of

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God when they are young, and some when they are older, and some even when they are dying, therefore we cannot judge any person. I only tell you what my aunts were when I lived with them.—But now to go back to my story—

"I was but a very little girl when I came to live with my aunts, and they kept me under their care till I was married. As far as they knew what was right, they took great pains with me. Mrs. Grace taught me to sew, and Mrs. Penelope taught me to read; I had a writing and a music master, who came from Reading to teach me twice a-week: and I was taught all kinds of household work by my aunts' maid. We spent one day exactly like another. I was made to rise early, and to dress myself very neatly, to breakfast with my aunts. At breakfast I was not allowed to speak one word. After breakfast, I worked two hours with my aunt Grace, and read an hour with my aunt Penelope: we then, if it was fine weather, took a walk; or, if not, an airing in the coach—I and my aunts, and little Shock, the lap-dog, together. At dinner, I was not allowed to speak; and, after dinner, I attended my masters, or learned my tasks. The only time I had to play was while my aunts were dressing to go out; for they went out every evening to play at cards. When they went out my supper was given to me, and I was put to bed in a closet in my aunts' room."

"But why did they not stay at home, and take care of you, mamma," said Lucy. "Is it right to be going out every day, and dressing fine, and playing at cards?"

"When people really love God," said Mrs. Fairchild, "they no longer take pleasure in this kind of things; but I told you before, my dear children, that when I lived with my aunts, they were not truly religious: it is therefore of no use to be reasoning about their actions.

"Now, although my aunts took so much pains with me in their way," continued Mrs. Fairchild, "I was a very naughty girl: I had no good principles."

"Mamma, what do you mean by good principles?" said Lucy.

"A person of good principles, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "is one who does not do well from fear of the people he lives with, but from the fear of God. A child who has good principles will behave just the same when his mamma is out of the room, as when she is

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looking at him—at least he will wish to do so: and if he is, by his own wicked heart, at any time tempted to sin, he will be grieved, although no person knows his sin. But when I lived with my aunts, if I could but escape punishment, I did not care what naughty things I did.

"My aunt Grace was very fond of Shock: she used to give me skim-milk at breakfast, but she gave Shock cream; and she often made me carry him when I went out walking. For this reason I hated him; and when we were out of my aunt's hearing, I used to prick him, and pull his tail and his ears, and make the poor little thing howl sadly. My aunt Penelope had a large tabby cat, which I also hated and used ill. I remember once being sent out of the dining-room to carry Shock his dinner; Shock being ill, and laid on a cushion in my aunts' bed-room. As I was going up stairs I was so unfortunate as to break the plate, which was fine blue china: I gathered up the pieces, and running up into the room, set them before Shock: after which I fetched the cat, and shut her up in the room with Shock. When my aunts came up after dinner and found the broken plate, they were much surprised; and Mrs. Bridget, the favourite maid, was called to beat the cat for breaking the plate. I was in my closet, and heard all that was said; and instead of being sorry, I was glad that puss was beaten instead of me.

"Besides those things which I have told you, I did many other naughty things. Whenever I was sent into the store-room, where the sugar and sweetmeats were kept, I always stole some. I used very often, at night, when my aunts were gone out, and Mrs. Bridget also (for Mrs. Bridget generally went out when her mistresses did, to see some of her acquaintances in the town), to get up, and go down into the kitchen, where I used to sit upon the housemaid's knee, and eat toasted cheese and bread sopped in beer. Whenever my aunts found out any of my naughty tricks they used to talk to me of my wickedness, and to tell me that if I went on in this manner, I certainly should make God very angry, and should go to hell when I died. When I heard them talk of God's anger, and of death and the grave, and of hell, I used to be frightened, and resolved to do better; but I seldom kept any of my good resolutions. From day to day I went on in the same wicked way; getting

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worse, I think, instead of better; until I was twelve years of age.

"About this time, it happened that a lady came to visit my aunts, who had a little daughter younger than myself. This child was in a very bad state of health. While the lady remained with my aunts, the little girl died. I was with this poor child when the breath left her body; and I saw her corpse laid in the coffin, and carried to the grave. I had never seen death so near before: and I must say that I really was frightened, and began from that time to wish that I could be good; and I made promises to my aunts that I would be a better girl; but I neither kept my promises nor my good resolutions.

"One Saturday morning, in the middle of summer, my aunts called me to them, and said—'My dear, we are going from home, and shall not return till Monday morning. We cannot take you with us, as we could wish, because you have not been invited. Bridget will go with us, therefore there will be no person to keep you in order; but we hope, as you are not now a little child, that you may be trusted a few days by yourself.'

"My aunt Grace then bade me remember, that, 'although she and her sister would not be present to watch me, yet there was a great and powerful God, whose eye would be always upon me, and who would certainly take an account of every thing I did, and would bring me, sooner or later, to judgment for every evil action.'

"My aunt Penelope then reminded me of the poor little girl who had died in the house; and told me, though I was in good health, yet that I might, if God pleased, die like that little girl, in my youth, and never live to be a woman.

"They then talked to me of the commandments of God, and explained them to me, and spoke of the very great sin and danger of breaking them; and they talked to me till I really felt frightened, and determined that I would be good all the while they were from home.

"When the coach was ready, my aunts set out: and I took my books, and went to sit in the arbour with Shock, who was left under my care. I staid in the arbour till evening, when one of the maid-servants brought me my supper: I gave part of it to Shock, and, when I had eaten the rest, went to bed. As I lay in my

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bed, I felt very glad that I had got through that evening without doing any thing I thought naughty, and was sure I should do as well the next day.

"The next morning I was awakened by the bells ringing for church: I got up, ate my breakfast, and when I was dressed, went with the maid to church When we came home, my dinner was given me. All this while I had kept my aunts' words pretty well in my memory; but they now began to wear a little from my mind. When I had done my dinner, I went to play in the garden.

"Behind the garden, on the hill, was a little field, full of cherry-trees: cherries were now quite ripe. My aunts had given me leave every day to pick up a few cherries, if there were any fallen from the trees; but I was not allowed to gather any. Accordingly I went to look if there were any cherries fallen; I found a few, and was eating them when I heard somebody call me. 'Miss, miss!' and, looking up, saw a little girl who was employed about the house, in weeding the garden, and running errands. My aunts had often forbidden me to play, or hold any discourse with this little girl; which was certainly very proper, as the education of this child was very different from that which had been given me. I was heedless of this command, and answered her by saying, 'What are you doing here, Nanny?'

"'There is a ladder, miss,' she replied, 'against a tree at the upper end of the orchard: if you please I will get up into it and throw you down some cherries.' At first I said 'No,' and then I said 'Yes.' So Nanny and I repaired to the tree in question, and Nanny mounted into the tree.

"'O, miss, miss!' said she, as soon as she had reached the top of the ladder, 'I can see, from where I am, all the town, and both the churches—and here is such plenty of cherries!—do come up—only just step on the ladder; and then you can sit on this bough, and eat as many cherries as you please.'"

"And did you get into the tree, mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear, I did," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and sat down on one of the branches, to eat cherries and look about me."

"O, mamma!" said Emily, "suppose your aunts had come home then!"

"You shall hear, my dear," continued Mrs. Fairchild.

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"My aunts, as I thought, and as they expected, were not to come home till the Monday morning; but something happened while they were out (I forget what), which obliged them to return sooner than they had expected: and they got home just at the time when I was in the cherry orchard. They called for me: but not finding me immediately, they sent the servants different ways to look for me. The person who happened to come to look for me in the cherry orchard was Mrs. Bridget, who was the only one of the servants who would have told of me. She soon spied me with Nanny in the cherry-tree. She made us both come down, and dragged us by the arms into the presence of my aunts, who were exceedingly angry. I think I never saw them so angry. Nanny was given up to her mother to be flogged; and I was shut up in a dark room, where I was kept several days upon bread and water. At the end of three days, my aunts sent for me, and talked to me for a long time.

"'Is it not very strange at your age, niece,' said Mrs. Penelope, 'that you cannot be trusted for one day, after all the pains we have taken with you, after all we have taught you? Do you not know the punishments that are threatened to those who break the commandments of God?'—'And how many commandments,' said my aunt Grace, 'did you break last Sunday?'

"'You broke the fourth commandment,' said my aunt Penelope, 'which is, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy:* and you broke the fifth, which is, *Honour your parents.* We stand in the place of parents to you. You broke the eighth too, which is, *Thou shalt not steal.*'—'Besides,' said my aunt Grace, 'the shame and disgrace of climbing trees in such low company, after all the care and pains we have taken with you, and the delicate manner in which we have reared you.'

"In this way they talked to me, while I cried very much. 'Indeed, indeed, aunt Grace and aunt Penelope,' I said, 'I did mean to behave well when you went out: I made many resolutions, but I broke them all: I wished to be good, but I could not be good.'

"'You perhaps think it a proper excuse,' said my aunt Grace, 'to say that you wished to be good, but could not be good; everybody can be good, if they please.'"

"There our aunts were quite out," said Henry: "for without God's help nobody can be good."

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"No, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild: "but at that time they did not know this.

"When my aunts had talked to me a long time, they forgave me, and I was allowed to go about as usual; but I was not happy: I felt that I was wicked, and did not know how to make myself good. One afternoon, soon after all this had happened, while my aunts and I were drinking tea in the parlour, with the window open towards the garden, an old gentleman came in at the front gate whom I had never seen before: he was dressed in plain black clothes, exceedingly clean; his gray hair curled about his neck; and in his hand he had a strong walking-stick. I was the first who saw him, as I was nearest the window, and I called to my aunts to look at him.

"'Why it is my cousin Thomas,' cried my aunt Penelope: 'who would have expected to see him here?' With that both my aunts ran out to meet him, and bring him in.

"The old gentleman was a clergyman, and a near relation of our family, and had lived many years in his parish in the north, without seeing any of his relations.

"'I have often promised to come and see you, cousins,' he said, as soon as he was seated, 'but never have been able to bring the matter about till now.'

"My aunts told him how glad they were to see him, and presented me to him. He received me very kindly, and told me that he remembered my mother. The more I saw of this gentleman, the more pleased I was with him. He had many entertaining old stories to tell; and he spoke to everybody in the kindest way possible. He often used to take me out with him walking, and show me the flowers, and teach me their names. One day he went out into the town, and bought a beautiful little Bible for me; and when he gave it to me he said, 'Read this, dear child, and pray to God to send his Holy Spirit to help you to understand it; and it shall be a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path.'"

"I know that verse, mamma," said Lucy, "it is the 105th verse of Psalm cxix."

"When he had been some days with us," continued Mrs. Fairchild, "my aunts took occasion one evening when I was gone to bed to tell him the history of my

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being found in the cherry-tree, and all that had passed on the occasion between us.

"The next morning he came to me, as I was sitting in the arbour, reading my new Bible. 'So, my dear,' he said, 'you are up very early—and reading your Bible!—that is well. Your mother was a pious woman: I knew her very well: God grant you may be like her!'

"'Did you know my mother, sir?' said I; 'I wish I was more like her. I should then, perhaps, be able to please my aunts better than I now do: I make no doubt but that my aunts have long since told you what they think of me.'

"'Your aunts, last night, my dear, were telling me all about you,' he answered; 'and I promised to talk to you this morning. Come,' said he, 'let us take a walk in the fields while breakfast is getting ready, and I will hear what you have to say.' So the good man led the way, and I followed into the fields.

"'Your aunts tell me, my dear,' said he, 'that you often say you wish to be good, but cannot.'

"'It is very true, sir,' answered I: 'I often determine to keep God's commandments, and think I will be so good; and perhaps at the very moment when I want to be good, I do something naughty.'

"'You have your Bible in your hand, my dear,' said the old gentleman; 'turn to the seventh chapter of the Romans, and read the 15th, 18th, and 19th verses: I think you will there find something like what you say of yourself.'

"I turned to the place, and found these words: 'For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate that do I . . . For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not; for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.'

"'St. Paul, my dear,' said my cousin, 'was the writer of this—an exceedingly holy man, and one as near heaven as man could be; yet he felt, that when he wished to do well he could not! and for this reason, because there was no good in him.—If St. Paul, then, was so unable to do well, how can you expect (a little silly girl as you are) to be able to do well?'

"I looked very hard at the old gentleman, and could

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not think what he meant: for my aunts had always told me that I might do well, if I would.

"The old gentleman then explained to me what I never understood before—that is, the dreadful change that passed upon Adam when he ate the forbidden fruit; and how his heart became utterly and entirely evil and corrupt: and how all his children, being born in his likeness, were also utterly corrupt, and unable to do well. He then explained to me the wonderful scheme of man's salvation; of which I have so often spoken to you before, my beloved children, but which I shall endeavour to state to you again, as nearly as I can, in the words of my pious old friend.

"And first he pointed out to me that doctrine of Scripture which I had never understood before—namely, that there are three equal Persons in one God. And he made me acquainted with the names of these three holy Persons; to wit, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He also endeavoured to make me understand how each of these Persons is engaged in the great work of man's salvation: he pointed out to me the exceeding love of God the Father, who sent his Son to die for the sins of the world; and the tender mercies of God the Son, who came down from Heaven, took upon him the body of man, and in that body endured the punishment due to the sins of all mankind; and finally, he showed me that of which I had not before the most distant idea, namely, the work and offices of God the Holy Spirit, who has undertaken to convince those who are to be saved, of the unbelief and hardness of their hearts, and to bring them to a knowledge of their Saviour, and to enable them to keep God's holy will and commandments.

"These doctrines were all so new to me, that I felt quite puzzled, and knew not what to think, or what to answer; whereupon the old gentleman advised me to retire to my room, and pray for light from on high, that I might be enabled to understand these things; and he promised to have a little more talk with me the next day.

"I did as I was requested; I went to my little closet, and prayed; after which I was enabled to recollect much which he had said to me; and, the next morning, we took another walk in the fields; and he asked me several questions, to prove if I understood any thing of what he

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had taught me the day before. I shall repeat to you the questions he put to me.

"'The old gentleman first asked me,—'By what I said to you yesterday, concerning your own heart, what did you learn?'

"I answered, 'That my heart is wicked, and that I cannot do well.'

"*The old Gentleman.*—How came you to have a wicked heart?

"I answered: 'When Adam ate the forbidden fruit, his heart became wicked; and his children, being born like him, have bad hearts too.'

"The old gentleman then said, 'You have heard of heaven and hell; and that one is the place where good people go when they die, and the other place is where bad people go: to which of these places do mankind deserve to go?'

"I answered, 'To a place of eternal punishment.'

"'When man had by their sins deserved eternal punishment,' said the old gentleman; 'what method did God take to save them?'

"I answered, 'He sent his Son to die for them.'

"'Very true, my dear,' said he. 'If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, your sins will be forgiven you; and more than this, power will be given you, by God the Spirit, to keep his commandments. Whoever attempts to keep the commandments without the help of God the Spirit, is labouring in vain; he is striving to do what he has no power to do. And here, my dear child, is the mistake into which you have fallen: you have been trying some years past to do well without God's help, and have never been able to do it: now try another way; go again into your own room, and there kneel down, and confess to God that you are a miserable sinner, fit only to go to hell; and entreat that you may be made to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a heart to love him; that, through the merits of his death, your sins may be forgiven you, and you may receive the Holy Spirit of God in your heart.'

"He then explained to me, that the work of the Holy Spirit is to cleanse our vile hearts: and that he will give us power to keep the commandments of God; which, without his help, it is in vain to attempt. The old gentleman then showed me several pretty verses, in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, which he made me learn

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Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.... He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.... Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' Ver. 6, 21, 23.

"The old gentleman staid with my aunts two months: and every day he used to take me with him, to walk in the fields, and woods, and in the pleasant meadows on the banks of the river. His sweet discourse to me at those times I shall never forget: he, with God's blessing, brought me to the knowledge of my dear Saviour, and showed me the wickedness of my own heart, and made me sensible that I never could do any good but through the help of God. He used to talk to my aunts about these things. At the time, they did not seem much to attend to him; but before they died, when they were in their last sickness, they told me that all his words returned to their minds; and they sought earnestly after God."

"I am glad of that," said Henry.

"When the good old gentleman was gone, did you behave better than you did before he came, mamma?" said Lucy.

"After he left us, my dear, I was very different from what I was before," said Mrs. Fairchild. "I had learned to know the wickedness of my heart, and to ask God to help me to be good; and when I had done wrong, I knew whose forgiveness to ask. I took great delight in my Bible, and used to read, and pray, and sing psalms, in my little closet; and I do not think that I ever fell into those great sins which I had been guilty of before—such as lying, stealing, and deceiving my aunts;—but still I found my heart full of sin: and till I die, the sins of my heart, and the wicked inclinations of this vile body, will make me unhappy: but, blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, who will in the end give us the victory."

Mrs. Fairchild then gave her children a prayer which this good old gentleman had made for her, with a hymn, and I shall put the prayer down here for the use of any children who may hereafter read this book. When you wish to keep God's or your parents' commandments,

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and find that you are not able, then you will find this prayer useful to you.

A Prayer for Assistance to keep God's Commandments.

O Almighty Father, who seest the hearts of all men, and their great corruption; thou knowest we are not able of ourselves to keep thy commandments; no, nor even so much as to wish to keep them, unless thou, O Lord, puttest that wish into our hearts. Hear the cry of a sinful child. We cannot count the number of times when we have broken thy commandments; not a day passes but we offend thee again and again, and are worthy to go to hell by reason of our sins. But, O Thou, who didst send thy dear Son to save poor sinners from hell! have mercy on me, a poor wicked child; forgive my past wicked life, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, who for my sake took upon him the body of a man, and became my brother in the flesh, that he might keep all thy commandments, which no man but himself was ever able to do. Oh, then, for this my dear Brother's sake, pardon my sins, Almighty Father; for his dear sake send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, to cleanse my wicked heart, and to write thy laws upon it, that I may henceforth keep thy commandments and lead a holy life. Hear the prayers of a poor sinful child, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN VI.

Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death.
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.

Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean:
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

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Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone,
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

ON ENVY.

"WHO can go with me to the village this morning," said Mr. Fairchild one winter's day, "to carry this basket of little books to the school!"

"Lucy cannot go," said Mrs. Fairchild, "because her feet are very sore with chilblains, and Henry has a bad cold; but Emily can go."

"Make haste, Emily," said Mr. Fairchild, "and put on your thick shoes and warm cloak; for it is very cold."

As soon as Emily was ready, she set off with her papa. It was a very cold day, and the ground was quite hard with the frost. Mr. Fairchild walked first, and Emily came after him with the little basket. They gave the basket to the schoolmaster and returned. As they were coming back, Emily saw something bright upon the ground; and when she stooped to pick it up, she saw that it was a ring set round with little white shining stones.

"Oh! papa! papa!" she said, "see what I have found! What a beautiful ring!"

When Mr. Fairchild looked at it he was quite surprised. "Why, my dear," said he, "I think that this is Lady Noble's diamond ring: how came it to be lying in this place!" While they were looking at the ring, they heard the sound of a carriage:—It was Sir Charles Noble's, and Lady Noble was in it. "Oh! Mr. Fairchild," she called out of the window of the carriage, "I am in great trouble; I have lost my diamond ring; it is of very great value. I went to the village this morning in the carriage: and as I came back, I pulled off my glove, to get sixpence out of my purse to give to a poor man, somewhere in this lane, and I suppose that my ring dropped off at the time. I don't know what I shall do; Sir Charles will be sadly vexed."

"Make yourself quite happy, madam," said Mr. Fairchild; "here is your ring: Emily has just this moment picked it up."

Lady Noble was exceedingly glad when she received

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back her ring; she thanked Emily twenty times, and said, "I think I have something in the carriage which you would like very much, Miss Emily: it is just come from London, and was intended for my daughter Augusta; but I will send for another for her." So saying, she presented Emily with a new doll packed up in paper, and with it a little trunk, with a lock and key, full of clothes for the doll. Emily was so delighted that she almost forgot to thank Lady Noble; but Mr. Fairchild, who was not quite so much overjoyed as his daughter, remembered to return thanks for this pretty present.

So Lady Noble put the ring on her finger, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

"Oh! papa! papa!" said Emily, "how beautiful this doll is! I have just torn the paper a bit, and I can see its face: it has blue eyes, and red lips, and hair like Henry's. O how beautiful! Please, papa, to carry the box for me: I cannot carry both the box and the doll." So she went on talking till they had reached home; then she ran before her papa to her mamma and sister and brother, and, taking the paper off the doll, cried out, "How beautiful! O what pretty hands! what nice feet! what blue eyes! How lovely! how beautiful!" Her mamma asked her several times where she had got this pretty doll, but Emily was too busy to answer her. When Mr. Fairchild came in with the trunk of clothes, he told all the story, how that Lady Noble had given Emily the doll for finding her diamond ring.

When Emily had unpacked the doll, she opened the box, which was full of as pretty doll's things as ever you saw.

While Emily was examining all these things, Henry stood by, admiring them and turning them about; but Lucy, after having once looked at the doll without touching it, went to a corner of the room, and sat down in her little chair without speaking a word.

"Come, Lucy," said Emily, "help me to dress my doll."

"Can't you dress it yourself?" answered Lucy, taking up a little book and pretending to read.

"Come, Lucy," said Henry, "you never saw so beautiful a doll before."

"Don't tease me, Henry," said Lucy: "don't you see I am reading?"

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"Put up your book now, Lucy," said Emily, "and come and help me to dress this sweet doll: I will be its mamma, and you shall be its nurse, and it shall sleep between us in our bed."

"I don't want dolls in my bed," said Lucy: "don't tease me, Emily."

"Then Henry shall be its nurse," said Emily. "Come, Henry; we will go into our play-room, and put this pretty doll to sleep. Will not you come, Lucy? Pray do come; we want you very much."

"Do let me alone," answered Lucy; "I want to read."

So Henry and Emily went to play, and Lucy sat still in the corner of the parlour. After a few minutes, her mamma, who was at work by the fire, looked at her, and saw that she was crying; the tears ran down her cheeks and fell upon her book. Then Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her, and said, "My dear child, you are crying; can you tell me what makes you unhappy?"

"Nothing, mamma," answered Lucy; "I am not unhappy."

"People do not cry when they are pleased and happy, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

Lucy stood silent.

"I am your mamma, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and I love you very much: if any thing vexes you, whom should you tell it to but to your own mamma?" Then Mrs. Fairchild kissed her, and put her arms round her.

Lucy began to cry more: "Oh! mamma, mamma, dear mamma!" she said, "I don't know what vexes me, or why I have been crying."

"Are you speaking the truth?" said Mrs. Fairchild; "do not hide any thing from me. I love you, my child: notwithstanding which I know that you have a wicked heart, and that your wicked heart will often make you unhappy when there is nothing else to make you so. While you are a little child, you must tell your sins to me; and I will show you the way by which only you may hope to overcome them: when you are bigger, and I and your papa are removed from you, then you must tell all your sins to God. Is there any thing in your wicked heart, my dear child, do you think, which makes you unhappy now?"

"Indeed, mamma," said Lucy, "I think there is. I

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am sorry that Emily has got that pretty doll. Pray do not hate me for it, mamma: I know it is wicked in me to be sorry that Emily is happy, ut I feel that I cannot help it."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Faircnild, "I am glad you have confessed the truth to me. Now I will tell you why you feel this wicked sorrow; and I will tell you where to seek a cure for it. You know, my dear child, that God made man's heart pure and holy; and that when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, their hearts became corrupt, and those of all their children became corrupt. The difference between a holy and a corrupt heart is this: a holy heart is full of 'love, joy, and peace;' but corrupt hearts are full of 'uncleanness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, and such like.' To those who are without sin —such as the holy angels in heaven, and the spirits of just men made perfect—there is no difficulty in doing well, for they have no wicked passions driving them on to sin; but we, who are in this world, are constantly tempted to do wickedly by our own bad hearts. Even when we wish to do well, we cannot. The wicked passion you now feel, my dear, is what is called Envy. Envy makes persons unhappy when they see others happier or better than themselves. Envy is in every man's heart by nature. Some people can hide it more than others, and some have been enabled by God's grace to overcome it in a great degree; but, as I said before, it is in the natural heart of all mankind; and it is also felt by devils. Little children feel envious about dolls and playthings, and men and women feel envious about greater things."

"Do you ever feel envious, mamma?" said Lucy. "I never saw you unhappy because other people had better things than you had."

"My heart, my dear child," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "is no better than yours. It is written in the Bible, 'As the face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' There was a time when I was very envious. When I was first married, I had no children for seven or eight years: I wished very much to have a baby, as you wished just now for Emily's doll; and whenever I saw a woman with a pretty baby in her arms, I was ready to cry for vexation."

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"That was just like me, mamma," said Lucy; "for I was very much grieved indeed when I saw Emily's doll. But how were you cured of this wicked passion, mamma?"

Mrs. Fairchild. Why, my dear, I was led to confess my sin to my God; and that not once or twice, but again and again and again. I was made to know that the Lord Jesus Christ had died, not only to procure forgiveness for my sins, but to set me free from the power of sin, and to enable me, through the spirit of God, to overcome my wicked passions of all kinds.

"And did the Lord Jesus Christ hear your prayers, mamma!" said Lucy,

"Yes, my child, in his good time he did hear me," answered Mrs. Fairchild.

"Do you never feel any envy now, mamma?" said Lucy.

"I cannot say that I ever felt it, my dear; but I bless God that this wicked passion has not the power over me which it used to have: I am delivered from the slavery and bondage of it, so that it does not overcome me, and make me miserable, as it used to do; and I know that, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall when I die be quite set free from this, as well as every other wicked passion."

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Lucy, "how unhappy wickedness makes us! I have been very miserable this morning; and what for? only because of the sin of my heart; for I have had nothing else to make me miserable."

"Alas! my child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what would you have more to make you wretched! Sin itself, when it has full power over us, would make a hell without the help of fire or brimstone."

Then Mrs. Fairchild took Lucy by the hand, and went into her closet: where they prayed that the Lord the Spirit would take the wicked passion of envy out of Lucy's heart; and as they prayed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to deliver us from the power of sin, they did not doubt but that God would hear their prayer: and indeed he did; for from that day Lucy never felt envious of Emily's doll, but helped Emily to take care of it and make its clothes and was happy to have it laid on her bed, between herself and her sister.

I shall put down the prayer which Mrs. Fairchild used,

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as it may perhaps be useful to you at any time when you may feel envious of any thing your playfellow may have.

Prayer against Envy.

O Lord God, holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessed and glorious Trinity, I confess unto thee my great wickedness. My heart is full of envy. I cannot see anybody whom I think handsomer, or cleverer, or in any way better than myself, or having any thing which I should like to possess, but I am immediately troubled with envy, and my heart is filled with hatred and sorrow; as Satan was troubled when he saw Adam and Eve happy in the garden of Eden.

O Holy Spirit, I thank thee for having made me to know this my great sin. By thy help I was brought to this knowledge. I might have been envious and spiteful all my life, if thou hadst not shown me this my great sin. O Thou that searchest the heart, finish the great work which thou hast begun, and take envy out of my heart, that I may be like the angels of heaven who rejoice in each other's happiness, and delight in each other's glory. Give me a heart to rejoice in the happiness of my brothers and sisters, and of my school-fellows and my play-fellows; and if they are prettier than I am, or cleverer than I am, teach me not to be envious; or if they have better clothes, or nicer playthings, still help me not to be envious.

O Holy Spirit, come into my heart, and make it clean from every wicked passion; that I may live in peace in this world, and at the last day enter into glory. I have no right to ask the blessing in my own name; but I ask it in the name of my dear Saviour, who bore my sin in his own body on the tree; that I, being dead in sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes I am healed. 1 Peter ii. 24.

And now, O holy Father, blessed Lord Jesus, and thou, Holy Spirit, pardon the imperfect prayers of a wicked child.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN VII.

Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

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The Lord of all the worlds on high
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue:—
"The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
What object, Lord, my soul shall move,
If once compared with thee!
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see!
Away, ye false delusive joys!
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice
For here true joy I find.

STORY ON THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

One morning, as Mr. Fairchild was coming down stairs, he heard the little ones quarrelling in the parlour; and he stood still to hearken to what they said.

"You are very cruel, Lucy," said Henry; "why won't you let me play with the doll!"

"What have boys to do with dolls!" said Lucy: "you sha'n't have it."

"But he shall," said Emily; and the door being half open, Mr. Fairchild saw her snatch the doll from her sister, and give it to Henry, who ran with it behind the sofa. Lucy tried to get the doll away from her brother, but Emily ran in between them and accidently hurt Lucy's foot, which increased Lucy's anger so much that she pinched her sister's arm; whereupon, Emily struck her sister: and I do not know what might have next happened, if Mr. Fairchild had not run in and seized hold of them.

Mr. Fairchild, however, heard Emily say to her sister, "I do not love you, you naughty girl;" and he heard the other reply, "And I don't love you: I am sure I do not."

At the same time they looked as if what they said was true for the moment: for their faces were red, and their eyes full of anger. Mr. Fairchild took the doll away from Henry: and, taking a rod out of the cupboard, he

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whipped the hands of all the three children till they smarted again, saying:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too:
But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

After which he made them stand in a corner of the room, without their breakfasts: neither did they get any thing to eat all the morning; and what was worse, their papa and mamma looked very gravely at them. When John came in to lay the cloth for dinner, Mr. Fairchild called the three children to him, and asked them if they were sorry for the wicked things which they had done.

"Oh! yes, papa! yes, papa! we are sorry," they said.

"Do you remember, Lucy—do you remember Emily," said Mr. Fairchild—"what words you used to each other?"

"Yes, papa," they answered: "we said that we did not love each other; but we did not mean what we said."

"Yes," answered Mr. Fairchild; "you did mean what you said at the time; or else why did you pinch and strike?"

"Oh, papa!" answered Lucy, "because we were angry then."

"And suppose," said Mr. Fairchild, "that you had had a knife in your hand, Lucy: in your anger you might have struck your sister with it, and perhaps have killed her."

"Oh! no, papa! no, papa!" said Lucy: "I would not kill my poor sister for all the world."

Mr. Fairchild. You would not kill her now, I am sure, for all the world, because you are not angry with her; nor would you pinch her now, I am sure; but when hatred and anger seize upon persons, they do many shocking things which they would not think of at another time. Have you not read how wicked Cain, in his anger, killed his brother Abel? And do you remember the verse, in 1 John iii. 15: 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?'

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"Oh! papa, papa!" said Emily, "we will never be angry again."

"My dear Emily," said Mr. Fairchild, "you must not say that you will never be angry again; but that you will pray to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, your dear Redeemer, to send his Holy Spirit into your heart, to take away these wicked passions."

"Papa," said Lucy, "when the Spirit of God is in me, shall I never hate any more, or be in wicked passions any more?"

"My dear child," answered Mr. Fairchild, "the Lord Jesus Christ says, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another.' John xiii. 31. Therefore, if you are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of God is in you, you will love everybody, even those who hate you and use you ill."

Then Mr. Fairchild kissed his children, and forgave them; and they kissed each other; and Mr. Fairchild gave them leave to dine with him as usual. After dinner, Mr. Fairchild said to his wife:

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and show them something there, which, I think, they will remember as long as they live: and I hope they will take warning from it, and pray more earnestly for new hearts, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love."

"If you are going to Blackwood," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of your taking the children. Let John go with you, to carry Henry part of the way; for it is too far for him to walk."

"What is there at Blackwood, papa?" cried the children.

"Something very shocking," said Mr. Fairchild.

"There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

"Will he hurt us, papa?" said Henry.

"No," said Mr. Fairchild: "he cannot hurt you now."

When the children and John were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village; and then, crossing over a long field, they came in front of a very thick wood.

'This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over

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the stile: "the pathway is almost grown up; nobody likes to come here now."

"What is here, papa!" asked the children: "is it very shocking? We are afraid to go on."

"There is nothing here that will hurt you, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild. "Am not I with you; and do you think I would lead my children into danger?"

"No, papa," said the children: "but mamma said there was something very dreadful in this wood."

Then Lucy and Emily drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together: and little Henry asked John to carry him. The wood was very thick and dark; and they walked on for half a mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw, by the light through the trees, that they were come near to the end of the wood; and as they went farther on, they saw an old garden wall; some parts of which being broken down, they could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years, and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit trees wanted pruning, and it could now hardly be discovered where the walks had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen. Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains: the body had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years It had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire; but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look upon it.

"Oh! papa, papa! what is that?" cried the children.

"That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild; "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer—one who first hated, and afterward killed his brother! When people are found guilty of stealing, or murder, they are hung upon a gallows, and taken down as soon as they are dead; but in some particular cases, when a man has committed a murder, he is hanged in iron chains upon a gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example."

While Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew

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strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.

"Oh! let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild: "I must tell you the history of that wicked man before we go from this place."

So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered close round him.

"When I first came into this country, before any of you, my children, were born," said Mr. Fairchild, "there lived in that old house which you see before you, a widow lady, who had two sons. The place then, though old fashioned, was neat and flourishing; the garden being full of fine old fruit-trees, and the flower-beds in beautiful order. The old lady kept an excellent table, and was glad to see any of her neighbours who called in upon her. Your mamma and I used often to go to see her; and should have gone oftener, only we could not bear to see the manner in which she brought up her sons. She never sent them to school lest the master should correct them, but hired a person to teach them reading and writing at home; this man, however, was forbidden to punish them. They were allowed to be with the servants in the stable and kitchen, but the servants were ordered not to deny them any thing: so they used to call them names, swear at them, and even strike them; and the servants did not dare to answer them, lest they should lose their places: the consequence of which was, that no good servant would stay, to be abused by wicked children.

"From quarrelling with the servants, these angry boys proceeded to quarrel with each other. James, the eldest, despised his brother Roger, because he, as eldest, was to have the house and land; and Roger, in his turn, despised his brother James. As they grew bigger, they became more and more wicked, proud and stubborn, sullen and undutiful. Their poor mother still loved them so foolishly that she could not see their faults, and would not suffer them to be checked. At length, when they became young men, their hatred of each other rose to such a height that they often would not speak to each other for days together; and sometimes they would quarrel, and almost come to blows, before their mother's face.

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"One evening in autumn, after one of these quarrels, James met his brother Roger returning from shooting, just in the place where the gibbet now stands: they were alone, and it was nearly dark. Nobody knows what words passed between them; but the wicked Roger stabbed his brother with a case-knife, and hid the body in a ditch under the garden, well covering it with dry leaves. A year or more passed before it was discovered by whom this dreadful murder was committed. Roger was condemned and hung upon that gibbet; and the poor old lady, being thus deprived of both her sons, became deranged, and is shut up in a place where such people are confined. Since that time no one has lived in the house, and, indeed, nobody likes to come this way."

"O what a shocking story!" said the children: "and that miserable man who hangs there is Roger, who murdered his brother! Pray let us go, papa."

"We will go immediately," said Mr. Fairchild: "but I wish first to point out to you, my dear children, that these brothers, when they first began to quarrel in their play, as you did this morning, did not think that death, and perhaps hell, would be the end of their quarrels. Our hearts by nature, my dear children," continued Mr. Fairchild, "are full of hatred. People who have not received new hearts do not love anybody but themselves; and they hate those who have offended them, or those whom they think any way better than themselves. By nature, I should hate Sir Charles Noble, because he is a greater man than myself; and you might hate his children, because they are higher than you. By nature, too, I should hate Farmer Greenfield, because he is ten times richer than I am; and even poor John Trueman, because, of all the men in this country, high or low, he is the most esteemed. And take me with my natural heart to heaven, and I should hate every angel and every archangel above myself; and even the glory of the Almighty God would be hateful to me. But when, through faith in my dying Redeemer, I receive a new heart, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, my hatred of God and of my fellow-creatures will be turned into love: then I shall 'love my enemies, bless them that curse me, do good to them that hate me, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute me;' Matt. v. 44; like my beloved Redeemer, who prayed upon the cross

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for his enemies, saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'" Luke xxiii. 34.

"Papa," said Lucy, "let us kneel down in this place, and pray for new hearts."

"Willingly, my child," said Mr. Fairchild. So he knelt upon the grass, and his children round him; and afterward they all went home.

A Prayer for Love towards God and our Neighbours, which may be used by any Child who has been angry with his Companion.

O Lord God, who sent thy dear SON to die upon the cross for us, who by nature hate thee; hear our prayers, for our dear Redeemer's sake. Thou hast commanded us to love everybody; but we have such wicked hearts that we do not love any person but ourselves. O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit to cleanse our wicked hearts: and make us to love thee, O Lord God, and to love each other. Let us not despise poor people, but love them and help them; and let us not envy people who are greater or better than ourselves, but love them also, and bless them, and do good to them. If anybody is kind to us, give us hearts to be thankful to them, and to love them; and if anybody is unkind to us, give us hearts to forgive them, and love them too; for the Lord Jesus Christ prayed for the wicked people who nailed him upon the cross. And, above all, make us to love our dear father and mother, and everybody who teaches us any good thing; and our dear brothers and sisters, and all the little children we play with: and may we never quarrel, as wicked men and devils do; but live in love, like the angels of God in heaven.

O Lord God, if thy Holy Spirit is in our hearts, we shall do well; but if it is not in our hearts we shall do evil. Come, then, O Holy Spirit, come into our young hearts, and fill them with holy love.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN VIII.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

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Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
'Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before the night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage:
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

ON THE FORMATION OF SIN IN THE HEART;

OR,

THE STORY OF THE APPLES.

Just opposite Mr. Fairchild's parlour window was a young apple-tree, which had never yet brought forth any fruit: at length it produced two blossoms, from which came two apples. As these apples grew, they became very beautiful, and promised to be very fine fruit.

"I desire," said Mr. Fairchild one morning to the children, "that none of you touch the apples on that young tree; for I wish to see what kind of fruit they will be when they are quite ripe."

That same evening, as Henry and his sisters were playing in the parlour window, Henry said, "Those are beautiful apples indeed, that are upon that tree."

"Do not look upon them, Henry," said Lucy.

"Why not, Lucy?" said Henry.

"Because papa has forbidden us to meddle with them."

Henry. Well, I am not going to meddle with them; I am only looking at them.

Lucy. Oh! but if you look too much at them, you will

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begin to wish for them, and may be tempted to take them at last.

Henry. How can you think of any such thing, Lucy? Do you take me for a thief?

The next evening, the children were playing again in the parlour window. Henry said to his sister, "I dare say that those beautiful apples will taste very good when papa gathers them."

"There now, Henry," said Lucy. "I told you that the next thing would be wishing for those apples. Why do you look at them?"

"Well, and if I do wish for them, is there any harm in that," answered Henry, "if I do not touch them?"

Lucy. Oh! but, now you have set your heart upon them, the devil may tempt you to take one of them, as he tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. You should not have looked at them, Henry.

Henry. Oh! I sha'n't touch the apples; don't be afraid.

Now Henry did not mean to steal the apples, it is true; but when people give way to sinful desires, temptation and their own passions get so much power over them, that they cannot say, I will sin so far and no farther. That night, whenever Henry awoke, he thought of the beautiful apples. He got up before his papa and mamma, or his sisters, and went down into the garden There was nobody up but John, who was in the stable. Henry went and stood under the apple-tree. He looked at the apples: there was one which he could just reach as he stood on his tip-toe; he stretched out his hand and plucked it from the tree, and ran with it, as he thought, out of sight, behind the stable; and having eaten it in haste, he returned to the house.

When Mr. Fairchild got up, he went into the garden and looked at the apple-tree, and saw that one of the apples was missing: he looked under the tree to see if it had fallen down, and he perceived the mark of a child's foot under the tree; he came into the house in great haste; and looking angrily, "Which of you young ones," said he, "has gathered the apple from the young apple-tree? Last night there were two upon the tree, and now there is only one."

The children made no answer.

"If you have, any of you, taken the apple, and will tell the truth, I will forgive you," said Mr. Fairchild.

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"I did not take it, indeed, papa," said Lucy.

"And I did not take it," said Emily.

"I did not; indeed I did not," said Henry: but Henry looked very red when he spoke.

"Well," said Mr. Fairchild, "I must call in John, and ask him if he can tell who took the apple. But before John is called in, I tell you once more, my dear children, that if any of you took the apple, and will confess it, even now, I will freely forgive you."

Henry now wished to tell his papa the truth; but he was ashamed to own his wickedness; and he hoped that it never would be found out that he was the thief.

When John came in, Mr. Fairchild said, "John, there is one of the apples taken from the young apple-tree opposite the parlour window."

"Sir," said John, "I did not take it; but I think I can guess which way it went." Then John looked very hard at Henry, and Henry trembled and shook all over. "I saw Master Henry, this morning, run behind the stable with a large apple in his hand; he staid there till he had eaten it, and then he came out."

"Henry," said Mr. Fairchild, "is this true? Are you a thief! and a liar too?" And Mr. Fairchild's voice was very terrible when he spoke.

Then Henry fell down on his knees before his papa, and confessed his wickedness.

"Go from my sight, bad boy!" said Mr. Fairchild: "If you had told the truth at first, I should have forgiven you; but now I will not forgive you." Then Mr. Fairchild ordered John to take Henry and lock him up in a little room at the top of the house, where he could not speak to any person. Poor Henry cried sadly; and Lucy and Emily cried too; but Mr. Fairchild would not excuse Henry. "It is better," he said, "that he should be punished in this world, while he is a little boy, than grow up to be a liar and a thief, and go to hell when he dies: for it is written, 'Every liar shall have his portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;' and in another place, 'Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, nor lie one to another.'"

So poor Henry was locked up by himself in a little room at the very top of the house. He sat down on a small box, and cried sadly. He hoped that his mamma and papa would send him some breakfast; but they did not. At twelve o'clock he looked out of the window,

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and saw his mamma and sisters walking in the meadow, at a little distance; and he saw his papa come, and fetch them into dinner, as he supposed; and then he hoped that he should have some dinner sent him; but no dinner came. Some time after, he saw Betty go down into the meadow to milk the cow: then he knew that it was five o'clock, and that it would soon be night: then he began to cry again. "Oh! I am afraid," he said, "that papa will make me stay here all night! and I shall be alone, for God will not take care of me because of my wickedness."

Soon afterward, Henry saw the sun go down behind the hills; and he heard the rooks, as they were going to rest in their nests at the top of some tall trees near the house. Soon afterward it became dusk, and then quite dark. "O dear, dear!" said Henry, when he found himself sitting alone in the dark: "What a wicked boy I have been to-day! I stole an apple, and told two or three lies about it! I have made my papa and mamma unhappy, and my poor sisters too! How could I do such things! And now I must spend all this night in this dismal place; and God will not take care of me, because I am wicked! If the Lord Jesus Christ loved me, I should not mind being in the dark, and alone; but he does not love me, and he will not take care of me! Oh! if I should die and go to hell, then I should be in everlasting darkness; I should never see light again, and I should be parted for ever and ever from my dear Saviour, who died for me!" Then Henry cried very sadly indeed. After which, he knelt down, and prayed that God would forgive him, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ: and this he did several times, till he found himself getting more happy in his mind.

When he got up from his prayers the last time, he heard the step of some one coming up stairs; he thought it was his mamma, and his heart was very glad indeed. Henry was right: it was his mamma come to see her poor little boy. He soon heard her unlock the door, and in a moment he ran into her arms. "Is Henry sorry for his wickedness!" said Mrs. Fairchild, as she sat down, and took him upon her lap. "Are you sorry, my dear child, for your very great wickedness!"

"Oh! mamma, mamma! indeed I am," said Henry, sobbing and crying: "I am very sorry; pray forgive me. I have asked God to forgive me, for the Lord Jesus

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Christ's sake; and I think that he has heard my prayer, for I feel happier than I did."

"But have you thought, Henry, of the very great wickedness which you have committed?"

"Yes, mamma, I have been thinking of it a great deal; I know that what I did this morning was a very great sin."

"Why do you say this morning?" said Mrs. Fairchild: "the sin you committed was the work of several days."

"How, mamma?" said Henry; "I was not two minutes stealing the apple, and papa found it out before breakfast."

"Still, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "this sin was the work of many days." Henry hearkened to his mamma, and she went on speaking: "Do you remember those little chickens which came out of their eggs last Monday morning?"

"Yes, mamma," said Henry.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Fairchild, "that they were made the moment before they came out?"

"No, mamma," said Henry: "Papa said that they were growing in the egg-shell a long time before they came out alive."

Mrs. Fairchild. In the same manner the great sin you have committed this morning was growing in your evil heart some days before it came out.

"How, mamma?" said Henry. "I do not understand."

Mrs. F. All wicked things which we commit are first formed in our hearts; and sometimes our sins are very long before they come to their full growth. The great sin you have committed this morning began to be formed in your heart three days ago. Do you remember, that that very day in which your papa forbade you to touch the apples, you stood in the parlour window, and looked at them; and you admired their beautiful appearance? This was the beginning of your sin. Your sister Lucy told you at the time not to look at them: and she did well; for by looking at forbidden things we are led to desire them: and when we desire them very much, we proceed to take them. In this manner, the sin which you committed this morning began to be formed in your heart, my child, three days ago; and from that time it grew and gained strength till this morning, when it broke forth as the chickens

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broke forth out of the eggs, alive, strong, and fully formed."

Henry did not interrupt his mamma, and she went on speaking:—

"As all sin, my dear child, is thus formed in our hearts, sometimes long, long before it breaks out, it becomes us, therefore, carefully to watch our thoughts; and whenever we find a bad thought, we ought to call upon the Lord Jesus Christ to cleanse our hearts from it. Your papa forbade you to touch these apples; therefore, my dear child, you ought not to have allowed yourself to think of them for one moment. When you first thought about them, you did not suppose that this thought would end in so very great a sin as you have now been guilty of."

"Oh! mamma," said Henry, "I will try to remember what you have said to me all my life; and whenever I find an evil thought in my heart, I will pray to God, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, to cleanse my heart from it."

Mrs. Fairchild kissed little Henry then, and said, "God bless you, my child, and give you a holy heart, which may never think or design any evil." Mrs. Fairchild then led Henry down into the parlour, where Mr. Fairchild and Lucy and Emily were waiting for them to go to tea. Mr. Fairchild kissed his little boy, and Lucy and Emily smiled to see him.

"Henry," said Mr. Fairchild, "you have had a sad day of it; but I punished you, my child, not because I do not love you, but because I wished to save your soul from hell." Then Mr. Fairchild cut a large piece of bread and butter for Henry, which he was very glad of, for he was very hungry.

After tea, Mr. Fairchild knelt down with his family, and prayed. I shall put down Mr. Fairchild's prayer in this place, as it may perhaps be useful to you at any time when you may be troubled with evil thoughts and desires.

A Prayer against Evil Thoughts.

O Lord God Almighty, hear the prayer of poor sinful creatures. Our hearts, O Lord, are such by nature that sin of itself springs up and grows into life and strength in them: we first begin with an evil thought, which becomes stronger and stronger, until at length it breaks out

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into open and grievous sins. And these our vile hearts we have no power of ourselves to change; but they will still continue to imagine and bring forth all manner of sin, and every kind of wickedness, unless thou, O Lord wilt have mercy upon us, and renew us by thy Holy Spirit. Though we have deserved thine eternal anger by our wickedness, yet thy dear Son, our Saviour, has by his death made the atonement for our sins. O give us faith to receive our dying Saviour! and send thy Holy Spirit to make clean and sanctify our wicked hearts: that our hearts, being made new, may no longer imagine wickedness, and bring forth sin; but that they may be filled with the Spirit, and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit,—even love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN IX.

Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with man.

Till God in human flesh I see
My thoughts no comfort find,
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

STORY ON THE CONSTANT BENT OF MAN'S HEART TOWARDS SIN.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had had nothing for a long time to interrupt them in the care and management of their children: so that they had had it in their power to teach them, and watch them from evil

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continually. I will tell you exactly how they lived and spent their time:—Emily and Lucy slept together in a little closet on one side of their father and mother's room; and Henry had a little room on the other side, where he slept. As soon as the children got up, they used to go into their father and mother's room to prayers; after which Henry went with his father into the garden, while Lucy and Emily made their beds and rubbed the furniture: afterward they all met at breakfast, dressed neatly but very plain. At breakfast the children ate what their mamma gave them, and seldom spoke till they were spoken to. After breakfast, Betty and John were called in, and all went to prayers. Then Henry went into his papa's study, to his lessons; and Lucy and Emily staid with their mamma, working and reading, till twelve o'clock, when they used to go out to take a walk all together: sometimes they went to the schools, and sometimes they went to see a poor person. When they came in, dinner was ready. After dinner, the little girls and their mamma worked, while Henry read to them till tea-time: and after tea Lucy and Emily played with their doll, and worked for it; and Henry busied himself in making some little things of wood, which his papa showed him how to do; and so they spent their time, till Betty and John came in to evening prayers: then the children had each of them a baked apple, and went to bed.

Now all this time the little ones were in the presence of their papa and mamma, and kept carefully from breaking out into open sin by the watchful eyes of their dear parents. One day it happened, when they had been living a long time in this happy way, that Lucy said to her mother, "Mamma, I think that Emily and Henry and I are much better children than we used to be: we have not been punished for a very long time."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "do not boast or think well of yourself; it is always a bad sign when people boast of themselves: 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.' James iv. 6. If you have not done any very naughty thing lately, it is not because there is any goodness or wisdom in you, but because your papa and I have been always with you, carefully watching and guiding you from morning till night."

That same evening a letter came for Mr. Fairchild,

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from an old lady who lived about four miles off, begging that he and Mrs. Fairchild would come over, if it was convenient, to see her, the next day, to settle some business of consequence. This old lady's name was Mrs. Goodriche, and she lived in a very neat little house just under a hill, with Sukey her maid. It was the very house in which Mrs. Howard lived about fifty years ago, as my grandmother knew very well, having been often there when she was a little girl.

When Mr. Fairchild got the letter, he ordered John to get the horse ready by daybreak next morning; and to put the pillion on it for Mrs. Fairchild: so Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild got up very early; and, when they had kissed their children, who were still asleep, they set off.

Now it happened very unluckily, that Mrs. Fairchild, at this time, had given Betty leave to go for two or three days to see her father, and she had not yet returned; so there was nobody left in the house to take care of the children but John. And now I will tell you how these children spent the day while their papa and mamma were out.

When Lucy and Emily awoke, they began playing in their beds. Emily made babies of the pillows, and Lucy pulled off the sheets and tied them round her, in imitation of Lady Noble's long-trained gown: and thus they spent their time till Henry came to the door to tell them that breakfast was ready. "And I have persuaded John," said Henry, "to make us toast and butter; and it looks so nice! Make haste and come down: do, sisters, do!" And he continued to drum upon the door with a stick until his sisters were dressed. Emily and Lucy put on their clothes as quickly as they could, and went down stairs with their brother, without praying, washing themselves, combing their hair, making their bed, or doing any one thing they ought to have done.

John had, indeed, made a large quantity of toast and butter: but the children were not satisfied with what John had made: for when they had eaten all which he had provided, they would toast more themselves, and put butter on it before the fire, as they had seen Betty do: so the hearth was covered with crumbs and grease, and they wasted almost as much as they ate.

After breakfast, they took out their books to learn their lessons; but they had eaten so much that they could not learn with any pleasure; and Lucy, who

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thought she would be very clever, began to scold Henry and Emily for their idleness; and Henry and Emily, in their turn, found fault with her: so that they began to dispute, and would soon, I fear, have proceeded to something worse, if Henry had not spied a little pig in the garden. "Oh! sisters," said he, "there is a pig in the garden, in the flower-bed! Look! look! and what mischief it will do. Papa will be very angry. Come, sisters, let us hunt it out."

So saying, down went Henry's book, and away he ran into the garden, followed by Emily and Lucy, running as fast as they could. They soon drove the pig out of the garden, and it would have been well if they had stopped there; but, instead of that, they followed it down into the lane. Now, there was a place where a spring ran across the lane, over which was a narrow bridge, for the use of people walking that way. But the pig did not stand to look for the bridge, but went splash, splash, through the midst of the water; and after him went Henry, Lucy, and Emily, though they were up to their knees in mud and dirt.

In this dirty condition they ran on till they came close to a house where a farmer and his wife lived, whose name was Freeman. These people were not such as lived in the fear of God, neither did they bring up their children well; on which account Mr. Fairchild had often forbidden Lucy, and Emily, and Henry, to go to their house. However, when the children were opposite this house, Mrs. Freeman saw them through the kitchen window; and seeing they were covered with mud, she came out and brought them in, and dried their clothes by the fire; which was, so far, very kind of her, only the children should not have gone into the house, as they had been so often forbidden by their parents.

Mrs. Freeman would have had them stay all day and play with their children; and Henry and his sisters would have been very glad to accept her invitation, but they were afraid: so Mrs. Freeman let them go; but, before they went, she gave them each a large piece of cake, and something sweet to drink, which, she said, would do them good. Now this sweet stuff was cider; and as they were never used to drink any thing but water, it made them quite tipsy for a little while; so that when they got back into the lane, first one tumbled down, and then another; and their faces became flushed,

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and their heads began to ache, so that they were forced to sit down for a time under a tree, on the side of the lane, and there they were when John came to find them; for John, who was in the stable when they ran out of the garden, was much frightened when he returned to the house, and could not find them there.

"Ah, you naughty children," said he, when he found them, "you have almost frightened me out of my life: Where have you been?"

"We have been in the lane," said Lucy, blushing.

This was not all the truth: but one fault always leads to another.

So John brought them home, and locked them up in their play-room, while he got their dinner ready.

When the children found themselves shut up in their play-room, and could not get out, they sat themselves down, and began to think how naughty they had been. They were silent for a few minutes; at last Lucy spoke:—

"Oh, Henry! oh, Emily! how naughty we have been! And yet I thought I would be so good when papa and mamma went out, so very good! What shall we say when papa and mamma come home?"

Then all the children began to cry. At length Henry said,

"I'll tell you what we will do, Lucy; we will be good all the evening; we will not do one naughty thing."

"So we will, Henry," said Emily. "When John lets us out, how good we will be; and then we can tell the truth, that we were naughty in the morning, but we were good all the evening."

John made some nice apple-dumplings for the children; and when they were ready, and he had put some butter and sugar upon them (for John was a good-natured man), he fetched the children down; and after they had eaten as much apple-dumpling as they thought proper, he told them they might play in the barn, bidding them not to stir out of it till supper-time.

Henry and Lucy and Emily were delighted with this permission; and, as Lucy ran along to the barn with her brother and sister, she said, "Now let us be very good. We are not to do any thing naughty all this evening."

"We will be very good indeed," answered Emily.

"Better than we ever were in all our lives," added Henry.

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So they all went into the barn; and when John fastened them in, he said to himself, "Sure they will be safe now, till I have looked to the pigs and milked the cow; for there is nothing in the barn but straw and hay, they cannot hurt themselves with that, sure." But John was mistaken. As soon as he was gone, Henry spied a swing, which Mr. Fairchild had made in the barn for the children, but which he never allowed them to use when he was not with them, because swings are very dangerous things, unless there are very careful persons to use them. The seat of the swing was tied up to the side of the barn, above the children's reach, as Mr. Fairchild thought.

"Oh! Lucy," said Henry, "there is the swing. There can be no harm in our swinging a little. If papa were here, I am sure he would let us swing. If you and Emily will help to lift me up, I will untie it and let it down; and then we will swing so nicely!"

So Emily and Lucy lifted Henry up; and he untied the swing, and let it down in its right place: but as he was getting down, his coat caught upon a bit of wood on the side of the barn, and was much torn. However, the children did not trouble themselves very much about this accident: they got one by one into the swing, and amused themselves for some time without any mischance. First Emily got into the swing; then Henry; then Lucy; and then Emily would get in again. "Now, Lucy," she said, "swing me high, and I will shut my eyes: you can't think how pleasant it is to swing with one's eyes shut. Swing me higher! swing me higher!"

So she went on calling to Lucy, and Lucy trying to swing her higher and higher; till at last the swing turned, and down came Emily on the floor! There happened, providentially, to be some straw on the floor, or she would have been killed. As it was, however, she was sadly hurt: she lay for some minutes without speaking, and her mouth and nose poured out blood.

Henry and Lucy thought she was dead; and, oh! how frightened they were! They screamed so violently, that John came running to see what was the matter: and poor man! he was sadly frightened when he saw Emily lying on the floor covered with blood. He lifted her up, and brought her into the house; he saw she was not dead, but he did not know how much she might be hurt. When he had washed her face from the

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blood, and given her a little water to drink, she recovered a little; but her nose, and one eye, and her lip, were terribly swelled, and two of her teeth were out. It was well they were her first teeth, and that she had others to come, or else she would have been without her front teeth all her life.

When Emily was a little recovered, John placed he in a little chair by the kitchen fire; and he took his blue pocket-handkerchief, and tied Lucy and Henry to the kitchen-table, saying, "You unlucky rogues! you have given me trouble enough to-day—that you have. I will not let you go out of my sight again, till master and mistress come home. Thank God, you have not killed your sister! Who would have thought of your loosing the swing?"

In this manner Henry and Lucy and Emily remained till it was nearly dark; and then they heard the sound of the horses' feet coming up to the kitchen-door, for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were come. John hastened to untie the children, who trembled from head to foot.

"Oh! John, John! what shall we do? What shall we say?" said Lucy.

"The truth, the truth, and all the truth," said John; "it is the best thing you can do now."

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild came in, they thought their children would have run to meet them; but they were so conscious of their naughtiness, that they all crept behind John, and Emily hid her face.

"Emily, Lucy, Henry!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "you keep back; what is the matter?"

"Oh! mamma, mamma! papa, papa!" said Lucy, coming forward and falling on her knees before them; "we have been very wicked children to-day; we are not fit to come near you."

"What have you done, Lucy?" said Mrs. Fairchild. "Tell the whole truth, and pray to God to forgive you for his dear Son's sake. These are the only things which children can do, when they have been naughty, to make their peace with God and their parents."

Then Lucy told her papa and mamma every thing which she and her brother and sister had done: she did not hide any thing from them. You may be sure that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were very much shocked. When they heard all that Lucy had to tell them, and saw Emily's face, they looked very grave indeed.

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"I am glad that you have told the truth, my children;" said Mr. Fairchild; "but the sins that you have committed are very dreadful ones. You have disobeyed your parents; and, in consequence of your disobedience, Emily might have lost her life, if God had not been very merciful to you. And now go all of you to your beds; and there think upon your sins, and entreat your Heavenly Father to pardon you, for that blessed Saviour's sake who bore your sins upon the cross."

The children did as their father bade them, and went silently up to their beds, where they cried sadly, thinking upon their wickedness. The next morning they all three came into their mamma's room, and begged her to kiss them and forgive them.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Lucy, "we have been very wicked: but we have prayed to God, and we hope that he has forgiven us, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Therefore we hope that you will pardon us."

"I have committed many sins myself," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and hope to be forgiven, through my dear Saviour: therefore, I cannot refuse to pardon you, my children. But, indeed, you made me and your papa very unhappy last night."

Then the children looked at their mamma's eyes, and they were full of tears; and they felt more and more sorry to think how greatly they had grieved their kind mother: and when she kissed them, and put her arms round their necks, they cried more than ever.

"Oh, mamma!" said Lucy, "I cannot think how I could behave so ill as I did yesterday: for I had resolved in my own mind to be very good—indeed I had. And when I did wrong, I knew it was wrong all the time, and hated myself for doing it; and still I did it."

"And do you wonder, my dear child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what it was that made you behave so ill? It was sin, my dear; the sin of your heart; the sin which is ever present with us, and which, when we would do well, is always preventing us. People talk often of their sinful hearts; but there are very few people know how wicked their hearts are. There is something within us that is always pressing us forward to sin; and that so strongly, that we have not power to stand against it. The fear of pain or shame in this world, or even of everlasting fire in the world to come, is not enough to frighten us from sin; and for this reason, that it is our

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nature to sin. Therefore, my child, our natures must be made regenerate by the power of God the Spirit, before we can in anywise cease from sin. When we wish to do well, we must not say we will be good: but we should go into some private place, if possible, and there, falling upon our knees, we should confess to God our weakness and sinfulness, and ask, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the help of the Holy Spirit to enable us to do well."

"Then," said Lucy, "if we ask for the Spirit of God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, will it be given to us, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "for the Lord Jesus Christ says, 'If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.' John xiv. 14. But this does not mean that God will at once give us power to overcome our wicked nature. No, my dear, this will not be. Our wicked hearts will contrive to torment us till we die. Then, if in this world we have loved the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be entirely set free from sin, and that for ever and ever."

"Oh, mamma!" said Lucy, "how very happy we shall be when we have no more sin in our hearts! for the sin of my heart often makes me very unhappy when I have nothing else to vex me. Sometimes, when you give me leave to play, mamma, and I have every thing to make me enjoy my play—my brother and sister's company, Emily's pretty doll, and all my playthings—yet I cannot be happy, but feel cross and ill-natured."

Mrs. Fairchild. This, my child, I have no doubt is very true: and hence it follows, that, if you were to be placed in heaven itself with your sinful heart, you would not be happy there: and this shows that our hearts must be changed before we can go to heaven.

Then Mrs. Fairchild knelt down with her children, and prayed that they might be delivered from the power of sin; and this prayer, with the change of a few words only, I will put down here, for the use of any little children who may hereafter feel and be sorry for the sinfulness of their hearts.

A Prayer for a New Heart.

O Almighty Father! how apt am I to boast, and to

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say, "I have been good to-day, and I was good yesterday; I have done this thing well, and that thing well: and I am a good child!" when it would be more proper for me to cry out, "O Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner! O Lord, I humbly confess that I am altogether evil: there is no good in me: I can do nothing well; I cannot even think one good thought without the help of thy Holy Spirit, O Lord!" The fear of my father and mother, and of being punished, often keeps me from breaking out into open sins; but, if my parents and teachers were to be taken from me, and I was no longer under fear of punishment, then, O Lord, I should break out into open and shameless wickedness; and be no better in appearance (as I am no better in heart) than the poor little boys and girls in the street, who are left entirely to themselves.

O Almighty Father! let me not be puffed up with pride, or think well of myself, because I am kept from very great sins by the care of my friends; for my heart is altogether filthy and evil, and if I were to be left to myself I certainly should come to open shame.

O dear Father! O beloved Saviour! O Holy and Glorious Spirit! thou blessed Three in One! have mercy on a poor, weak, and wicked child! Leave me not to myself; leave me not to my own wicked heart: but be thou my Teacher and my Ruler. O Lord Jehovah! give me a new heart, that I may obey thy commandments, and walk in thy fear all the days of my life.

O grant this the prayer of a wicked child, for the sake of him who bled and died upon the cross; for him, even the blessed Lord Jesus: to whom with God the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN X.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee.

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There, if the Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of life divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
Till time shall be no more.

STORY ON THE SECRET SINS OF THE HEART.

Some days after these things had happened, of which I told you in my last chapter, Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her, and said:—

"My dear child, it is now a week since your papa and I went out, on that day when you were so naughty. Do you think that you have been good since that time?"

Lucy considered a moment—"Why, mamma," she said, "I am almost afraid to say that I have been good at any time. To be sure I have not done any very bad things this week; such as I did the day that you went out; but, then you have been with me always, mamma, and have watched me, and have kept me in order. Perhaps, if you had not been with me, I might have been as naughty as I was that day; for I think that my heart is the same: I don't think that it is any better."

Mrs. Fairchild. What you say, my child is very true: your heart is the same: and it is only because I am with you, watching you, and taking care of you, that you seem to be better than you were that day. Those poor children who have not good fathers and mothers to take care of them, do many very wicked things, because they have no one to restrain them. You do not do so many openly bad things as they do;

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but it is not because you are by nature better than they are, but because you are restrained by your friends. People who have had good friends all their lives, and have always been kept in good order, are apt to fancy that they have better hearts than other persons, and they become self-conceited and proud; while, if they would but look close into their hearts, they would find nothing to be proud of in them—nothing but sin and evil passions."

Then Mrs. Fairchild went to a drawer, and took out a book neatly bound in red leather: there was nothing written in the book; the leaves were all blank. This book she gave to Lucy; and she said, "Here, my dear; take this book, and write in it every day the naughty things which pass in your heart. You will then find, my dear, that many days, when you may appear to be very good in the eyes of your papa and mamma, and of other people, you are in reality in the sight of God very naughty. This custom, my dear child, will teach you to know your own heart, and will keep you from being proud, and thinking better of yourself than of other people."

Lucy took the book, and said, "Mamma, must I show what I write to anybody? I shall be ashamed to show it."

Mrs. Fairchild, No, my dear: I would not have you show what you write in this book to any one, unless it might be to me; and I shall never ask to see it: if you choose to show me what you write of your own accord, that will be quite a different thing.

"When must I begin to write in this book, mamma?" said Lucy.

Mrs. Fairchild. To-morrow morning, my dear; and I will give you a pen and a little inkstand to keep in your own room, that you may always have every thing ready when you wish to write.

"Mamma," said Lucy, "am I only to write the naughty things that are in my heart? Then I will try and have nothing naughty in my heart to-morrow."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

When Lucy went to bed that night, she thought how good she would be next day, and that she would not think one naughty thought. However, she determined not to deceive herself, but to put down every thing as it

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passed in her heart as nearly as she could.—And now I will tell you how Lucy spent the next day, and will put down what she wrote in her book.

When Lucy awoke in the morning, the first thing she thought of was, what she would have to write in her book; and she began to think how very good she would be all day. While she was lying in bed thinking of those things, her mamma called to her, and bade her make haste and get up, and make her bed and rub the chairs and tables. Now Lucy happened to be lying very comfortably, and had no mind to get up: she, however, obeyed her mamma without speaking: but she felt vexed and began to think how disagreeable it was to have these things to do; and she said to herself, "I wish I was like Miss Augusta Noble, who has two or three servants to wait upon her. She never makes her own bed, or cleans the chairs or tables, or even puts on her own shoes and stockings. Then what beautiful frocks; and blue, and pink, and green, and all-coloured sashes; and shoes, and necklaces, and bonnets she has! and a coach to ride in! But how coarse my frocks are; and I have not one sash or necklace, or a coloured shoe! And my mamma is so strict! Miss Augusta Noble's governess lets her do what she chooses, and never scolds her, or tells her that she is naughty!"

While Lucy was thinking of these things, Emily went into her mamma's room; and Mrs. Fairchild, who was looking over some drawers, gave Emily a little bit of muslin, and about a quarter of a yard of narrow pink ribband, to make her doll a cap of. Emily ran to show Lucy what she had got: Lucy said nothing; but she felt vexed that her mamma had not given them to her, instead of Emily. By this time the breakfast was ready, and Lucy went down, not in the best of tempers; but still she did not say any thing by which any one could find out that she was out of humour; for people who are brought up well are taught to keep many of their ill tempers to themselves.

When the rest of the family were all seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Fairchild came in from the garden with a very large strawberry on a leaf.

"Look here, my dear," said he to Mrs. Fairchild, "what a very large strawberry!"

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Fairchild.

As Mr. Fairchild passed by to his Chair, he popped the

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strawberry into Henry's bowl of milk, saying, "There, my boy; see if you can manage to eat that great strawberry."

This vexed Lucy again; and she said to herself, "Emily gets muslin and riband, and Henry a strawberry; but what do I get?" Then she began to think of a lady who lived not a great way off, who had two little girls, of which she loved one very much, and hated the other; and it came into her mind that her papa and mamma loved Henry and Emily more than they did herself.

After breakfast, John and Betty were called into the parlour, and the family sang a hymn, and prayed together. Mr. Fairchild also read a chapter in the Bible. While her papa was reading, Lucy looked out of the window, and saw a bird picking seeds and worms on the gravel walk, just under the window. "Oh!" thought Lucy, "how I should like to be playing with that bird, instead of listening to this reading: I have heard that chapter so often!" Then she peeped over her papa several times, to see if he had nearly done.

Soon after Mr. Fairchild had done reading, Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy and Emily to work. While they were working, a lady came in, of the name of Barker, who was a very good-natured and kind person; but it had pleased Providence that she should have a very plain set of features, such as you seldom see; she had a wide mouth, flat nose, and one eye was less than the other. While Mrs. Barker was talking with Mrs. Fairchild, Lucy looked at her, and in her heart despised her for her want of beauty; and thought how much prettier her own face was than Mrs. Barker's.

The lady sat with Mrs. Fairchild till twelve o'clock, at which time permission was given to the children to play. Emily and Henry went into the garden, and Lucy went up to her room, to write in her new book some of the things she had been thinking of that morning. When Lucy took out her book, and began to consider what to write, she was surprised to find, that although she had appeared to conduct herself well in the eyes of her parents all day, having read well, and worked well, and been quiet and civil, yet all this time her heart had been full of evil thoughts and wicked passions: and now she began to feel that which she had often heard without attending to it, that "the heart is deceitful

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above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jer. xvii. 9. "Oh, I am a wicked child!" she said to herself: "I am a wicked girl! Who can save me from my own wicked heart? But I will write down all I have thought this morning, and show it to my mamma."

You will, perhaps, like to know what Lucy wrote; I therefore will copy it here: and, perhaps, when you are able to write, you will get your friends to give you a blank book, and a pen and ink, that you also may keep an account of the sins of your heart, in order, with the Divine blessing, to keep you from being proud; "For God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." 1. Pet. v. 5, 6.

LUCY FAIRCHILD'S JOURNAL

WRITTEN WHEN SHE WAS NINE YEARS AND A HALF OLD.

"When I awoke this morning, mamma called me to make my bed; and I felt cross, and wished I was like Miss Augusta Noble, and had servants to wait upon me; and that Lady Noble was my mamma, and not my own dear mamma.

"Mamma gave Emily a bit of muslin, and some pink riband; and I was envious, and hated Emily a little while, though I knew it was wicked.

"When papa gave Henry the strawberry, I was angry again; and then I thought of Mrs. Giles, who loves one of her little girls, and hates the other. I thought that my papa and mamma were like Mrs. Giles, and that they loved Henry and Emily more than me.

"When papa was reading and praying I wanted to be at play; and was tired of the Bible, and did not wish to hear it.

"And then I thought a very bad thought indeed! When Mrs. Barker came, I despised her for not being pretty, though I knew that God had made her such as she is, and that he could make me like her in one moment."

As soon as Lucy had finished writing these last words, she heard her mamma come up stairs and go into her room: she immediately ran to her; and showing her the book, "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she said, "you can-

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not think what a wicked heart I have got! Here is my journal: I am ashamed to show it to you: pray do not hate me for what is written in that book."

Mrs. Fairchild took the book; and when she had read what was written, "My dear child," she said, "I thank God, who has by his Holy Spirit helped you to know a little of the wickedness of your heart. Your heart, my dear, is no worse, and no better, than the hearts of all human creatures; 'for there is none good, no not one.' 'As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' Prov. xxvii. 19. And yet, as I told you before, there are many people who live to a very old age without knowing that their hearts are wicked; they think themselves very good, and that they shall go to heaven as a reward of their goodness. They do not see the need of a Saviour, and therefore never apply to him for help; thus they live and die in unbelief. But happy are those, my dear Lucy, who are brought to the knowledge of their own sinful nature before their death."

Then Mrs. Fairchild gave the book back to Lucy, and told her to continue every day to keep an account of what passed in her heart, that she might learn more and more to know and hate her own sinful nature. After this, Mrs. Fairchild and Lucy knelt down, and confessed before God the exceeding vileness of their hearts, as follows:

Confession of the exceeding Vileness of our Hearts.

O Almighty Father! my heart is so exceedingly wicked, so vile, and full of sin, that even when I appear to people about me to be tolerably good, even then I am sinning. So great is the power of sin over me, that even when I am praying, or reading the Bible, or hearing other people read the Bible, even then I sin. When I speak, I sin; w en I am silent, I sin. I find, O Lord, that I cannot cease from sin, not even for one moment. Even my dreams upon my bed often show the vileness of my heart. O Lord, what shall I do? where shall I fly? how can I be saved from my sins? In me there is no help! I can do nothing for myself! I must depend entirely on thee for mercy, O heavenly Father! Oh, pardon me for my Saviour's sake; and for his sake may God the Spirit renew and sanctify my vile heart, and prepare me for that glory which has been procured for the saints by the death and merits of my blessed Re-

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deemer. For that dear Redeemer's sake, O Lord, hear my prayer; and grant that I may be washed from my sins by the blood of Christ, and clothed in garments made white with the same.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XI.

There is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Bless'd dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a sweeter, nobler song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

STORY ON AMBITION, OR THE WISH TO BE GREAT.

Twice every year, Sir Charles and Lady Noble used to invite Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and their children, to spend a day with them at their house. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild did not much like to go, because Sir Charles and his lady were very proud, and their children were

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not brought up in the fear of God; yet, as the visit happened only twice in a year, Mr. Fairchild thought it better to go than to have a quarrel with his neighbour. Mrs. Fairchild always had two plain muslin frocks, with white mittens, and neat black shoes, for Lucy and Emily to wear when she went to see Lady Noble. As Mr. Fairchild's house was as much as two miles distant from Sir Charles Noble's, Sir Charles always used to send his carriage for them, and to bring them back again at night.

One morning, just at breakfast-time, Mr. Fairchild came into the parlour, saying to Mrs. Fairchild, "Here, my dear, is a note from Sir Charles Noble, inviting us and the children to spend the day to-morrow, with him."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "as Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go."

The next morning Mr. Fairchild desired his wife and children to be ready at twelve o'clock, which was the time fixed for the coach to be at Mr. Fairchild's door. Accordingly, soon after eleven Mrs. Fairchild dressed Lucy and Emily, and made them sit quietly down till the carriage came. As Lucy and Emily sat in the corner of the room, Lucy looked at Emily, and said, "Sister, how pretty you look!" "And how neat you look, Lucy!" said Emily: "these frocks are very pretty, and make us look very well."

"My dear little girls," said Mrs. Fairchild, who overheard what they said to each other, "do not be conceited because you have your best frocks on. You now think well of yourselves, because you fancy you are well dressed; by-and-by, when you get to Lady Noble's, you will find Miss Augusta much finer dressed than yourselves; then you will be out of humour with yourselves for as little reason as you now are pleased. Do you remember the verses I made you learn, Lucy, concerning one who cometh into the assembly of Christians in fine clothes!"

Lucy. Mamma, I remember; they are these: 'My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here,

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in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? James ii. 1–4.

By the time Lucy had repeated these verses, Henry came in his Sunday coat, to tell his mamma that Sir Charles Noble's carriage was come. Mrs. Fairchild was quite ready; and Lucy and Emily were in such a hurry that Emily had nearly tumbled down stairs over her sister, and Lucy was upon the point of slipping down on the step of the hall door; however, they all got into the coach without any accident, and the coachman drove away; and that so rapidly, that they soon came in sight of Sir Charles Noble's house.

As it is not likely that you ever saw Sir Charles Noble's house, I will give you some account of it. It is a very large house, built of smooth white stone; it stands in a fine park, or green lawn, scattered over with tall trees and shrubs; but there were no leaves on the trees at the time I am speaking of, because it was winter.

When the carriage drove up to the hall door, a smart footman came out, opened the carriage door, and showed Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild through a great many rooms, into a grand parlour, where Lady Noble was sitting upon a sofa, by a large fire, with several other ladies, all of whom were handsomely dressed. Now, as I told you before, Lady Noble was a proud woman; so she did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered the servant to set a chair for her. Miss Augusta Noble was seated on the sofa by her mamma, playing with a very beautiful wax doll; and her two brothers, William and Edward, were standing by her; but they never came forward to Mrs. Fairchild's children, to say that they were glad to see them, or to show them any kind of civility. If children knew how disagreeable they make themselves when they are rude and ill-behaved, surely they would never be so, but would strive to be civil and courteous to every one, according to the words of the Bible, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." Rom. xii. 10.

Soon after Mrs. Fairchild was seated, a servant came to say that Miss Noble's and Master William's and Master Edward's dinners were ready. "Go, Augusta," said Lady Noble, "to your dinner, and take Master and the

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Misses Fairchild with you; and after you have dined, show them your playthings, and your baby-house."

Miss Augusta got up; and as she passed by Emily and Lucy, she said in a very haughty way, "Mamma says you must come with me." So Emily and Lucy followed Miss Augusta, and the little boys came after them. She went up a pair of grand stairs, and along a very long gallery full of pictures, till they came to a large room, where Miss Augusta's governess was sitting at work, and the children's dinner set out in great order. In one corner of the room was a baby-house.—Do you know what a baby-house is? If you have not seen such a thing, I will endeavour to describe it to you. It is a small house, fit for dolls, with door and windows, and chimney outside; and inside there are generally a parlour and a kitchen, and a bed-room, with chairs, tables, couches, beds, carpets, and every thing small, just as there are in a real house for people to live in.—Besides the baby-house were a number of other toys; a large rocking-horse; a cradle, with a big wooden doll lying in it; and tops, and carts, and coaches, and whips, and trumpets in abundance.

"Here are Mrs. Fairchild's children come to dine with me, ma'am," said Miss Augusta, as she opened the door; "this is Lucy, and this is Emily, and that is Henry."

The governess did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild's children, but said, "Miss Augusta, I wish you would shut the door after you, for it is very cold."

I do not know whether Miss Augusta heard her governess, but she never offered to go back to shut the door.

The governess, whose name was Beaumont, then called to Master Edward, who was just coming in, to shut the door after him.

"You may shut it yourself, if you want it shut," answered the rude boy.

When Lucy heard this, she immediately ran and shut the door; upon which Miss Beaumont looked more civilly at her than she had done before, and thanked her for her attention.

While Lucy was shutting the door, Miss Augusta began to stir the fire. "Miss Augusta," said the lady, "has not your mamma often forbidden you to touch the fire? Some day you will set your frock on fire."

Miss Augusta did not heed what her governess said

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this time any more than the last, but went on raking the fire; till at length Miss Beaumont, fearing some mischief, forced the poker out of her hand. Miss Augusta looked very much displeased, and was going to make a pert answer, when her mamma and the other ladies came into the room to see the children dine. The young ones immediately seated themselves quietly at the table to eat their dinner.

"Are my children well behaved?" said Lady Noble, speaking to the governess: "I thought I heard you finding fault with Augusta when I came in."

"Oh, no! ma'am," said the governess; "Miss Augusta is a good young lady; I seldom have reason to find fault with her."

Lucy and Emily looked at Miss Beaumont, and wondered to hear her say that Miss Augusta was good; but they were silent.

"I am happy to say," said Lady Noble, speaking to Mrs. Fairchild, "that mine are very promising children: Augusta has a good heart."

"Ah! Lady Noble," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I am afraid none of us can say so much of our children: there is no child that can be said to have a good heart."

Lady Noble looked with surprise at Mrs. Fairchild, but made no answer. Just at that moment a servant came in, and set a plate of apples on the table.

"Miss Beaumont," said Lady Noble, "take care that Augusta does not eat above one apple; you know that she was unwell yesterday from eating too many."

Miss Beaumont assured Lady Noble that she would attend to her wishes, and the ladies left the room. When they were gone, the governess gave two apples to each of the children, excepting Augusta, to whom she gave only one. The rest of the apples she took out of the plate, and put in her work-bag for her own eating.

When every one had done dinner, and the table-cloth was taken away, Lady Noble's children got up and left the table, and Henry and Emily were following, when Lucy whispered to them to say grace; accordingly they stood still by the table, and putting their hands together, they said the grace which they had been used to say after dinner at home.

"What are you doing?" said Augusta.

"We are saying grace," answered Lucy.

"Oh! I forgot," said Augusta; "your mamma is reli-

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gious, and makes you do all these things. Don't you say your prayers four times every day?"

"Sometimes oftener," said Emily.

"Dear! how tiresome it must be to be so religious!" said Miss Augusta: "and where's the use of it?"

"Why don't you know," said Lucy, "that if we do not serve God, we shall go to hell when we die; and if we do serve him we shall go to heaven?"

"But you are not going to die now," said Miss Augusta; "you are as young as I am; and young people don't die. It will be time enough to be religious, you know, when we get old, and expect to die."

"O! but," said little Henry, "perhaps we may never live to be old; many children die younger than we are."

While Henry was speaking, William and Edward stood listening to him, with their mouths wide open; and when he had finished his speech, they broke out into a loud fit of laughter.

"When our parson dies, you shall be parson, Henry," said Edward; "but I'll never go to church when you preach."

"No, he sha'n't be parson; he shall be clerk," said William; "then he will have all the graves to dig."

"I'll tell you what," said Henry; "your mamma was never worse out in her life than when she said hers were good children."

"Take that for your sauciness, you little beggar," said Master William, giving Henry a blow on the side of the head; and he would have given him several more had not Lucy and Emily run in between.

"If you fight in this room, boys, I shall tell my mamma," said Miss Augusta. "Come, go down stairs; we don't want you here; go and feed your dogs."

William and Edward accordingly went off, and left the little girls and Henry to play quietly. Lucy and Emily were very much pleased with the baby-house and the dolls; and Henry got upon the rocking-horse: and so they amused themselves for a while. At length Miss Beaumont, who had been sitting at work, went to fetch a book from an adjoining room. As soon as she was out of sight, Miss Augusta, going softly up to the table, took two apples out of her work-bag.

"Oh! Miss Augusta, what are you doing?" said Emily.

"She is stealing," said Henry.

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"Stealing!" said Miss Augusta, coming back into the corner of the room where the baby-house was: "what a vulgar boy you are! what words you use!"

"You don't like to be called a thief," said Henry, "though you are not ashamed to steal, I see."

"Do, Miss Augusta, put the apples back," said Emily; "your mamma said you must have but one, you know, to-day, and you have had one already."

"Hush, hush!" said Miss Augusta; "here's my governess coming back: don't say a word." So saying, she slipped the apples into the bosom of her frock and ran out of the room.

"Where are you going, Miss Augusta?" exclaimed Miss Beaumont.

"Mamma has sent for me," answered Augusta; "I shall be back immediately.

When Miss Augusta had eaten the apples, she came back quietly, and sat down to play with Lucy and Emily as if nothing had happened. Soon after, the governess looked into her work-bag, and found that two of the apples were gone. "Miss Augusta," she said, "you have taken two apples; there are two gone."

"I have not touched them," said Miss Augusta.

"Some of you have," said Miss Beaumont, looking at the other children.

"I can't tell who has," said Miss Augusta; "but I know it was not I."

Lucy and Emily felt very angry, but they did not speak; but Henry would have spoken, if his sister Lucy had not put her hand upon his mouth.

"I see," said Miss Beaumont, "that some of you have taken the apples; and I desire that you Miss Emily, and you Miss Lucy, and you Master Henry, will come and sit down quietly by me, for I don't know what mischief you may do next."

Now the governess did not really suppose that Mrs. Fairchild's children had taken the apples; but she chose to scold them, because she was not afraid of offending their papa and mamma, but she was very much afraid of offending Miss Augusta and her mamma. So she made Lucy and Emily and Henry sit quietly down by her side, before the fire. It was now getting dark, and a maid-servant came in with a candle, and, setting it upon the table, said, "Miss Augusta, it is time for you to be dressed to go down to tea with the ladies."

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"Well," said Miss Augusta, "bring me my clothes, and I will be dressed here by the fireside."

The servant then went into the closet I before spoke of, and soon returned with a beautiful muslin frock, wrought with flowers, a rose-coloured sash and shoes, and a pearl necklace. Emily and Lucy had never seen such fine clothes before; and when they saw Miss Augusta dressed in them, they could not help looking at their own plain frocks, and black shoes, and feeling quite ashamed of them; though there was no more reason to be ashamed of their clothes at that time, than there was of their being proud of them when they were first put on.

When Miss Augusta was dressed, she said to the maid-servant, "Take the candle, and light me down to the hall." Then, turning to Emily and Lucy, she added, "Will you come with me? I suppose you have not brought any clean frocks to put on? Well, never mind; when you get into the drawing-room, you must keep behind your mamma's chair, and nobody will take any notice of you."

So Miss Augusta walked first, with the maid-servant, and Henry and Lucy and Emily followed. They went along the great gallery, and down the stairs, and through several fine rooms, all lighted up with many lamps and candles, till they came to the door where Sir Charles and Lady Noble, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and a great many ladies and gentlemen were sitting in a circle round a fire. Lucy and Emily and Henry went and stood behind their mamma's chair, and nobody took any notice of them; but Miss Augusta went in among the company, courtesying to one, giving her hand to another, and nodding and smiling to another. "What a charming girl Miss Augusta has grown!" said one of the ladies. "Your daughter, Lady Noble, will be quite a beauty," said another. "What an elegant frock Miss Augusta has on," said a third lady. "That rose-coloured sash makes her sweet complexion more lovely than ever," said one of the gentlemen;—and so they went on flattering her, till she grew more conceited and full of herself than ever; and during all the rest of the evening she took no more notice of Mrs. Fairchild's children than if they had not been in the room.

After the company had all drunk tea, several tables were set out, and the ladies and gentlemen began to

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make parties for playing at cards. As Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild never played at cards, they asked for the coach; and, when it was ready, wished Sir Charles and Lady Noble good-night, and came away.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, when he was in the coach with his wife and children, "I am very glad this day is over, and that we are going back to our own comfortable home, where we can serve God in peace."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things! though it is written in the Bible, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world: and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.'" 1 John ii. 15–17.

"Well," said little Henry, "Sir Charles Noble's may be a very fine house, and every thing may be very fine in it; but I like my own little home and garden, and John, and the meadow, and the apple-trees, and the round hill, and the lane, better than all the fine things at Sir Charles's."

Now all this while Emily and Lucy did not speak a word; and what do you think was the reason? It was this; that the sight of Miss Augusta's fine clothes, and playthings, and beautiful rooms in which she lived, with the number of people she had to attend her, had made them both out of humour with their own humble way of living, and small house and plain clothes. Their hearts were full of the desire of being great, like Miss Augusta, and having things like her; but they did not dare to tell their thoughts to their mamma.

When they got home, Mrs. Fairchild gave a baked apple to each of the children, and some warm milk and water to drink; and after they had prayed she sent them to bed. When Emily and Lucy got into bed, and Betty had taken away the candle, Lucy said, "Oh, Emily! I wish our papa and mamma were like Sir Charles and Lady Noble. What a beautiful frock that was that Miss Augusta had on! and I dare say that she has a great many more like it—And that sash!—I never saw so fine a colour.

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Emily. And then the ladies and gentlemen said she was so pretty! and even her governess did not dare to find fault with her!

Lucy. But Betty finds fault with us, and John too; and papa and mamma make us work so hard! and we have such coarse clothes! Even our best frocks are not so good as those Miss Augusta wears every morning.

In this manner they went on talking, till their mamma came up stairs, and into their room. As they had thick curtains round their bed, it being very cold weather, they did not see their mamma come into the room; and so she heard a great deal of what they were talking about without their knowing it. She came up to the side of their bed, and sat down in a chair which stood near it, and, putting the curtains aside a little, she said: "My dear little girls, as I came into the room I heard some part of what you were saying, without intending it; and I am glad I heard it, because I can put you in a way of getting rid of these foolish thoughts and desires which you are speaking of to each other. Do not be ashamed, my dears; I am your own mamma, and love you dearly, although I know that you are sinful creatures—and how can my children, who are born in my likeness, be otherwise? Do you remember, Lucy, when Emily got that beautiful doll from Lady Noble, that you said you felt something in your heart which made you very miserable?"

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I remember it very well; you told me it was envy; and I have often prayed to God from that time to take envy out of my heart. But I do not feel envy now; I do not wish to take Miss Augusta's things from her, or to hurt her. Emily and I only wish to be like her, and to have the same things she has.

"What you now feel, my dears," said Mrs. Fairchild, "is not exactly envy, though it is very like it; it is what is called ambition. Ambition is the desire to be greater than we are. Ambition makes people unhappy, and discontented with what they are and what they have. Ambition is in the heart of every man by nature; but, before we can go to heaven, it must be taken out of our hearts, because it is a temper that God hates—though it is spoken of by people who do not fear God, as a very good thing."

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"I do not exactly understand, mamma," said Emily, "what ambition makes people do."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "suppose that Betty was ambitious, she would be discontented at being a servant, and would want to be as high as her mistress; and if I were ambitious, I should strive to be equal to Lady Noble; and Lady Noble would want to be as great as the duchess, who lives at that beautiful house which we passed by when we went to see your grandmamma; the duchess, if she were ambitious, would wish to be like the queen.

Emily. But the queen could be no higher; so she could not be ambitious.

Mrs. Fairchild. My dear, you are much mistaken. When you are old enough to read history, you will find, that when kings and queens are ambitious, it does more harm even than when little people are so. When kings are ambitious they desire to be greater than other kings, and then they fight with them, and take their kingdoms from them, and cause many cruel wars and dreadful miseries; and, more than this, it has often happened, that when kings have got all they could get in this world, they have been desirous to be thought more than men, and have caused themselves to be worshipped as God. So, my dear children, you see that there is no end to the mischief which ambition does.—When Satan lived in heaven, and in all the glory of it, he was not content, but he wanted to be equal with God, and rebelled against God; in consequence of which he was cast down into hell, with his angels. When Adam and Eve lived in the beautiful garden of Eden, and never knew sorrow, or pain, or sickness, this wicked desire of being great was the cause of their fall. Satan came to them, and told them, that if they would eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which was in the midst of the garden, they would be as gods, knowing good from evil: and they were ambitious, and wished to be like gods; and so they took the forbidden fruit, and brought sin and death upon themselves and their children. And so you see, my dear children, that wherever this desire to be great comes, it makes us unhappy, and in the end ruins us.

"Indeed, mamma," said Lucy, "I think it is very true; for I have felt very unhappy ever since the

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thought came into my head about being as great as Miss Augusta."

Emily. But you say, mamma, that this wish is in everybody's heart naturally; then how can we get rid of it?

Mrs. Fairchild. In the same manner, my dear, that we master every other sinful inclination; through the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to destroy all sin and all the works of the devil: for 'he that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' 1 John iii. 8. When you feel in your hearts, my dear children, that wicked desire arise,—O that I were as great as such a one! or as clever as such a one! or as pretty as such a one!—then go into some retired place, if you can, and fall on your knees, and call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, that dear Saviour, who died for you upon the cross, to take this great and dreadful sin of ambition out of your hearts, and to make you humble and contented with whatever things it may please God to give you in this world. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Heb. xiii. 5.

Then Mrs. Fairchild showed to her children how much God loves people who do not wish to be great: and how he blesses people who are lowly and humble; and that he will take such people to heaven, as he hath promised—"For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," Luke xiv. 11—where they will live in the house of God, and in the sight of that dear Saviour who humbled himself for them, "and being found in fashion as a man, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. ii. 8. Then Mrs. Fairchild kissed her children; for they were beginning to cry, to think of their wicked ambition, and how they had been discontented with their dear parents and happy home. And Mrs. Fairchild knelt by the bedside, and prayed that God, for his dear Son's sake, would take the wicked desire to be great out of her dear little girls' hearts. I shall put down Mrs. Fairchild's prayer in this place, with the hymn which they sung afterward: they may both be of use to you when you feel any of the same kind of ambitious desires and thoughts; for, as Mrs.

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Fairchild said, "the wish to be great is natural to every man; neither can we conquer our ambition, excepting through Jesus Christ, who died that we might no longer be the slaves of sin."

The Prayer.

O Lord God, Almighty Father! hear the prayer of a poor, wicked, proud child! I know that my heart is full of sin, and that my body is corrupt and filthy, and that I must soon die and go down into the dust; and yet I am so foolish and so wicked as to wish to be great in this world. I wish to have a fine house to live in, and a great many servants to wait on me, and to be of great consequence, and to be made a great deal of; and yet I know, that, if I had what I deserved, I should now at this moment be in hell fire. O Thou that resisteth the proud, and givest grace to the humble! give me the grace of humility: make me humble and lowly in heart, content and thankful for what I have. O set my sins in order before my eyes, that I may see I have nothing to be proud of, and know that I am not worthy to be set up and made great in the world. I know that thou, O Lord! lovest humble and lowly people; and that thy blessed Son, when in this world, appeared in the form of a servant, among the lowest and poorest of men, and was meek and lowly in his behaviour. O Lord! send thy Holy Spirit to cleanse my heart from all proud thoughts. Teach me to know my sins and hate myself, and to humble myself before men and in thy sight. O give me a clean and a new heart, that I may rather desire to be numbered among the saints and martyrs, and children of God—those holy people, of whom the world was not worthy—than among the great and mighty men of the earth.

O holy Father, I am not worthy of myself to make this prayer; but there is One in heaven, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb who bled and died for me, who has promised to intercede for us before the Throne. For the sake, therefore, of thy beloved Son, O Lord Almighty! be favourable unto my prayer, and send thy Holy Spirit to take all pride from my heart. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XII.

With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

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Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

Reason I hear, her counsel weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest!

Break, Sov'reign Grace! O break the charm,
And set thy captive free!
Reveal, O mighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

ON THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT;

OR, A

SUNDAY AT MR. FAIRCHILD'S.

The fourth commandment is this: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day; six days shalt thou labour, and do all thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, thy cattle and the stranger that is within thy gate; For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

Though we are bidden to remember the Sabbath-day, yet how few are there, among people who call themselves Christians, who rightly observe this command of God, to keep the Sabbath holy! You will, perhaps, like to hear how Sunday was kept in Mr. Fairchild's family.

On Saturday, Betty always made a fruit-pie and baked it, and roasted a fowl or a joint of meat, to be cold the next day; so that she might have nothing to do when she came from church on the Sunday but to boil a few pota-

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toes. On the Saturday evening also she cleaned the house. And Emily and Lucy used to rub the chairs and tables, and do such other little things as they could, to help Betty. They next looked out their own clothes and Henry's for the next day, and laid them on chairs near their beds. Their mamma then gave them a complete washing and combing; after which they packed up in their little baskets their Bibles and Prayer-books, and such little presents as they might have been able to prepare during the week for the children of the schools. Lucy and Emily sometimes would have a little cap, or a tippet, to take to some good little girl; or a pair of mittens, or a pincushion, or a little needle-book: for whenever their mamma threw away any little bits of silk or cloth, or an old card, or any thing else which could be turned to use, Emily and Lucy used to pick it up and contrive something or other of it: and if it was but a shabby thing which they were able to make, yet it pleased the poor children. Henry, too, was also always contriving something for the little boys in the school; so that their baskets on a Sunday were never empty.

On the Sunday morning, the family generally rose a little earlier than usual, in order that every thing which was necessary might be finished before breakfast—such things, I mean, as feeding the pigs, milking the cow, getting parsley for the hare, and giving corn to the fowls and pigeons. The children were always allowed bread and butter and tea for breakfast on a Sunday. And after breakfast all the family made haste to dress themselves; and having made up the fire and locked the doors, they used to set off to the village: for the schools and the church were in the village.—Many pleasant walks had Mr. Fairchild and his family, on a summer's morning, to the village church; Henry, Lucy, and Emily walked quietly first (for they were not allowed to run on a Sunday), Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild coming next, and Betty and John behind. Mrs. Baker's neat little house was just at the entrance of the village; the very first house after John Trueman's; and, unless something very particular happened, Mrs. Baker was always ready to come out, and go with Mrs. Fairchild to the school.

When they came to the schools, Mr. Fairchild and Henry went to the boys' school, and Mrs. Fairchild and her little girls, with Mrs. Baker, went into the girls'

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school: there they heard the children say the Catechism and heard them read, and gave them religious instruction. Lucy and Emily had each six little girls less than themselves, and Henry as many little boys to hear. They generally contrived to be two hours at school, before it was time to go to church. When they knew by the church bell that it was time to leave the schools, the children were all placed two and two, and taken to church: Henry walked by his little boys, and sat with them at church, to find their places in their Psalters, and to see that they behaved well; and Emily and Lucy kept by their little girls for the same purpose.

After the divine service was over, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their family came home; and the children, if they pleased, had a piece of bread as soon as they came in. But there was one thing which Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to do—a thing which many people are very much in the practice of—that is, when they have been at church, hearing the good Word of God, to come home and chatter together about foolish things, till they have quite forgotten all the holy words they have heard in the church. "You might just as well," Mr. Fairchild would say, "sow good seeds in your fields, and then turn in a flock of birds to pick them all up, as go to church, and afterward meet and talk and chatter till you have forgotten every thing you have heard." So Mrs Fairchild ordered her children, when they came in from church, while they were waiting for their dinner, to go into a place apart by themselves, where they might think of what they had been hearing. Sometimes they would walk alone in the garden, or in a path which was in the coppice just by, if it was a fine day; or go into their own little rooms, to pray, and sing a hymn, and think of God. Henry, in particular, had a little favourite shady path in the coppice, where scarcely any person ever came, excepting two old women whose cottages were on that side of the coppice; and there you might see him walking up and down, praying, or singing his hymns, till he was called to dinner by the dinner-bell, which John always rang out of the house door.

At dinner Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to speak of the business of the week-days, or even to talk of their neighbours: they found enough pleasant discourse in speaking of what they had heard in the church, or of what had happened in the school; which of the

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children were improved, and who said the Catechism best, and who got rewards, and such things.

After dinner, in the long days, they all went again to church; but in the winter they could not go in the afternoon, because there was no service. So when they could not go to church, Mr. Fairchild was the clergyman, and Henry the clerk; and Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy and Emily, and John and Betty, and the two old women who lived in the coppice, who generally drank tea with Betty on a Sunday evening, made up the congregation. After evening service came tea; and when tea was over, the children were allowed to read any pretty Sunday book they had; and among them they had a great many. Before they went to bed, Mr. Fairchild heard them read a few chapters in the Bible, and repeat the Church Catechism. Then they all sang some hymns together, and prayed; and when they had had their baked apples (or, if it was summer time, perhaps some strawberries and cream, or raspberries and cream) the children went to bed.

Now, of all the days in the week, Sunday was the day the children loved best; for on this day there was no worldly business—no care about money, or clothes, or cooking dinner; no work to be done but God's work, the sweetest of all works, the work which angels delight to do. And God blessed Mr. Fairchild's family in all things, because he kept the Sunday holy, making out the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. lviii. 13–14.

I shall finish this chapter by adding a prayer for Sunday, which Mr. Fairchild's children used, with the very hymn which Henry so often sang in his favourite wood-walk. You may use this prayer any time in the day, and in any place; if you have a retired walk in your papa's garden, or in any field near your house, you cannot do better than withdraw to it to pray and sing on a fine summer's day, after you have been at church; or

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before it, if it should suit you better. Many good people have liked to pray in the open air, where they can look up to the heavens, and around them upon the fairest of God's works—trees, and shrubs, and brooks, green hills, and meadows, and flowery fields.

A Prayer for Assistance in keeping the Sabbath day holy.

O holy Father, who hast ordered us to keep the seventh day holy, I pray thee to give me grace to keep this Sunday holy; that I may do no manner of worldly work in it, nor talk about business in it, nor spend the day in visiting, or foolish play, or idleness; but that I may spend this holy day in reading my Bible and other holy books, and singing hymns, and praying, both at church and by myself at home. And O, my Father, send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, that when I pray and read, I may mind what I am about, and not think of foolish things while I am repeating the words of God. And O, fill my heart this day with love for that dear Saviour who died for me: that I may serve him with joy and delight, and not be tired when I am hearing his blessed words, or thinking of vain or foolish things when I am in his holy house. And when I have fulfilled my number of Sundays in this world, remove me, O dear Lord God, for my dear Saviour's sake, to that happy place where we shall enjoy an eternal Sabbath at thy right hand for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XIII.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul; enjoy thy rest:
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antetaste of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

This heav'nly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

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In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

I MUST now tell you of a sad temptation into which Emily fell about this time. It is a sad story, but you shall hear it.

There was a room in Mrs. Fairchild's house which was not often used; in this room was a closet full of shelves, where Mrs. Fairchild used to keep her sugar and tea, and sweatmeats, and pickles, and many other things. Now as Betty was very honest, and John too, Mrs. Fairchild would often leave this closet unlocked for weeks together, and never missed any thing out of it. One day, at the time that damascenes were ripe, Mrs. Fairchild and Betty boiled up a great many damascenes in sugar, to use in the winter; and when they had put them in jars, and tied them down, they put them in the closet I before spoke of. Emily and Lucy saw their mamma boil the damascenes, and helped Betty to cover them and carry them to the closet. As Emily was carrying one of the jars, she perceived that it was tied down so loosely that she could put in her finger and get at the fruit. Accordingly she took out one of the damascenes, and ate it: it was so nice that she was tempted to take another; and was going even to take a third, when she heard Betty coming up; she covered the jar in haste, and came away. Some months after this, one evening, just about the time that it was getting dark, she was passing by the room where these sweetmeats were kept, and she observed that the door was open; she looked round to see if anybody was near, but there was no one; her mamma and papa, and her brother and sister, were in the parlour, and Betty was in the kitchen, and John was in the garden; no eye was looking at her but the eye of God, who sees every thing we do, and knows even the secret thoughts of the heart; but at that moment the fear of God was not in the heart of Emily. Accordingly she passed through the open door and went up to the closet; there she stood still again, and looked round, but saw no one. She then opened the

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closet door, and took two or three damascenes, which she ate in great haste. She then went to her own room and washed her hands and mouth, and went down into the parlour, where her papa and mamma were just going to tea.

Although her papa and mamma never suspected what naughty thing Emily had been doing, and behaved just as usual to her, yet Emily felt frightened and uneasy before them; and every time they spoke to her, though it was only to ask the commonest question, she stared and looked frightened, making out the words of King Solomon; "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion." Prov. xxviii. 1.

I am sorry to say, that the next day, when it was beginning to get dark, Emily went again to the closet, and took some more damascenes; and so she did for several days, though she knew she was doing wrong.

On the Sunday following, it happened to be so rainy that nobody could go to church; in consequence of which, Mr. Fairchild called all the family into the parlour and read the morning service, and a sermon. Some sermons are hard, and difficult for children to understand: but this was a very plain, easy sermon; even Henry could tell his mamma a great deal about it. The text was from Psalm cxxxix. 7th to 12th verses; "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

The meaning of these verses was explained in the sermon at full length; it was first shown, that the Lord Jehovah is a spirit, without body, parts, or passions; and secondly, that there is no place where he is not; that if a person could go up into heaven, he would find God there; if he were to go down to hell, there also he would find God; that God is in every part of the earth, and of the sea, and of the sky; and that, being always present in every place, he knows every thing we do, and every thing we say, and even every thought of our

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heart, however secret we may think it. Then the sermon went on to show how foolish and mad it is for people to do wicked things in secret and dark places, trusting that God will not know it. "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me:" for no night is dark unto God: "he will surely bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart." 1 Cor. iv. 5. Therefore "wo unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, Who seeth us? and Who knoweth us?" Isa. xxix. 15.

While Mr. Fairchild was reading, Emily felt frightened and unhappy, thinking of the wickedness she was guilty of every day; and she even thought that she never would be guilty again of the same sin: but when the evening came, all her good resolutions left her; for she confided in her own strength, and therefore the Divine assistance was for a while withheld; and she went again to the room where the damascenes were kept. However, when she came to the door of the closet, she thought of the sermon which her papa had read in the morning, and she stood still a few moments to consider what she should do. "There is nobody in this room," she said; "and nobody sees me it is true; but God is in this room: he sees me: his eye is now upon me: I cannot hide what I am going to do from him: he knows every thing, and he has power to cast me into hell. I will not take any more damascenes; I will go back, I think. But yet, as I have come so far, and have got to the closet, I will just take one damascene—it shall be the last; I will never come here again without mamma's leave." So she opened the closet door, and took one damascene, and then another, and then two more. While she was taking the last she heard the cat mew: she did not know that the cat had followed her into the room, and she was so frightened that she spilt some of the red juice upon her frock, but she did not perceive it at the time; as it is said, "The way of the wicked is darkness; they know not at what they stumble." Prov. iv. 19. She then left the closet, and went as usual to wash her hands and mouth, and went down into the parlour.

When Emily got into the parlour, she immediately saw the red stain on her frock. She did not stay till it was observed, but ran out again instantly, and went up stairs

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and washed her frock. As the stain had not dried in, it came out with very little trouble, but not till Emily had wet all the bosom of her frock and sleeves: and that so much, that all her inner clothes were thoroughly wet even to the skin: to hide this, she put her pinafore on to go down to tea. When she came down, "Where have you been, Emily?" said her mamma: "we have almost done tea."

"I have been playing with the cat, up stairs, mamma," said Emily. But when she told this sad untruth, she felt very unhappy, and her complexion changed once or twice from red to pale.

It was a cold evening, and Emily kept as much from the fire and candle as she could, lest any spots should be left in her frock, and her mamma should see them. She had no opportunity, therefore, of drying or warming herself, and she soon began to feel quite chilled and trembling: soon after a burning heat came in the palms of her hands, and a soreness about her throat; however, she did not dare to complain, but sat till bed-time, feeling every minute more and more uncomfortable.

It was some time after she was in bed, and even after her mamma and papa came to bed, before she could sleep: at last she fell asleep; but her sleep was disturbed by dreadful dreams, such as she had never experienced before. She fancied she had been doing something wrong, though her head was so confused that she did not know what, and that a dreadful eye was looking upon her from above. Wherever she went, she thought this eye followed her with angry looks, and she could not hide herself from it. It was her troubled conscience, together with an uneasy body, which gave her these dreadful dreams; and so horrible were they, that at length she awoke, screaming violently. Her mamma and papa heard her cry, and came running in to her, bringing a light; but she was in such a terror that at first she did not know them, but kept looking up as if she saw something very terrifying.

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "this child is in a burning fever: only feel her hands."

It was true, indeed: and when Mr. Fairchild felt her, he was so much frightened, that he resolved to watch by her all night, and in the morning, as soon as it was light, to send John for the doctor. But what do you

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suppose Emily felt all this time; knowing, as she did, how she had brought on this illness, and how she had deceived, for many days, this dear papa and mamma, who now gave up their own rest to attend her; knowing also, as she did, how she had offended God by continuing so many days in sin; and particularly in committing the sin again, after having been warned of the greatness of it in the sermon which her papa had read in the morning?

Emily continued to get worse during the night; neither was the doctor able, when he came, to stop the fever, though he did his uttermost. It would have grieved you to see poor Lucy and Henry. They could neither read nor play, they missed their dear sister so much. They continually said to each other, "Oh, Emily! dear Emily! there is no pleasure without our dear Emily!"

When the doctor came on the third morning, he found Emily so much worse, that although he tried to hide his fears from Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, he could not. He ordered her to be removed from her brother and sister, lest they should catch the fever. Accordingly, she was taken into the very room where the sweetmeats were kept; the doctor chose that room because it was very airy, and separate from the rest of the house.

For some hours Emily had not seemed to notice any thing that passed; neither did she seem to know that they were moving her; but when she came into the room, and saw the closet-door (for the bed on which they laid her was just opposite the closet-door), she looked this way, and that way, and tried to speak; but was so ill, and her head so confused, that she could not make anybody understand what she wished to say.

The next day, when the doctor came, Emily was so very ill, that he thought it right that Lucy and Henry should be sent out of the house. Accordingly, John got the horse ready, and took them to Mrs. Goodriche's. Poor Lucy and Henry, how bitterly they cried when they went out of the gate, thinking that perhaps they might never see their dear Emily any more! It was a terrible trial for poor Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild: they had no comfort but in praying and watching by poor Emily's bed. And all this grief Emily brought upon her friends by her own naughtiness! "Wo unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their

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works are in the dark; and they say, Who seeth us? and Who knoweth us?" Isaiah xxix. 15.

Emily had been exceedingly ill for nine days; and every one feared that if her fever continued a few days longer she must die; when, by the mercy of God, it suddenly left her, and she fell asleep, and continued sleeping for many hours. O how did her dear papa and mamma rejoice, when they found her sleeping so sweetly! They went into another room, and fell on their knees, and blessed and praised God. And Mr. Fairchild pointed out these words to his wife: "For the Lord will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies: for he doth not afflict wil lingly, nor grieve the children of men." Lament. iii. 31–33.

When Emily awoke, she was very weak, but her fever was gone: she kissed her papa and mamma, and wanted to tell them of the naughty things she had done, which had been the cause of her fever; but they would not allow her to speak. How kindly did Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild watch over their dear little girl, and provide her with every thing that was thought good for her!

From that day she got better: and at the end of a week from the time her fever left her, she was so well that she was able to sit up, and tell her mamma all the history of her stealing the damascenes, and of the sad way in which she had got the fever. "Oh! mamma!" said Emily, "what a wicked girl have I been! what trouble have I given to you, and to papa, and to the doctor, and to Betty!—I thought that God would take no notice of my sin. I thought he did not see when I was stealing in the dark; but I was much mistaken; his eye was upon me all the time, and he made me feel his anger. And yet how good, how very good it was of Him not to send me to hell for my wickedness! When I was ill, I might have died; and oh! mamma! mamma! what would have become of me then!"

Mrs. Fairchild was very much affected when she heard her little girl talk in this way: she kissed her, and held her in her arms. "My beloved child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "God has been very good indeed to you; he has brought you through a dreadful illness; and, what is better than this, he has brought you to a knowledge of your wickedness betimes. You might

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have gone on in your wickedness for many years, till you became a hardened sinner; but God, like a tender father, has chastised you, my child."—Then Mrs. Fairchild showed Emily these verses:—"And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children; My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us; and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of Spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 5–11.

"Oh, mamma," said Emily, "these are pretty verses; and when I am able, I will learn them, and I hope I shall never forget them."

Mrs. Fairchild then knelt down by Emily's bed, and prayed; after which she sang a hymn. This prayer and hymn I shall put down in this place, that you may make use of it at any time when you may have been tempted to do any thing wrong, trusting that God could not see it.

The Prayer.

O Lord, the great and dreadful God! who seest every thing and knowest every thing; from whom I cannot hide even one thought of my heart; whose eye can go down into the deepest and darkest place! how wicked have I been! O how wicked have I been! I thought that God would not know the evil thing that I did; I thought that it was hid from him: but his eye was upon me, (his eye, so dreadful to the wicked!) his eye followed me wherever I went: he knew all I did, and he marked it in his book. O God, I thank thee for having brought me to the knowledge of my sin! O Holy Spirit, this is thy

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glorious work. And now, O Holy Spirit, fill me with the fear of God; that I may know and feel that he is with me, and his eye upon me, wherever I go; and though my parents may not be with me, yet one more to be feared, even God, is looking upon me.

O God! thou hast the power of death, and the power to cast me into hell, into the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone. O save me, save me from hell! save me, save me from eternal death! Fill my heart with holy fear, that I may have thee, my God, always in my thoughts.

Oh, Thou that art all fair, in whom is no spot or stain of sin! Thou, O bleeding Lamb, offer up unto God the prayer of a sinful child; and obtain for me, in thy holy name, and for thy dear sake, that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, and honour, and power now and for ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XIV.

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in the dreadful book is writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there:
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought!
Since the great God can see and hear,
And write down every thought!

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EMILY'S RECOVERY;

OR,

A VISIT TO MRS. GOODRICHE.

After Emily's fever was gone, she got rapidly better every day. Her kind mamma never left her, but sat by her bed and talked to her, and provided every thing for her which was likely to do her good.

Oh, mamma!" said Emily one day, "how good you are to me! and how good God has been to me! I wish I could live without making God angry any more; but I know that my wicked heart will not let me. I am so happy, now that I feel that God has forgiven me for my wickedness! Pray, mamma, read the Bible often to me, because it is God's word, and I find in it what I must do to please God."

"Ah! my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "may God preserve in your heart this love of the Bible."

"When I have done any thing to make you angry, mamma, and you have forgiven me, and I have kissed you, I always feel so happy! and then I am so much afraid of making you angry again—so very much afraid!" said Emily. "And this is now what I feel towards God. I made God very angry when I stole those damascenes, and thought he did not see me: but I now feel that he has forgiven me, and that he loves me again; and I love him very much indeed, and wish that I could always serve him and live with him."

"He has forgiven you, my dear child, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and filled your heart with love to himself: but I wish to know if you thoroughly understand wherefore God has forgiven you. Did he forgive you because you were sorry for your sins?"

"No, mamma," said Emily, "my being sorry was no goodness of mine: I should never have been sorry, if God had not broken my proud heart and made me sorry."

"For whose sake, then, my dear, has God forgiven you?" asked Mrs. Fairchild.

"I know, mamma," answered Emily; "for the sake of his dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who had no fault in him. He never did any thing wrong, and he died for me; he bore my punishment. I understand

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this now, though I did not understand it before; and I love him very much."

Mrs. Fairchild. Then, my dear child, you can understand the meaning of those pretty verses: "Thou art fairer than the children of men"—"He is altogether lovely."

"Yes," said Emily; "the Lord Jesus Christ is altogether lovely: there is no fault in him, no black spot upon his heart. You do not know, mamma, how much I love him, and how very much afraid I am of making him angry again; I am even more afraid of making him angry, than I am of making you and papa angry; and I am so pleased when I feel that he loves me."

Mrs. Fairchild. My dear Emily, God has in his mercy brought you into a very holy and happy state of mind. Our Saviour says, that we must become like little children, humble, and loving God as children do their fathers and mothers, before we can enter the kingdom of God: "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." Luke xviii. 17. May God preserve you in this happy frame!

When Emily was well enough, Mr. Fairchild borrowed Farmer Jones's covered cart for two days; and he set out, with Mrs. Fairchild and Emily, to fetch Henry and Lucy from Mrs. Goodriche's. It was a lovely morning, at the finest season of the year: the little birds were singing in the hedges, and the grass and leaves of the trees shone with the dew. When John drove the cart out of the garden gate, and down the lane, "Oh," said Emily, "how sweet the honeysuckles and the wild roses smell in the hedges! There, mamma, are some young lambs playing in the fields by their mothers: and there is one quite white, not a spot about it! It turns its pretty face towards us! How mild and gentle it looks!"

"Who is that," said Mr. Fairchild, "who is compared in the Bible to a lamb without blemish and without spot?"

"Ah, papa! one would think that you had heard what mamma and I were talking of the other day," said Emily. "Our Lord Jesus Christ is the Lamb without spot, who was slain for the sins of the world."

Mr. Fairchild smiled, and patted Emily on the shoulders; after which he took out a little Bible which he had in his pocket, and read these verses:—"The

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next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" John i. 29.—The place of the Scripture which he read was this: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before the shearer, so opened he not his mouth." Acts viii. 32.—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot; who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you." 1 Peter i. 18–20.

While Mr. Fairchild was reading these verses, the cart had come by the side of a wood, which was exceedingly shady and beautiful. Many tufts of primroses, violets, and wood-anemones, grew on the banks by the way-side; and as the wind blew gently over these flowers, it brought a most delightful smell. "What sound is that which I hear among the trees?" said Emily: "it is very sweet and soft."

"That is the cooing of wood-pigeons, or doves," said Mr. Fairchild: "and look, Emily, there they are! they are sitting upon the branch of a tree; there are two of them."

"Oh! I see them," said Emily: "O how soft and pretty they look! But, now the noise of the cart has frightened them; they have flown away."

"The Holy Spirit," said Mr. Fairchild, "appeared at our Saviour's baptism in the shape of a dove; to signify, that those to whom the Holy Spirit comes are made holy and harmless, and innocent as doves. The Holy Spirit finds us hard and cruel, and fierce as bears and lions; but it makes us gentle and lovely as doves. Christ says to the soul which is converted, 'Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes.'" Cant. i. 15.

By this time the cart had passed through the wood, and they were come in sight of Mrs. Goodriche's white house, standing in a little garden under a hill. This was the house (as I before said) where Mrs. Howard lived, as much as fifty years ago.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Emily, "there is Mrs. Goodriche's house! and I shall see my dear Lucy and Henry in a very little time."

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Just as Emily spoke, they saw Lucy and Henry step out of the house-door, and come running towards the cart. It would have pleased you to the heart had you seen how rejoiced these dear children were to meet each other. Mr. Fairchild lifted Henry and Lucy into the cart; and they cried for joy when they put their arms round their dear Emily's neck.

"Oh, Emily, Emily!" said Henry, "if you had died, I never would have played again."

"God be praised," said Mr. Fairchild; "our dear Emily has been spared us."

When the cart came up to Mrs. Goodriche's garden-gate, the good old lady came to receive Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and to kiss Emily; and Sukey peeped out of the kitchen window, not less pleased than her mistress to see Emily in good health.

While Sukey was getting the dinner, Emily and her brother and sister went to play in the garden. Henry showed Emily some rabbits which Mrs. Goodriche had, and some young ducks, which had been hatched a few days before, with many other pretty things. When dinner was ready, Mrs. Fairchild called the children in; and they all sat down, full of joy, to eat a roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant and raspberry pie. When Mr. Fairchild was saying grace, he said, "Indeed, indeed, I must thank God with all my heart and soul for his goodness to us. What blessings have we about us even in this world!" "And what blessings we may enjoy in the world to come, through our dear Saviour!" added Mrs. Goodriche.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Goodriche, with the children, walked as far as the wood where Emily had seen the doves, to gather strawberries, which they mixed with some cream and sugar at night for their supper. Before bedtime, Mr. Fairchild prayed, and sang a hymn; the subject of his prayer was thanksgiving to God for all his goodness; and the hymn was in praise of the "Lamb without blemish and without spot." I shall copy both in this book for your use, altering only a few words.

A Prayer in Praise of God.

O Almighty and glorious Father, who made me and all the world; and Thou, dear Redeemer, who died for me; and Thou, O Holy Spirit, who art always willing

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to come into our wicked hearts, to cleanse them and make them white; accept the praises of a poor child. Where shall I begin to praise or to speak my thanks for all thy goodness! It was Thou, O Father, that madest me a little tender baby; and it is Thou who hast taken care of me to this hour. It is from Thee that I receive meat, and drink, and clothes; and that I have a house to live in, and a comfortable bed to lie down in. It is Thou, O Lord, that sendest thy angels to guard me from danger in the night season, and who makest the bright sun to rise upon me every day. But above all, I thank Thee for having sent thy beloved Son to die for me upon the cross. What man is there who would give his son to die for any friend? yet Thou, O Lord, gavest thy only Son to die for me, a sinful and miserable wretch, and one who by nature is the child of the devil, and at enmity with thee! O thou bleeding Lamb! how can I utter thy praises with these my sinful lips! O, Thou art all fair! Thou, in whom there is no spot! Thou, who art most lovely! I cannot praise thee now; but I desire to praise thee in heaven, where I shall be free from sin, and where I shall stand in thy presence, clothed in the garment of salvation, and clad with the robe of righteousness. There, in that blessed place, are millions and tens of millions of holy spirits, who have been washed from their sins by thy blood: there they behold thy beauty, and rejoice in thy presence. O blessed Lamb! make me one of the redeemed! draw my heart unto thee by the power of thy Holy Spirit and fill my mouth with thy praises! Glory, glory, glory be unto God, and to the Lamb without spot; and to Thee O Holy Spirit. Praised be the holy Three in One, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XV.

Jesus my All to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

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This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."

Lo! glad I come; and Thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then shall I tell to sinners round,
What a bless'd Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

SECOND DAY AT MRS. GOODRICHE'S;

WITH

THE OLD STORY OF MRS. HOWARD.

The Subject, Good Manners a Christian Virtue.

The next morning, after breakfast, when Mr. Fairchild had prayed and read a chapter with the family, he went out to take a walk. Then Mrs. Goodriche called the three children to her, and said, "Now, my dear children, I will tell you a story: come, sit round me upon these little stools, and hearken."

The children were very much pleased when they heard Mrs. Goodriche say she would tell them a story; for Mrs. Goodriche could tell a great many pretty stories.

THE STORY.

"About fifty years ago," said Mrs. Goodriche, "a little old lady, named Mrs. Howard, lived in this house with her maid Betty. She had an old horse, called Crop, which grazed in that meadow, and carried Betty to market once a week. Mrs. Howard was one of the kindest and most good-natured old ladies in England: three or four times every year Betty had orders, when she went to market, to bring all manner of playthings and little books from the toy-shop. These playthings

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and pretty little books Mrs. Howard used to keep by her, till she saw any children whom she thought worthy of them: but she never gave any playthings to children who did not obey their parents, or who were rude and ill-mannered; for she used to say, that God has commanded us to be 'kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another:' Rom. xii. 10: 'on which account,' she would say, 'it is a great sin in the eyes of God for children to be rude and unmannerly.' All the children in the neighbourhood used from time to time to visit Mrs. Howard; and those who wished to be obliging never came away without some pretty plaything or book.

"At that time there were in this country two families of the names of Cartwright and Bennet: the former much beloved by the neighbours, on account of their good qualities; the latter as much disliked for their bad ones.

"Mr. Bennet was a rich farmer, and lived in a good old house, with every thing handsome and plentiful about him; but nobody cared to go near him, or to visit his wife, because their manners were so rough and disobliging; and their two children, Master Jacky and Miss Polly, were brought up only to please themselves, and to care for nobody else. But, on the contrary, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright made their house so agreeable by their civil and courteous manners, that high and low, rich and poor, loved to go there: and Master Billy and Miss Patty Cartwright were spoken well of throughout the whole neighbourhood, for their pretty and modest behaviour. I need not tell you, for you will have found that out already," said Mrs. Goodriche, "that Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were people who had no fear of God about them; while Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright had, through the Divine mercy, been brought to the blessed knowledge and fear of their Creator.

"It happened once upon a time, that Betty went to town, at the time of the midsummer fair, and brought some of the prettiest toys and books which had been seen in this country for a long time: among these, were a jointed doll with flaxen hair, and a History of the Bible, full of coloured pictures, exceedingly pretty. Soon after Betty brought these things home, Mrs. Howard said to her, 'Betty, you must make a cake and put some plums in it, and a large apple-pie, and some

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custards, and cheese-cakes: and we will invite Master and Miss Cartwright, and Master Bennet and his sister Miss Polly, and some other children, to spend a day with us; and, before they go home, we will give those who have behaved well during the day, some of these pretty toys which you brought from the Midsummer Fair.'

"Accordingly Betty made the cake, and the cheese cakes and custards, and the large apple-pie; and Mrs Howard sent to invite Master and Miss Cartwright, and Master Bennet and his sister, to spend the next day with her.

"In those days little misses did not wear muslin or linen frocks, which, when they are dirtied, may easily be washed, and made clean again; but they wore stuff, silk, and satin slips, with lace or gauze ruffles, and bibs and aprons, and little round caps with artificial flowers. Children were then taught to be very careful never to dirty their best clothes, and to fold them up very smooth when they took them off.

"When Mrs. Bennet received Mrs. Howard's invitation for her children, she called them to her, and said, 'My dears, you are to go to-morrow to see Mrs. Howard: and I have been told that she has by her some very pretty toys, which she means to give away to those children who please her best. You have seen the gilt coach and four which she gave last year to Miss Cartwright, and the little watch which Master Cartwright received from her last Christmas; and why should not you also have some of these fine toys! Only try to please the old lady to-morrow, and I dare say she will give you some: for I am sure you are quite as good as Master and Miss Cartwright, though you are not quite so sly.'

"'Oh!' said Master Bennet, 'I should like to get the toys, if it was only to triumph over Master Cartwright. But what must we do to please Mrs. Howard?'

"'Why,' said Mrs. Bennet, 'when your best things are put on to-morrow, you must take care not to rumple or soil them before you appear in Mrs. Howard's presence: and when you come into her parlour, you must stop at the door, and bow low, and courtesy: and when you are desired to sit down, you must sit still, till dinner is brought in: and when dinner is ready, you must stand up and say grace before you eat; and you must take whatever is offered you, without saying, I will have this, and I will have that, as you do at home.'

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"Mrs. Bennet gave her children a great many other rules for their behaviour in Mrs. Howard's presence, which I have not time to repeat now," said Mrs. Goodriche; "all of which Master Jacky and Miss Polly promised to remember: for they were very desirous to get the playthings.

"And now I will tell you what Mrs. Cartwright said to her children, when she got Mrs. Howard's invitation. She called them to her, and said, 'Here, Billy—here, Patty—is a note from Mrs. Howard, to invite you to spend the day with her to-morrow: and I am glad of it, because I know you love to go to Mrs. Howard's, she is so good to all children, and has been particularly kind to you. I hear she has some pretty playthings by her now, to give away; but don't you be greedy of them, my dears; you have a variety of playthings, you know; more than most children have; and it does not become any one to be covetous: man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses. And remember, my dear children, to behave civilly and politely to everybody: for although your papa and I will not be there to watch you, as we do when you are at home, yet the eye of God will be upon you, to remark whether you do well or ill: and if you find yourselves at any time tempted to be rude and ill-mannered, if you secretly call for help for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, it will surely be granted you.'

"In this manner Mrs. Cartwright talked to her children; and they answered, that they hoped they should be assisted to behave well the next day, for they knew very well that they could not do any good without the Divine help.

"And now I will tell you how these children behaved.—About eleven o'clock Mrs. Cartwright had her two children dressed in their best, and sent them, with the servant-maid, to Mrs. Howard's. As they were walking quietly over a corn-field, through which they must needs pass, they saw Master and Miss Bennet, with their servant, sitting on a stile at the further end of the field. 'Oh!' said Miss Patty, 'there are Master and Miss Bennet, on the way, I suppose, to Mrs. Howard's. I am sorry we have met with them: I am afraid they will get us into some mischief.'—'Why should you say so?' said Master Cartwright: 'let us speak of things as we may find them.'

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"When Master and Miss Cartwright came near the stile, Master Bennet called to them, 'What a long time you have been coming over the field! we have been waiting for you this half hour,' said he. 'Come, now let us join company: I suppose that you are going, as we are, to Mrs. Howard's?' Master Cartwright answered civilly: and all the children, with the two servants, got over the stile, and went down a pretty lane which was beyond.

"The children walked on quietly till they came to a duck pond, partly overgrown with weeds, which was at the farther end of the lane. When they came near to this, Master Bennet whispered to his sister, 'I'll see now if I can't spoil Miss Patty's smart silk slip.'—'Do, Jack,' answered Miss Polly. Master Bennet then, winking at his sister, went up to the pond, and pulling up some of the weeds, which were all wet and muddy, he threw them at Miss Cartwright's slip; saying, at the same time, 'There, miss; there is a present for you.' But, as it happened, Miss Cartwright saw the weeds coming, and caught them in her hand, and threw them from her. Upon this Master Bennet was going to pluck more weeds; but Mr. Cartwright's maid-servant held his hands, while little Billy and his sister ran forwards to Mrs. Howard's house, which was just in sight, as fast as their feet would carry them. 'There now!' said Miss Polly! 'those spiteful children are gone to tell Mrs. Howard what you have done, brother, and we shall not get any toys. You are always in mischief, that you are.'—'I am sure you told me to throw the weeds,' answered Master Bennet. 'I am sure I did not,' said Miss Polly. 'But you knew that I was going to do it,' said he. 'But I did not,' said she. 'But you did, for I told you,' said he.

"In this manner this brother and sister went on scolding each other till they came to Mrs. Howard's gate: there Miss Polly smoothed her apron, and Master Jacky combed his hair with his pocket comb, and they walked hand in hand into Mrs. Howard's parlour, as if nothing had happened. They made a low bow and courtesy at the door, as their mamma had bidden them; and Mrs. Howard received them very kindly, for Master and Miss Cartwright had not mentioned a word of their ill behaviour on the road.

"Besides Master and Miss Cartwright, there were

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several other children sitting in Mrs. Howard's parlour, waiting till dinner should be set on the table. My mother was there," said Mrs. Goodriche: "she was then a very little girl; and your grandmother, and great uncle, both young ones; with many others now dead and gone. In one corner of the parlour was a cupboard with glass doors, where Mrs. Howard had placed such of those pretty toys (as I before spoke of) which she meant to give away in the afternoon. The prettiest of these was the jointed doll, neatly dressed in a green satin slip, and gauze apron and bib.

"By the time Master and Miss Bennet had made their bow and courtesy, and were seated, Betty came in with the dinner, and Mrs. Howard called the children to the table. Master and Miss Bennet, seeing the beautiful toys before them through the glass doors of the cupboard, did not forget to behave themselves well at table: they said grace aloud, holding up their hands; and ate such things as were offered them: and Mrs. Howard, who noticed their good behaviour, began to hope that Farmer Bennet's children were becoming better.

"After the children had got their dinner, it being a very pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Howard gave them leave to play in the garden, and in the little croft, where she kept her old horse Crop; 'but take care, my dears,' she said to the little girls, 'not to soil your slips, or tear your aprons.' The children were much pleased with this permission to play: and after they had gone out, Mrs. Howard put on her hood and cloak, and said to Betty, 'I shall drink tea, Betty, in my bower, at the end of the grass walk: do you bring my little tea-table there, and the strawberries and cream, and the cake which you made yesterday; and when we have finished our tea, bring those toys which are in the glass cupboard, to divide among the children.'—'And I think, madam,' said Betty, 'that Master and Miss Bennet will gain some of them to-day, for I thought they behaved very well at dinner.'—'Indeed, Betty,' said Mrs. Howard, 'I must say I never saw them behave so mannerly as they did at dinner: and if they do but keep it up till night, I shall not send them home without some pretty present, I assure you.'

"When Mrs. Howard had given her orders to Betty, she took her golden-headed stick in her hand, and went down the grass walk to her bower. It was a pretty

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bower, as I have heard my mother say, formed of honey suckles and other creeping shrubs, nailed over a frame work of lath, in the old-fashioned way. It stood just at the end of that long greenwalk, and at the corner of the field; so that any one sitting in the bower might see through the lattice-work and foliage of the honeysuckles into the field, and hear all that was said. There good Mrs. Howard sat knitting (for she prepared stockings for most of the poor children in the neighbourhood), while her little visiters played in the garden and in the field, and Betty came to and fro with the tea-table and tea-things.

"While the children were all engaged with their sports in the croft, a poor old man, who had been gathering sticks, came by that way, bending under the weight of the load. When he appeared, the children ceased from their play, and stood looking at him. 'Poor man!' said Miss Patty Cartwright, 'those sticks are too heavy for you to carry; have you far to go?'—'No, my pretty miss,' said the old man; 'only a very little way.'—'I cannot help to carry your sticks,' said Master Cartwright, 'because I have my best coat on. I could take off that, to be sure, but then my other things would be spoiled: but I have got a penny here, if you please to accept it.' So saying, he forced the penny into the poor man's hand.—In the mean time Master Bennet went behind the old man, and giving the sticks a sly pull, the string that tied them together broke, and they all came tumbling on the ground. The children screamed, but nobody was hurt. 'O my sticks!' said the poor man: the string is broke! What shall I do to gather them together again? I have been all day making this little fagot.'—'We will help you,' said Master Cartwright: 'we can gather your sticks together without fear of hurting our clothes.' So all the little ones set to work (excepting Master and Miss Bennet, who stood by laughing), and in a little while they made up the poor man's bundle of sticks again; and such as had a penny in their pockets gave it to him. Miss Patty Cartwright had not a penny, but she had a silver sixpence, which she gave to the old man, and ran before him to open the gate (which led out of the field), wishing him good night, and courtesying to him as civilly as if he had been the greatest man of the land.

"Now the children never suspected that Mrs. Howard

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had heard and seen all this, or else Master and Miss Bennet, I am sure, would not have behaved as they did. They thought Mrs. Howard was in the parlour, where they had left her.

"By this time every thing was ready for tea, and the cake set upon the table, with the strawberries and cream 'And now, Betty,' said Mrs. Howard, 'you may call the children; and be sure, when tea is over, to bring the toys.' Master and Miss Bennet looked as demure when they came into tea as they had done at dinner; and a stranger would have thought them as well behaved children as Master and Miss Cartwright; but children who behave well in the sight of their parents, or in company, and rudely or impertinently in private, or among servants, or their play-fellows, cannot be called well bred.

"After the young people had had their tea and cake, and strawberries and cream, Betty came with the playthings, and placed them on the table before Mrs. Howard—You would perhaps like to know what these playthings were: First of all was the jointed doll, dressed as I before said, in a green satin slip, and a gauze bib and apron, and round cap, according to the fashion of those days: and there was the History of the Bible, with coloured cuts; then came a little chest of drawers for doll's clothes; a doll's wicker cradle; a bat and ball; a red morocco pocket-book; a needle-book; and the history of King Pepin, bound and gilt. These beautiful books and toys were placed on the table, before Mrs. Howard, and the little ones waited in silence to see what she would do with them. Mrs. Howard looked first at the playthings, and then at the children, and thus she spoke:

"'My dear children, I sent for these pretty toys from the fair, in order to encourage you to be good: there is nothing that gives me greater pleasure than to see children polite and mannerly, endeavouring to please everybody, 'in honour preferring one another,' as God hath commanded us to do. Pride and ill manners, my dear children, are the sins of the devil; but humility, and a wish to please every one rather than ourselves, make us resemble the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who was so humble as even to wash his disciples' feet; and although he knew himself to be one with God, and equal with God, did not despise the poorest among men. Many

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persons are polite and good mannered when in company with their betters, because, if they were not so, people would have nothing to say to them: but really well-behaved persons are courteous and civil, not only when they are among their betters, but when they are with servants or with poor people; and for this reason, because they know that God's eye is always upon them, and that he will take account of their ill behaviour.'

"Then Mrs. Howard took the jointed doll, and the history of the Bible, and gave the one to Miss Polly Cartwright, and the other to Master Billy, saying, 'I give you these, my children, because you observed your good manners, not only to me, but to the poor old man who passed through the croft with his bundle of sticks; thus showing your fear of offending Him whose creature the poor old man is. To you, Master Bennet, and to you, Miss Polly, I shall not give any thing! because you showed, by your behaviour to the old man, that you had no fear of God, and that your good manners were all an outside garb, which you put on and off like your Sunday's clothes.' Then Mrs. Howard gave the rest of the toys among the lesser children, commending them for helping the old man to gather his sticks together; and thus she dismissed them to their own houses, all of them, except Master Jacky and Miss Polly, jumping and skipping for joy."

When Mrs. Goodriche had finished her story, Lucy said, "What a very pretty story that is! I think Master and Miss Cartwright deserved those pretty toys; they were nice children: but I did not know that having rude manners is so very great a fault as Mrs. Howard seemed to think, or that it is a thing that makes God so angry."

"If you will reflect a minute, my dear," said Mrs. Goodriche, "you will find that rude manners must be one sign of the badness of the heart: a person who has always a lowly opinion of himself, and proper love for his neighbour, will never be guilty of rudeness: it is only when we think ourselves better than others, or of more consequence than they are, that we venture to be rude. I have heard you say how rude Miss Augusta Noble was the last time you were at her house: now, why was she rude, but because she thought herself better than her company? This is pride, and a great sin it is. A real and true Christian, one in whom the

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Spirit of God dwells, knows himself to be a poor and miserable sinner, and does not despise any one."

Mrs. Goodriche then gave Lucy a very pretty prayer, the purport of which was, to ask of God an humble spirit, which might lead us to honour all men above ourselves.

A Prayer for Christian Courtesy.

O Lord God Almighty! thou who sentest thine only Son to take upon him the body of a man, and to live among the poorest and lowest among men, for my sake; hear the prayers of a child, in whom by nature there is no good. My friends often tell me that it is my duty to be civil and good mannered; and I know, also, that thou hast commanded us to be courteous one towards another; and yet I am so conceited, and full of myself, that I forget to practise good manners, and instead of striving to oblige my companions, and all such as come in my way, I think of nothing but pleasing and serving myself. O holy Father, I pray for the Holy Spirit: for what can I do without help from on high? I cannot even behave myself with common propriety in company. O Holy Spirit, come into my heart, and guide me and rule me in all I do, and in all I say. I do not dare to ask this in my own name, for I am altogether unworthy of the least favour; but I ask this in the name of him who died for me,—of that dear Saviour, who was so humble as to wash his disciples' feet, and who was so kind as to take little children in his arms, put his hands upon them, and bless them. In his dear name, therefore, I ask thee, O Holy Spirit, to be with me when next I go into company, and give me grace to behave myself there, and at all times, in a modest, decent, and courteous manner, such as becometh a child.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father." &c. &c.

HYMN XVI.

Should bounteous Nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor
If void of love to thee.

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Not shining wit, or manly sense,
Could make me truly good;
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

Did I possess the gift of tongues,
And were denied thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but tinkling brass.

Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each mystery to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will
My knowledge would be vain.

Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith would do me real good
That did not work my love.

What though, to gratify my pride
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

What though my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame:

These splendid acts of vanity,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity
Can never please my God.

Oh! grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied;
That love Divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

ON DEATH.

When Mr. Fairchild came in from his walk, "Mrs. Goodriche," said he, "have you heard that old John Roberts the gardener died yesterday morning?"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Goodriche, "I did not hear that his death had really taken place, though we have looked for it every day for this last month: he was quite worn out with old age."

"I have seen the old woman, Betty Roberts," said Mr. Fairchild: "she seems to be in a very happy state

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of mind, and says she trusts that her poor man died in Christ. She would have me up stairs to see the corpse."

"If you please, Mrs. Goodriche," said Mrs. Fairchild, "we will walk over to the old gardener's house after dinner: I should like to see poor Mrs. Roberts before I go home."

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Goodriche.

"And may we go too?" said Lucy, looking at her mamma.

"What does your papa say?" answered Mrs. Fairchild.

"I tell you beforehand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight."

"I know that, papa," said Lucy; "but we should like to go."

Mr. Fairchild. Well, my dears, you shall go; and you shall, if you please, see the corpse. You must see these things one time or other, and attend dying people: it is therefore better in early life to become acquainted with such things. And now," said he, "you, Lucy and Emily, come and take a turn with me on the grass-walk before dinner, and we will have a little discourse on the subject of death.

So saying, Mr. Fairchild put on his hat, and taking Emily in one hand and Lucy in the other, they walked out together in the garden; and thus they talked together.

Mr. Fairchild. Where is death first spoken of in the Bible?

Lucy. I think, papa, it is in the second chapter of Genesis: 'And the Lord said to Adam, But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Mr. Fairchild. True, my dear. You learn from this, that before Adam sinned he was not subject to death: therefore death is the punishment of sin.

Emily. Yes, papa; there is a verse about that: 'Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' Rom. v. 12.

Mr. Fairchild. As death is sent as a punishment for sin, my dear children, it cannot but be very terrible; and indeed it is very terrible: nothing can be more horrible than what we see of it: but we are unacquainted

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with the most awful part of death; that is, the death of the soul, or eternal death.

Then Mr. Fairchild put several questions to the children; and first he asked them if they knew what the word death signified. Lucy answered, "When the soul goes out of the body, and leaves the body to corruption, that is death."—"That is what is called temporal death," said Mr. Fairchild: "now tell me what eternal death is."—"Oh," said Emily, "eternal death is going to hell, and staying there for ever."

Mr. Fairchild. At the day of judgment, the bodies of the wicked will be raised from the dust, and their souls will enter into them again; then soul and body will be cast into hell: then they will be eternally separated from God, and be tormented for ever and ever with the devil and his angels. This is eternal death: and may God, for his dear Son's sake, preserve us all from this second and inexpressibly horrible death! Then Mr. Fairchild told his children, that it was to save us from the second death that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to die for us; as it is written: 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive: but every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.' 1 Cor. xv. 22, 23. "But before we can be saved from the power of eternal death," added Mr. Fairchild, "our corrupt nature must be altogether changed and made holy; as the Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' John iii. 3. And this blessed change must be brought to pass in this life: our hearts must be renewed, and our vile natures changed, before our bodies go down into the dust; for after the death of the body we are taught that there is no saving chance, but 'he that is unjust must be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'" Rev. xxii. 11.

"Then," said Lucy, "if our souls are renewed and changed by the power of the Spirit before we die, we shall never know eternal death!"

"No, assuredly, my dear child. When we are changed, we become children of God; and would God, do you think, cast his children into hell! But though the soul may be changed by the power of the Spirit of

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God before death, yet we learn that the corrupt body must pass through the grave, and see corruption; so it is the pleasure of God that it should be till the end of time, and until the last trumpet shall sound; and then, we are told that the saints who are found on earth shall be suddenly changed; as it is written: 'Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting! O grave! where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'" 1 Cor. xv. 50–58.

While Mr. Fairchild was talking to his little girls, Sukey had got dinner ready, and little Henry came running into the garden to call his papa and sisters.

After dinner, Mrs. Goodriche and Mrs. Fairchild got ready; and they all set off to go to see Mrs. Roberts. John Roberts's cottage and garden were not a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Goodriche's. Poor John, when living, had maintained himself and his wife in a decent way by selling vegetables; and he used to pride himself on his pinks and tulips, and other pretty flowers, with which his garden abounded. The children set off jumping and skipping before their papa and mamma; but when they came near the house where death was, they walked more slowly, and at length they fell behind.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Goodriche came into the garden, Mrs. Roberts's son and daughter-in-law came out to meet them, and invited them up stairs to see the corpse. They accordingly went into the cottage, and up stairs. "And will you please to go too, master and

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misses!" said the young woman, turning back to the children, who stood at the door. The children looked grave, and hung back a little while: at last Lucy stepped forward first, and the others followed. The young woman led them, through the lower room of the cottage, to a little door opening upon a narrow staircase. When they came to the door, they perceived a kind of disagreeable smell, such as they never had smelt before: this was the smell of the corpse, which, having been dead now nearly two days, had begun to corrupt; and as the children went higher up the stairs, they perceived this smell more disagreeably.

The body of the old man was laid out upon the bed in the upper room: the poor old wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, with Mrs. Goodriche, were sitting round the bed. The face of the corpse was quite yellow, there was no colour in the lips, the nose looked sharp and long, and the eyes were closed, and sunk under the brow: the limbs of the corpse, stretched out upon the bed and covered with a sheet, looked longer than is natural: and the whole appearance of the body was more ghastly and horrible than the children expected, and making out the words of Job; "But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth; thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." Job xiv. 10–12, 20.

They all three stood looking at the corpse for a long time, without speaking one word. At last Mr. Fairchild said, "My dear children, you now see what death is: this poor body is going fast to corruption. The soul, I trust, is with God; and my reason for this hope is, that the poor man, when living, was a follower of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, his Redeemer; but such are the taint and corruption of the flesh, by reason of sin, that it must pass through the grave, and crumble to dust. And this shows the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and its horrible nature, that the soul, which has sinned, must be born again, and the sinful body be dissolved, and fall to dust in the grave. Remember these things, my children, and pray to God to save you from sin."

"Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Roberts, "it comforts me to

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hear you talk! I know that my poor husband loved his Saviour, and trusted in him for salvation; therefore I do not sorrow as one without hope. I know that my poor man is happy, through his dear Saviour. But it would comfort me, sir, if you would join with us in prayer before you go, round my poor man's bed."

Mrs. Roberts then called her son and his wife, and they all knelt down round the bed, to pray that they might also, when the hour of death came, be found in Christ. I shall put down Mr. Fairchild's prayer in this place for your use, with the hymn which they all sang together afterward.

A Prayer for a Happy Death.

O Lord God, Almighty Father! thou knowest that in a very little time this my soul must go out of my body, and appear before thee! and this my sinful body must go down to the grave, and there corrupt and fall to pieces, and lie in the dust till the morning of the resurrection; at which time the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised; and they "that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Daniel xii. 2.

O holy Trinity! hear the prayers of a poor child. Grant unto me, all-glorious Three in One, that I may, when death visits me, be found in Christ, washed from my sins through faith in his precious blood, and endued with a new heart and new spirit through the power of the Holy Ghost. My heart by nature is full of wickedness: I can do nothing good without help from God. I am not fit to go to heaven: I know that if sinners, such as I am, were to go there, that holy place would become unclean: I know, also, that there is no repentance after death; and that when people die wicked, they must remain wicked for ever. Oh, therefore, dear Lord and Saviour! now, now, before death comes, give me a clean heart and a new nature! And although this my filthy body must see corruption, and fall to pieces in the grave, yet, O Lord! O bleeding and dying Lamb! save my immortal soul: and make it clean and white now, at this present time; and when it leaves this my body, receive it into thy bosom, as Abraham received Lazarus.

O plead and supplicate for me, blessed Redeemer! thou whose sides were pierced for me! thou who wast nailed upon the cross for me! thou who wentest down

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into darkness and the grave for me, a sinful child! plead for me before the throne of God; that he would send his Holy Spirit to cleanse and purify my heart, that I may be ready, when death comes, to give up my body to the worms and the grave, knowing that at the last day it will rise again, without spot or blemish, being made in the likeness of the Lamb, which is without blemish and without spot.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XVII.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips shall sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure:
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin the damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died!

Now to the God of Victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
Through Christ, our living Head!

FATAL EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild returned from the old gardener's, they found John ready with the cart; so, wishing Mrs. Goodriche a good evening, and thanking her for all her kindness, they returned home.

The next morning Mr. Fairchild got up early, and went down to the village. Breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Fairchild and the children waiting at the table when he came back. "Get your breakfast, my dear," said he to Mrs. Fairchild; "don't wait for me." So say-

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ing, he went into his study and shut the door. Mrs. Fairchild, supposing that he had some letters to write, got her breakfast quietly; after which, she sent Lucy to ask her papa if he would not choose any breakfast. When Mr. Fairchild heard Lucy's voice at the study door, he came out and followed her into the parlour.

When Mrs. Fairchild looked at her husband's face, she saw that something had grieved him very much. She was frightened, and said, "My dear, I am sure something is the matter; what is it? Tell me the worst at once; pray do."

"Indeed, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "I have heard something this morning which has shocked me dreadfully. I was not willing to tell you before you had breakfasted. I know what you will feel when you hear it."

"Do, do tell it me," said Mrs. Fairchild, turning quite white.

"Poor Augusta Noble!" said Mr. Fairchild.

"What, papa?" said Lucy and Emily and Henry, in one voice.

"She is dead," said Mr. Fairchild.

The children turned as pale as their mother; and poor Mrs. Fairchild would have dropped off her chair, if Betty, guessing what was the matter (for she had heard the news too, though she had not chosen to tell it), had not run in and held her in her arms.

"Oh! poor Lady Noble! poor Lady Noble!" said Mrs. Fairchild, as soon as she could speak: "poor Lady Noble!"

As soon as their mamma spoke, the children all together began to cry and sob, which affected Mr. Fairchild so much that he hastened into his study again and shut the door.

While the children were crying, and Betty holding Mrs. Fairchild, for she continued very faint and sick, Mrs. Barker came into the parlour. Mrs. Barker was a kind woman; and as she lived by herself, was always at liberty to go among her neighbours in times of trouble. "Ah, Mrs. Fairchild!" she said, "I know what troubles you; we are all in grief, through the whole village."

When Mrs. Fairchild saw Mrs. Barker, she began to shed tears, which did her much good; after which she was able to ask Mrs. Barker what was the cause of the

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poor child's death, "as," said she, "I never heard that she was ill."

"Ah! Mrs. Fairchild, the manner of her death is the worst part of the story, and that which must grieve her parents more than all. You know that poor Miss Augusta was always the darling of her mother, who brought her up in great pride, without fear of God or knowledge of religion: nay, Lady Noble would even mock at religion and religious people in her presence; and she chose a governess for her who had no more of God about her than herself."

"I never thought much of that Miss Beaumont," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"As Miss Augusta was brought up without the fear of God," continued Mrs. Barker, "she had, of course, no notion of obedience to her parents, further than just striving to please them in their presence; she lived in the constant practice of disobeying them; and the governess continually concealed her disobedience from Lady Noble. And what is the consequence? The poor child has lost her life; and Miss Beaumont is turned out of doors in disgrace."

"But," said Mrs. Fairchild, "how did she lose her life through disobedience to her parents? Pray tell me, Mrs. Barker."

"The story is so shocking I tremble to tell you," answered Mrs. Barker; "but you must know it sooner or later.—Miss Augusta had a custom of playing with fire, and carrying candles about, though Lady Noble had often warned her of the danger of this habit, and had strictly charged her governess to prevent it. But it seems that the governess, being afraid of offending, had suffered her very often to be guilty of this piece of disobedience, without telling Lady Noble. And the night before last, when Lady Noble was playing at cards in the drawing-room, with some visiters, Miss Augusta took a candle off the hall table, and carried it up stairs to the governess's room. No one was there, and it is supposed that Miss Augusta was looking in the glass with the candle in her hand, when the flame caught her dress; but this is not known. Lady Noble's maid, who was in an adjoining room, was alarmed by her dreadful screams, and hastening to discover the cause, found poor Augusta in a blaze, from head to foot; the unhappy young lady was so dreadfully burnt that she never spoke

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afterward, but died in agonies last night—a warning to all children how they presume to disobey their parents! 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuses to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'" Prov. xxx. 17.

When Mrs. Fairchild and the children heard this dreadful story, they were very much grieved. Mrs. Barker staid with them all day; and it was, indeed, a day of mourning through all the house. This was Wednesday; and on Saturday poor Miss Augusta was to be buried. Mr. Fairchild was invited to attend the funeral; and the children also were desired to go, as they had been sometimes the playfellows of Miss Augusta. Mrs. Fairchild dressed them in white; and at four o'clock in the afternoon a coach covered with black cloth came to the door of Mr. Fairchild's house, to take them to Sir Charles Noble's.

When Lucy and Emily and Henry got into the coach, with their papa, they felt very sorrowful; and not one of them spoke one word all the while the coachman was driving to Sir Charles Noble's. When they came into the park, they saw a hearse, and a great many coaches and other carriages, standing at the door of the house, besides many persons on horseback, in black clothes, with white scarfs and hatbands. The hearse was hung with black, and so were several of the coaches; and at the top of the hearse were plumes of white feathers. —Perhaps you never have seen a hearse: in case you have not, I shall try to describe it to you. It is a long close coach, without windows, used for carrying the dead from their houses to their graves. Sometimes black, and sometimes white plumes of feathers are fixed at the top of these hearses, according to the age of the person to be borne. Hearses are always painted or hung with black, and are in general drawn by black horses: so that they make a very dismal appearance.

When the children came near to Sir Charles's house, and saw all the people and carriages waiting to accompany their poor little playmate to her grave, they began to cry afresh. Mr. Fairchild himself looked very sad; and this verse presented itself to the minds of the children: "The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more: thine eyes are upon me, and I am not." Job vii. 8.

When the coach came to the house-door, a footman

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came out, dressed in black, and took them into the hall, where white gloves and scarfs were given to them, and they were led into the dining-room. There, upon a large table, covered with black cloth, was the coffin of poor Augusta, covered with white velvet, and ornamented with silver. Almost all the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood were in the room; but Sir Charles and Lady Noble were not there. When Emily and Lucy saw the coffin, they began to cry more and more; and little Henry too cried, though he rubbed his eyes, and tried to hide his tears.

When every thing was ready, the coffin was lifted up and put into the hearse; the company got into the coaches; and they all moved slowly to the parish church, which was close to the village, about two miles distant. As the children passed back through the park, in the mourning-coach, they saw many places where they had walked and played with Augusta: and this made them the more sorrowful, to think how suddenly their little playmate had been cut off; making out the words of the prophet, as for man, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flowers of the field." Isa. xl. 6.—When they passed through the park-gate, they could hear the church bell tolling very plainly. The carriages moved on very slowly, so that it was between five and six when the funeral reached the church. The churchyard was full of people. The coffin was taken out of the hearse and carried into the church, the clergyman going before and all the people following. The coffin was placed on a bier in the middle of the church while the clergyman read the first part of the Funeral Service. Lucy and Emily and Henry stood all the time close to the coffin, crying very bitterly.—Perhaps you have never read the Funeral Service with attention; if you have not, I would advise you to read it immediately, and consider it well; for there are many things in it which may make you wise unto salvation.—Poor Augusta's coffin was then lifted up, and carried, not into the churchyard, but to the door of a vault under the church, which was the burying-place of her family; and while the clergyman continued reading the prayers, it was removed into a dark part of the vault, and Lucy and Emily and Henry saw it no more.

When the service was done, Mr. Fairchild returned sorrowfully to the coach, with his children; but before

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the coachman drove away, the clergyman himself came to the door, and said, "Mr. Fairchild, if you are going home, I will take a seat with you in the coach, and drink a cup of tea with Mrs. Fairchild this evening; for I feel in want of a little Christian society." Mr. Fairchild gladly made room for Mr. Somers—for that was the clergyman's name—and the coach drove back to Mr. Fairchild's house.

As they were going along, they talked of nothing but Miss Augusta and her parents; and Mr. Fairchild asked Mr. Somers if he knew in what state of mind the poor child had died. "Ah! sir," said Mr. Somers, "you have touched upon the very worst part of the whole business. From the time of the accident till the time that her breath left her body, she was insensible: she had not one moment, as we fear, in which she was capable of reflection; and it is well known that Lady Noble never taught her any thing concerning God and her Redeemer, and never would let anybody else: nay, she was taught to mock at religion and pious people. She knew nothing of the evil of her own heart, and nothing of the Redeemer, nor of the sin of disobedience to her parents."

"Oh, Mr. Somers!" said Mr. Fairchild, "what a dreadful story is this! Had this poor child been brought up in the fear of God, she might now be living, a blessing to her parents and the delight of their eyes. 'Withhold not correction from the child! for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die; thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell.'" Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.

"Poor little Augusta!" said Mr. Somers; "Lady Noble would never hearken to me when I spoke to her on the duty of bringing up her children in the fear of God. I believe she thought me very impertinent to speak to her upon the subject."

By this time the coach was arrived at Mr. Fairchild's door. Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Barker were waiting tea for them; they had both been crying, as might be seen by their eyes. After tea, Mr. Somers gave out a hymn and prayed. I shall put down both the hymn and the prayer in this place; altering only a few words, to suit any little child who wishes to use the prayer by himself.

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A Prayer against the Sin of Disobedience to Parents.

O Almighty Father! thou who didst command all children to honour their parents, and didst promise to bless those who obeyed this commandment, give me a heart to keep this law. I know that I ought to do all that my father and mother and masters bid me to do, as long as they do not order me to do any thing wicked; and yet my heart, O Lord God, is so utterly averse to all that is good, that I often feel great unwillingness to obey their most plain and simple commands: sometimes I rise up in open rebellion against my parents; and sometimes I try to disobey them slyly, when I think that they do not see me: forgetting that thine eye, O Lord God, is always upon me; and though thou, O Lord God, mayst not punish me immediately, yet thou markest all my sins in a book: and I know that the dreadful day will come, when the dead shall be raised, and the books shall be opened; and all I have done, unless I repent and turn unto the Lord, will be read aloud before men and angels, and I shall be cast into hell-fire for my sins.

O holy Father! I am sorry for my disobedience. O make me more and more sorry for it; and send thy Holy Spirit to give me a clean heart, that I may obey this thy commandment. I know that disobedient children, unless they repent, always come to an ill end; there is no blessing on such as do not honour their parents. O then, dear Saviour, hear my prayer! Thou that diedst for poor sinners, save a wicked child! Give me a new heart; teach me to be obedient to my parents, and to honour and respect them; that I may be blessed in this present life, and may, through the merits of my dying Redeemer, be received into everlasting glory in the world to come.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XVIII.

Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

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Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies?
How cursed is his name?
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
The eagles do the same.

But those who worship God and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

THE THREE BOOKS.

It was the time of the Midsummer Fair; and John asked Mr. Fairchild's leave to go to the fair. "You may go, John," said Mr. Fairchild; "and take the horse, and bring every thing that is wanting in the family." So John got the horse ready, and set out early in the morning to go to the fair; but, before he went, Emily and Henry and Lucy gave him what money they had, and begged him to bring them each a book, Henry gave him a penny, and Emily gave him twopence, and Lucy gave him threepence. "You must choose a book for me with pictures in it," said Henry. "And for me, too," said Emily. "I do not care about pictures," said Lucy, "if it is a pretty book. So pray don't forget, John."

In the evening, after tea, the children and their papa and mamma, as usual, got ready to take a walk; and the children begged their papa and mamma to go with them to meet John: "For John," said Henry, "will be coming back now, and will have brought us some pretty books."

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild took the road which led towards the town where the fair was held, and the children ran before them. It was a fine evening. The hedges were full of wild roses, which smelt most sweetly; and the haymakers were making hay in the fields on each side of the road.

"I cannot think where John can be," said Henry; "I thought he would be here long before this time."

"Do not be impatient, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild;

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"impatience is not pleasing in the eye of your heavenly Father."

By this time they were come to the brow of a rising ground; and, looking before them, behold, there was John at a distance! The children all ran forward to meet him: "Where are the books, John? Oh, where are the books?" they all said with one voice. John, who was a very good-natured man, as I have before said, smiled, and, stopping his horse, began to feel in his pockets: and soon brought out, from among many other things, three little gilt books; the largest of which he gave to Lucy, the least to Henry, and the third to Emily; saying, "Here is one pennyworth—and here is two pennyworth—and there is three pennyworth."

"Indeed, John, you are very good," said the children, "what beautiful books!"

"Here are many beautiful pictures in mine," said Henry; "it is about a covetous woman.—'The History of the Covetous Woman.' I never read that story before."

"My book," said Emily, "is 'The History of the Orphan Boy:' and there are a great many pictures in it: the first is the picture of a funeral—that must be the funeral of the poor little boy's papa or mamma, I suppose."

"Let me see, let me see," said Henry: "O how pretty! and what's your book, Lucy?"

"There are not many pictures in my book," said Lucy; "but there is one at the beginning:—it is the picture of a little boy reading to somebody lying in a bed; and there is a lady sitting by. The name of my book is, 'The History of the Good Child, who was made the instrument of turning his father and mother to the ways of holiness.'"

"Oh! that must be very pretty!" said Henry.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had come up; "Oh, papa! Oh, mamma!" said the little ones, "what beautiful books John has brought!"

"Indeed," said Mr. Fairchild, when he had looked at them a little while, "they appear to be very nice books. I see they are written in the fear of God; and the pictures in them are very pretty."

"Henry shall read them to us, my dears," said Mrs. Fairchild, "while we sit at work: I should like to hear them very much."

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"To-morrow," said Mr. Fairchild, looking at his wife, "we begin to make hay in the primrose meadow. What do you say? Shall we go after breakfast, and take a cold dinner with us, and spend the day under the trees at the corner of the meadow? Then we can watch the haymakers; and Henry can read the books, while you and his sisters are sewing."

"O do let us go, mamma! do let us go!" said the children, "do, mamma, say yes."

"With all my heart, my dears," said Mrs. Fairchild.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and the children went home; and after they had eaten their supper, and prayed, they went to bed.

The next morning early, the children got every thing ready to go into the primrose meadow. They had each of them a little basket, with a lid to it, in which they packed up their work and their new books: and as soon as the family had breakfasted, they all set out for the primrose meadow:—Mr. Fairchild with a book in his pocket for his own reading; Mrs. Fairchild with her work-bag hanging on her arm; Betty with a basket of bread and cheese, and a cold fruit-pie; and the children with their work-baskets, and Emily's doll, for the little girls seldom went out without their doll. The primrose meadow was not a quarter of a mile from Mr. Fairchild's house: you had only the corner of a little copse to pass through before you were in it. It was called the Primrose Meadow, because every spring the first primroses in the neighbourhood appeared on a sunny bank in that meadow. A little brook of very clear water ran through the meadow, rippling over the pebbles; and there were many alders growing by the water-side.

The people were very busy making hay in the meadow when Mr. Fairchild and his family arrived. Mrs. Fairchild sat down under the shade of a large oak tree, which grew in the corner of the coppice; and Lucy and Henry, with Emily, placed themselves by her. The little girls took out their work, and Henry his new books. Mr. Fairchild took his book to a little distance, that he might not be disturbed by Henry's reading; and he stretched himself upon a green bank.

"Now, mamma," said Henry, "are you ready to hear my story? And have you done fidgeting, sisters?"—for Lucy and Emily had been bustling to make a bed for their doll in the grass with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

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"Brother," answered Lucy, "we are quite ready to hear you: read away: there is nothing now to disturb you, unless you find fault with the little birds that are chirping with all their might in these trees; and those bees which are buzzing among the flowers in the grass."

"First, mamma," said Henry, "look at the picture at the beginning of the book; there are two cottages in the picture, with trees growing up behind them higher than the chimneys, and two little neat gardens before them; and there is a woman spinning at the door of one of the cottages; and another woman, with a baby in her arms, at the other."

"Let me see, brother," said Emily.

"Why, you have seen it several times," said Henry; "and now I want to read."

"Still, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you might oblige your sister. Good manners and civility make everybody lovely, and are pleasing in the eyes of God. Have you forgotten Mrs. Goodriche's story of Master Bennet?"

Henry immediately got up, and showed his sister the picture; after which he sat down again, and began to read as follows:—

THE STORY OF THE COVETOUS WOMAN, IN HENRY FAIRCHILD'S BOOK.

"On the high road which goes from Bridgenorth to Wellington, not half a mile out of the town of Bridge north, there formerly stood two very neat cottages: at the back of them was a small orchard, and in the front two little gardens, with wickets opening towards the road. In these cottages lived two poor men, who supported themselves by working in the fields: the name of one of these was Dobson; the name of the other, Wray. These men were both married; Dobson's wife's name was Jane, and the name of Wray's wife was Kate. They were both clean, industrious women; they kept their houses very neat, and their clothes well patched; and what spare time they had they spent in spinning and knitting. I cannot tell you how much woollen-yarn they spun in a twelvemonth, nor how many knit stockings they sold in Bridgenorth market in one year.

"When Jane had been married two years, she had a little son born; after which she could not do so much

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as before: but Kate went on spinning and knitting, till she had laid up as much as forty shillings, besides a stock of nice warm winter clothing in a chest. She had as many as a dozen pair of woollen stockings for herself and her husband; three or four good quilted petticoats, of her own spinning and quilting; as many stuff gowns, and a handsome scarlet cloak, of her own earning. These were all stored up in her chest; and she often used to take them out, and hang them to air, lest the moth should get into them.

"About this time, a poor widow in that neighbourhood died, leaving two little friendless girls behind her: the eldest of these, whose name was Nancy, was placed by the parish under the care of Kate, who received two shillings a week to find the poor child food and clothes; and the youngest, whose name was Sally, was placed under the charge of Jane. Nancy was a stout girl, and Kate made her work very hard, and gave her very little food, and scarcely any clothing to cover her; but Jane was kind to Sally, and, though she made her work, yet she fed and clothed her to the best of her power.

"One day in the winter, these two little orphans, Nancy and Sally, were playing in the road before the gates of the cottages, when they saw a very fine coach coming along the road. In the coach there were a lady, and a little child in the arms of a maid. The child was looking out of the window, holding in its hand a silver coral and bells, fastened to a long riband, which ought to have been tied round the child's waist, but by some accident the riband had become untied. The child was shaking the coral through the window; and as the carriage passed by the cottages, the child dropped the coral on the road. No one belonging to the carriage saw the coral fall; but Nancy and Sally saw it. They ran and picked it up, and called to the people in the carriage, but nobody heard them. They then ran after the carriage; but it went so quickly that it reached the town, and the lady was sitting in the window of the inn, when the poor little children came up with the coral, and presented it at the window to the lady. When the lady saw the coral, and heard how far the poor little girls had brought it, she sent her maid to the nearest shop, to buy as much flannel as would make two children's petticoats, and as much queen's stuff as would make two slips. The lady did not understand that the children

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were not living in the same house; otherwise she would have divided the flannel and stuff, and have given half to each child; but as it was, she gave all the flannel into the hands of Nancy, and all the stuff into the hands of little Sally; and commending them for their honesty, she bade them go home.

"The poor little girls were delighted with the lady's presents, and ran back as quick as they came. When they came to the cottages, they found both their mammies (as they called them) together in Wray's cottage. 'See what we have got! see what we have got!' cried the poor children, as they ran in at the door. 'I have got some flannel to make me some petticoats,' said Nancy; 'And I have got some stuff to make me some new gowns,' said Sally. Jane and Kate were very much surprised when they saw what the children had brought; and pleased when they heard how they came by these things. They took them out of the children's hands, and began to turn them about and examine them.

"'Why, here,' said Jane, 'is enough to make Sally two slips. Well, I shall make one now, I think, and put t'other half by till next year. And now I shall be able to do what I have been long casting about in my mind, but could not compass before, on account of her being so ill clothed, poor thing: that is, to send her to the church in Bridgenorth to be catechized by the parson; for it is a pity she should be brought up in total ignorance of her Maker. I have an old bonnet I can take to pieces and make up for her, and a little handkerchief: so that now she will do very well.'

"'Why, you won't be such a fool, surely, will you,' said Kate, 'as to cut that good queen's stuff for that child? There is quite enough to make you a handsome gown.'

"'But it is not mine,' said Jane.

"'Not yours!' said Kate; 'whose then is it?'

"'Whose then is it?' asked Jane: 'why, little Sally's, to be sure. I would not rob the poor babe of a pennyworth. I have heard it said that God is very jealous of any one's doing a hurt to a fatherless child. I cannot read, to be sure, myself; but I remember our parson giving out these words as his text: "Remove not the old land-mark, and enter not into the fields of the fatherless." " Prov. xxiii. 10.

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"'Then you think,' said Kate, 'that I shall make up this flannel for Nancy?'

"'To be sure I do,' said Jane.

"'But indeed I shall not,' answered Kate: 'such flannel as this, indeed, to be made up for such a dirty little brat as that!'

"'For shame! for shame!' said Jane: 'why you are not honest, Kate.'

"'I have an old petticoat,' answered Kate, 'of my own, which I shall make up for Nancy; and it will serve her every bit as well as this new flannel. I don't see why you are to call me dishonest for that.'

"'Take my advice, Kate,' said Jane; 'use the flannel for the child to the best advantage, but don't take any of it for yourself: it will not bring a blessing with it. I tell you it won't: for 'goods unjustly gotten,' my husband says, and he has it from the Bible, 'shall not profit thee in the day of calamity.'" Eccles. v. 8.

"Kate made no answer, but kept turning the flannel about, and measuring it with her fingers; and, as soon as Jane was out of the house, she locked it up in her chest, with her store of stuff-gowns and quilts, and her new red cloak.

"When Jane went home, she cut out one little slip for Sally; and, putting the rest of the stuff by, she worked so hard, sitting up late and rising early, that she got the slip made, and the bonnet and handkerchief, by the next Saturday night; and the next Sunday morning she sent the little girl, with her husband, to church—for she could not go herself on account of her little boy—bidding her to present herself among the other children, when the clergyman called the children to catechize them; for the clergyman was a very worthy man, and took great pains with the poor children; catechizing them every Sunday morning, round the pulpit, after service.

"When the clergyman saw little Sally standing with the other children, he asked her many questions; such as whether she had a father and mother—and where she lived—and whether she could read. A few days afterward, the clergyman came to Jane's house, with his daughter. Jane was knitting, and rocking her little boy's cradle with her foot. 'Good morning, good woman' said the clergyman: 'where is the neat little girl

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who came from your house to be catechized last Sunday!'—'Sir,' said Jane, rising, and making a low courtesy, 'the little girl is gone out to pick sticks in the coppice: we are poor people, and I am forced to make her work.' 'Then I am afraid,' said the clergyman, 'that you cannot spare her to come to school for three or four hours every day. My daughter has a little school, which she visits every day; and she has a great desire to take your little girl into it.'—'Sir,' answered Jane, 'the little girl is not mine; she is a poor orphan: but I would not on that account stand in her way. I am much obliged to you, sir, and to miss, for her kindness: I will endeavour to spare her.'

"The clergyman and his daughter praised Jane for her kindness to the poor orphan, and said, 'God will reward you: he, who is the Father of the fatherless, will reward you.' So they took their leave. But, as they went out of the gate, they saw Kitty sitting at the door, with Nancy, and the clergyman's daughter was so kind as to offer to take Nancy into her school also; but Kate answered, That she had so much to do, that she could not spare the child. 'These are hard times, sir,' said she to the clergyman: 'and poor folks are glad to make the best of their time to earn a penny.' So little Sally went every day to school, while poor Nancy was kept at home in ignorance.

"Jane looked to see if Kate made up her old flannel petticoat for Nancy; but all the winter months passed away, and the spring came on, and still Nancy had no warm petticoat. At length Jane said to Kate, 'You promised to make up your old petticoat for poor Nancy; but I have never seen her wear it.'—'Why,' answered Kate, 'I don't think I can spare it now; for, to tell you the truth, about September next I expect to have a little one of my own, and I shall want the new flannel to wrap the little one in; and so sha'n't be able to spare my own petticoat.'—'Oh, Kate! Kate!' said Jane, 'this is not right. Give the poor child her own flannel, and don't be covetous.'—'What!' answered Kate, 'you would have me to be as great a fool as you are! There's Sally dressed as fine as a lady every day, going backwards and forwards to school, while you are drudging at home; and you want me to do the same by Nancy! I wish you would go home and mind your own affairs,

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and leave me to myself: I warrant I know what I am about, as well as you.' From that time, Kate would never speak to Jane again.

"What Kate said was very true: she expected a little one in the autumn, and she was determined to keep the flannel to wrap it in. Moreover, all the spring and summer, in haymaking and harvest time, she worked as hard as she could, to gather as much money together as possible before the birth of her child; and being very much fatigued with work, she neglected (for some months) to look into her chest, and to air her stuff gowns and petticoats and scarlet cloak. At length the time came when her child was born. An old woman from the town, called Nurse Bourne, came to attend her. The child was a very fine boy; and when the nurse had dressed it, she asked for a bit of flannel to wrap it in. Kate gave her the key of the chest, and bade her open it, and she would find a piece of flannel in the box. The nurse did as she was told; but as soon as she opened the box, she cried out, 'O dear! O dear! what is here? Every hing, I fear, is spoiled! Dear, dear, what a pity!'—'What is the matter?' cried Kate, in great terror. The nurse began to pull the things out one by one—and what a sight was there for poor Kate to see! The moth had been in the flannel which the little girl had brought from the lady, although nobody knew it; and had it been used immediately, it would never have been found out; but from having been laid by, and not looked into for some months, the moth had spread from the flannel to the woollen stockings, and from them to the stuff gowns and petticoats and the new scarlet cloak: so that there was not one thing in the box which was not eaten through and through, making good the words of Scripture: 'Lay no up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.' Matt. vi. 19.

"Not to make my story too long—Poor Kate took this misfortune so much to heart, that a day or two after her child's birth, she was seized with a fever, which proved her death: and her little child would no doubt have gone after its mother to the grave, if Jane had not kindly weaned her own little Tommy, who was more than a year old, and taken the poor little motherless

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babe to nurse, and she brought it up ever afterward among her own little ones. Thus the covetousness of Kate was the cause of her death. And as it was with her, we may always find with ourselves,—that things unjustly come by never do any service: they always bring some canker or moth with them.

"After Kate's death, Nancy went to live in the house of a farmer in that neighbourhood; but little Sally continued to live with Jane. She went to school at all times when Jane could spare her. She learned to read well, and to repeat the catechism; and she soon could sew and knit so well, that she mended and made all the clothes of the family; but, what was better than all this, she learned to know that dear Saviour who died for her; and was able, when she came home in an evening, to talk about him to Dobson and Jane; and, with God's blessing, she talked to so much purpose, that Dobson left off drinking in the alehouse, which he used to do before once or twice a week, and spent every evening at home, where he used to make Sally teach him to read. Jane had always had some notion of serving God; but now, from hearing her husband and Sally read the Bible, she got clearer notions of what religion is: she learned that her heart was sinful; and that she could in nowise save herself, but she must be saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ: 'For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' Acts iv. 12. She learned, also, that those who possess real faith, keep God's commandments.

"You cannot think what a change there was in Dobson's family when the father of it was brought to the knowledge of God. Dobson used to say, 'When we found our dear Saviour, Jane, we found every thing else: we found love for each other, love for our dear children, and all the comforts of the world.'—'The stuff that the lady gave you, Sally,' Jane would say, 'has turned to wonderful profit: I wish I could see the lady, to thank her: it enabled me to send you decently to church; and from church you got to school, and from school you brought the Bible, and from the Bible we were brought to know our Saviour.' Dobson would add, 'And from our Saviour we hope for eternal happiness.'—'And we shall have it too,' Jane would answer:

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because he that began a good work in us will surely finish it: for, as Sally read last night, "in Him is no variableness or shadow of turning."'

"Sally continued some years under the care of Jane, and became every year more and more useful to her; and as Jane's family increased—for she had five children of her own, besides poor Kate Wray's boy (whom she loved as well as her own)—Sally was able to do a great deal for them. At length, when Sally was fifteen years of age, poor Jane was taken ill with a fever, and died in the fear of God, placing her whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now it was that Jane's children received back tenfold all their mother's care and tenderness to Sally. This pious young woman lived ten years in Dobson's house after his wife died, and was like a daughter to him and a mother to his children: she managed for them, and taught them, and worked for them, just as their poor mother would have done had she been alive; and God so blessed her, that there was not a more pious or industrious family in all the parish. At the age of twenty-five she married a decent young man, and was settled in the cottage which once had been Wray's, so that she was not parted far asunder from old Dobson and his children. All Dobson's children lived and died in the fear of God, as is well known by several old people still living in those parts; making out the words of Scripture: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days'" Eccles. xi. 1.

When Henry had finished his story, he said, "I always knew that cheating and stealing were wrong; but I never supposed that any thing dishonestly gotten would bring a kind of curse with it, as that flannel seems to have done."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "we cannot very often tell how people get at their money, or clothes, or estates, because, when persons do any thing dishonest, they strive to hide it; but this I believe, that if we could know the truth of all these things, we should find that by some means or other, God always makes goods unjustly gotten to bring trouble and affliction upon their possessors: whereas, if a person has but a crust of bread and a cup of cold water, gained in an honest way, he enjoys it."

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"Oh, mamma!" said Henry, "I thought I had read all the book; but here are two leaves that are not opened, with some printing between them. Lucy, lend me your scissors to open the leaves."

When Henry had cut the leaves, he found a very pretty prayer against covetousness, and a hymn; and as all children at times feel covetous, I shall put this prayer down here, for your use, with the hymn; and I advise you, whenever you feel inclined to this sin, to go into your room, or some quiet place by yourself, and use this prayer and sing this hymn.

Prayer against Covetousness.

O Lord God Almighty! blessed and glorious Three in One! from whom all good things come; give me grace, I humbly pray thee, to hate covetousness; for it is written in thy holy Book, "The covetous shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" and in another place, "No covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ." My heart by nature is very covetous; I am covetous of playthings, and of clothes, and of meat and drink, and of money, when I have any thing to do with it; and though I see how hateful covetousness is in other people, yet I do not hate it as I should do in myself.

O Almighty Father! take this great sin of covetousness out of my heart, by sending thy Holy Spirit into it: show me, by faith, the glories and exceeding riches of heaven, that I may desire a treasure in heaven, and not in this world: and that I may strive, by serving thee, to lay up my treasure there, give me a heart to divide and share what good things I have among my playfellows, and such poor people as are in need of them; and teach me to deny myself, that I may have more to give away; for "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

O my God! thy saints and holy people hate covetousness. Oh, may I hate it also! Change, I pray thee, my evil heart, O Lord: change the evil heart of a poor child, who cries unto thee, not in his own name, but in the name of that dear Saviour who made himself poor that we sinners might be rich. Oh! for his dear sake give me a new heart, O Holy Father: to whom be glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen.

"Our Father," &c.

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HYMN XIX.

Let Avarice from shore to shore
Her fav'rite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold, without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

The counsels of Redeeming Grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask, to make us bless'd,
Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

THE STORY IN EMILY'S BOOK:

ON FAITH TO BE EXERCISED IN THE COMMON CONCERNS OF LIFE.

By this time it was one o'clock; and the haymakers left off their work, and sat down in a row, by the brook side, to eat their dinner. Mr. Fairchild called to his children from the place where he was lying, at a little distance, saying, "My dears, I begin to feel hungry. Lucy and Emily, see what Betty brought in the basket this morning; and you, Henry, go to the brook, and bring some water." So Henry took an empty pitcher out of the basket, and ran gayly down to the brook to fetch some water, while Lucy and Emily spread a clean napkin on the grass, on which they placed the knives and forks, and plates, with the loaf and cheese, and the

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fruit-pie, and a bottle of beer for their papa; for Betty was gone back to the house; and when they had said grace, they dined: after which the children went to play in the coppice, and among the hay, for a little while. When they had played as much as their mamma thought fit, they came back, and sat down to work, as they had done in the morning, while Henry read the story in Emily's book.

THE HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN BOY, WHOSE MOTHER HAD FAITH IN GOD'S PROMISES.

"In a little flowery valley, near Tenterden, there lived once a certain farmer, who had a wife, and one little boy, whose name was Marten. The farmer and his wife were people who feared God and loved their neighbours; and, though they were not rich, they were contented. In the same parish lived two gentlemen, named 'Squire Broom and 'Squire Blake, as the country people called them. 'Squire Broom was a man who honoured God and his blessed Son; but 'Squire Blake was one of those men who feared not God, and was not ashamed to make an open profession of his infidelity. He was a very rich man, and was considered by the neighbours to be good-tempered. His lady kept a plentiful house, and was glad to see any one who came. They had no children, and, as they had been married many years, it was thought they never would have any. 'Squire Broom was not so rich as 'Squire Blake; and, though a very worthy man, was not of such pleasing manners: so that many people did not like him, though in time of distress he was one of the kindest friends in the world. 'Squire Broom had a very large family, which he brought up in an orderly, pious manner; but some of the neighbours did not fail to find fault with him, for being too strict with his children.

"When little Marten was about three years of age, his father was killed, as he was going to Tenterden market, by a fall from his horse. This was so great a grief to his mother, who loved her husband very dearly, that she fell immediately into a bad state of health; and though she lived as much as two years after her husband, yet she was all that time a dying woman. There was nothing in the thoughts of death which made this poor woman unhappy at any time, excepting when she

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considered that she must leave her little Marten to strangers; and this grieved her the more, because little Marten was a very tender child, and had always been so from his birth. When these thoughts came into her mind, nothing could give her any comfort but retiring to her own room, and praying, and repeating to herself the promises of God; for there are in the Bible many promises to pious people, that God will take all their concerns into his own hands, and manage their affairs for them. Those people who are enabled by the grace of God to lay hold of these promises, are never deceived; but whatever affair they trust to God is managed for them better than they could manage it for themselves. This trust in God is called an active and a living faith: and people who have this living faith obey the commands of God, even when, according to man's judgment, they would seem to be losers by their obedience. There were two promises in the Bible which were particularly comfortable to little Marten's mother: these were, first, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' Prov. iii. 5, 6; and the other, 'Leave thy fatherless children: I will preserve them alive: and let thy widows trust in me.' Jer. xlix. 11.

"It happened, a few weeks before her death, as little Marten's mother was lying on her couch, meditating on these promises, that one Mrs. Short, who lived in Tenterden, and spent her time in gossiping from house to house, came bustling into the room where Marten's mother lay. 'I am come to tell you,' said she, 'that 'Squire Blake's lady will be here just now.'—'It is some time since I have seen Mrs. Blake,' said Marten's mother; 'but it is kind of her to visit me in my trouble.'

"While she was speaking, Mr. Blake's carriage came up to the door, and Mrs. Blake stepped out. She came into the parlour in a very free and friendly manner; and, taking Marten's mother by the hand, said she was sorry to see her looking so ill.

"'Indeed,' said the sick woman, 'I am very ill, dear madam; and I think that I cannot live longer than a few weeks; but God's will be done! I have no trouble in leaving this world, but on account of little Marten: yet I know that God will take care of him, and that I ought not to be troubled on his account.'

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"Mrs. Blake then answered, 'As you have begun to speak upon the subject, I will tell you what particularly brought me here to-day.' She then told her, that, as she and Mr. Blake had a large fortune and no family, they were willing to take little Marten at her death, and provide for him as their own.—This was a very great and kind offer, and most people would have accepted it with joy: but the pious mother recollected that Mr. Blake was one who declared himself to be without religion; and she could not think of leaving her little boy to such a man. 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.' Matt. xvi. 26, 27. Accordingly, she thanked Mrs. Blake for her kind offer: for a very kind offer it was; and said that she would feel obliged to her till her dying moment. 'But,' added she, 'I cannot accept of your friendship for my little boy, as I have a very dear Friend who would be disobliged if I did so.'

"Mrs. Blake turned red, and was offended; for she had never once thought it possible that Marten's mother should refuse her offer; and Mrs. Short lifted up her hands and eyes, and looked as if she thought the poor sick woman little better than a fool.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Blake, 'I am surprised, I must confess: however, you must know your own affairs best; but this I must say, that I think Marten may live long enough without having such another offer.'

"'And I must say, that you are standing in the child's way,' said Mrs. Short. 'Why, Mr. Blake can do ten times more for the child than his father could have done had he lived a hundred years; and I think it is very ungrateful and foolish in you to make such a return for Mr and Mrs. Blake's kindness.'

"'And pray,' said Mrs. Blake, 'who is this dear friend who would be so much disobliged by your allowing us to take the boy?'

"'I suppose it is 'Squire Broom,' said Mrs. Short: 'for who else can it be?'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Blake; 'I have no doubt it is; for Mr. Broom never loved my husband. But,' added she, looking at Marten's mother, 'You do very wrong if you

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think that Mr. Broom could do as much for the child (even if he were willing) as my husband. Mr. Broom is not rich, and he has a great many children; whereas Mr. Blake has a very handsome fortune, and no near relation in the world. However, as you have once refused, I do not think I would take the boy now, if you were to ask me.'

"'I am very sorry,' answered Marten's mother, 'to appear unthankful to you: and perhaps, as I am a dying woman, I ought to tell you the true reason of my refusing your offer, though it may make you angry. I do not doubt but that you would be kind to little Marten, and I know that you have more to give him than ever his father could have had.' She then, in a very delicate manner, hinted at Mr. Blake's irreligious opinions, and acknowledged that it was on the account of these that she had refused his protection for her son. 'The Lord Jesus Christ,' added she, 'is the dear Friend I spoke of, my dear madam, and the One I am afraid to offend by accepting Mr. Blake's offer. You are welcome to tell Mr. Blake all I say: and add, if you please, that, as long as my life is spared, I shall daily pray that God may turn his heart, and give him faith in that Saviour who is now my only hope and comfort.'

"Mrs. Blake made no answer; but got up, and, wishing Marten's mother and Mrs. Short a good morning, went away very much offended.

"When Mrs. Short was left with the sick woman, she failed not to speak her mind to her, and that very plainly, by telling her that she considered her little better than a fool for what she had done. Marten's mother answered, 'I am willing to be counted a fool for Christ's sake.'

"The next day Marten's mother sent for 'Squire Broom; and, when she had told him all that had passed between herself and Mrs. Blake, she asked him if he would take charge of poor little Marten when she was dead, and also of what little money she might leave behind her; and see that the child was put to a school in which he might learn his duty towards God. 'Squire Broom promised that he would be a friend to the boy to the best of his power; and Marten's mother was sure that he would do what he promised, for he was a man who feared God. And now, not to make our story too long, I must tell you that Marten's mother grew weaker

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and weaker; and about three weeks after she had held this discourse with Mrs. Blake, she was found one morning dead in her bed; and it was supposed she died without pain, as Susan the maid, who slept in the same room, had not heard her move or utter a sigh. She was buried in Tenterden church-yard; and 'Squire Broom, as he had promised, took charge of all her affairs.

"And now, after having done with little Marten's good mother, I shall give you the history of the little boy himself, from the day he awoke and found his poor mother dead: and you shall judge whether God heard his mother's prayer, and whether he took care of the poor little orphan.

"When his mother was in good health, Marten always slept in her arms; but when she became ill, he slept with Susan, in a little bed near his mother. He used every morning, when he awoke, to creep into his mother's bed to kiss her: the morning after her death, he climbed as usual into her bed, and kissed her: she was not yet cold. He spoke to her, calling her several times, 'Mother! dear mother!' but she did not answer. It was a long time before Susan could make him understand that she was dead. While the women were laying out the body, he sat outside of the door, and came in again as soon as they would permit him: neither would he allow himself to be taken out of the room till the corpse was put into the coffin and carried to the grave. He followed the corpse to the grave: and, after the coffin was covered with earth, he still stood by it, though he did not speak a word, till Susan came and carried him back to the house which had been his mother's. 'Squire Broom would have had him go home with him, but he would not leave Susan.

"Marten's mother was buried on Saturday evening; on Sunday, little Marten went again and stood by his mother's grave, and no one but Susan could persuade him to come away. On Monday morning 'Squire Broom came in a one-horse chaise, to take him to school at Ashford. The master of the school at that time was a conscientious man; but 'Squire Broom did not know that he was so severe in the management of children as he proved to be.

"Little Marten cried very much when he was put into the one-horse chaise with 'Squire Broom: 'Oh! let me stay with Susan: let me live with Susan!' he said.

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What!' said 'Squire Broom, 'and never learn to read! You must go to school and learn to read, or how are you ever to know God's word!' 'Susan shall teach me to read,' said little Marten. 'Squire Broom promised him that he should come back in the summer, and see Susan; and little Marten tried to stop crying.

"When little Marten got to Ashford school, he was turned into a large stone hall, where about fifty boys were playing: he had never seen so many boys before, and he was frightened, and crept into a corner. They all got round him, and asked him a great many questions, which frightened him more: and he began to cry, and call for Susan. This set the boys laughing; and they began to pull him about, and teaze him.

"Little Marten was a pretty child: he was very fair, and had beautiful blue eyes and red lips, and his dark brown hair curled all over his head: but he had always been very tender in his health; and the kickings, and thumpings, and beatings he got among the boys, instead of making him hardy, made him the more sickly and complaining.

"The boys used to rise very early; and, after they had been an hour in school, they played in the church-yard (for the school-room stood in the church-yard) till the bell rang to call them to breakfast. In the school-room there was only one fire-place, and the little boys never could get near it: so that little Marten used to be so numbed with cold in the mornings (for winter was coming) that he could scarcely hold his book; and his feet and hands became so swelled with chilblains, that, when the other boys went out to play, he could only creep after them. He was so stupified with cold that he could not learn: he even forgot his letters, though he had known them all when his mother was alive; and, in consequence, he got several floggings. When his mother was living, he was a cheerful little fellow, full of play, and quick in learning: but now he became dull and cast down, and he refused to eat; and he would cry and fret if any one did but touch him. His poor little feet and hands were sore and bleeding with cold; so that he was afraid any one should come near to touch him.

"As the winter advanced, it became colder and colder; and little Marten got a very bad cough, and grew very thin. Several people remarked to the schoolmaster, 'Little Marten is not well: he gets very thin.' 'Oh!

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he will be better,' the master would answer, 'when he is more used to us. Many children when they first come to school, pine after home: but what can I do for him? I must not make any difference between him and the other boys.'

"One morning, in the beginning of December, when the boys were playing in the church-yard before breakfast, little Marten not being able to run, or scarcely to walk, by reason of his chilblains, came creeping after them: his lips were blue with cold and his cheeks white. He looked about for some place where he might be sheltered a little from the cold wind; and at length he ventured to creep into the porch of an old house, which stood on one side of the church-yard. The door of the house was open a little way, and Marten peeped in: he saw within a small neat kitchen, where was a bright fire; an elderly maid-servant was preparing breakfast before the fire; the tea-kettle was boiling; and the toast and butter and muffins stood ready to be carried into the parlour. A large old cat slept before the fire; and in one corner of the kitchen was a parrot upon a stand.

"While Marten was peeping in, and longing for a bit of toast and butter, a little old lady, dressed in a gray silk gown, wearing a mob-cap and long ruffles, came into the kitchen by the inner door: she first spoke to the parrot, then stroked the cat; and then, turning towards the porch door, she said (speaking to the maid), 'Hannah, why do you leave the door open! The wind comes in very cold.' So saying, she was going to push the door to, when she saw poor little Marten: she observed his black coat, his little bleeding hands and his pale face, and she felt very sorry for him. 'What little fellow are you?' she said, as she held the door in her hand: 'where do you come from? and what do you want at my door?'

"'My name is Marten,' he answered, 'and I am very cold.'

"'Do you belong to the school, my dear?' said she.

"'Yes, ma'am,' he answered: 'my mother is dead, and I am very cold.'

"'Poor little creature!' said the old lady, whose name was Lovel. 'Do you hear what he says, Hannah? His mother is dead, and he is very cold! Do, Hannah, run over to the school-house, and ask the master if he will give this little boy leave to stay and breakfast with me'

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"Hannah set down a tea-cup which she was wiping; and looking at Marten, 'Poor young creature!' she said. 'It is a pity that such a babe as this should be in a public school. Come in, little one, while I run over to your master, and ask leave for you to stay a little with my mistress.'

"Hannah soon returned with the master's leave; and poor little Marten went gladly up stairs into Mrs. Lovel's parlour. There Mrs. Lovel took off his wet shoes and damp stockings and hung them to the fire, while she rubbed his little numbed feet till they were warm. In the mean time Hannah brought up the tea-things, and toast and butter, and set all things in order upon the round table.

"'You are very good,' said Little Marten to Mrs. Lovel: 'I will come and see you every day.'

"'You shall come as often as you please,' said Mrs. Lovel, 'if you are a little boy who fears God.'

"'Then I will come at breakfast-time, and at dinner-time, and at supper-time,' said Marten.

"Mrs. Lovel smiled, and looked at Hannah, who was bringing up the cream-pot, followed by the cat. Puss took her place very gravely at one corner of the table, without touching any thing.

"'Is that your cat, ma'am?' said Martin.

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Lovel; 'and see how well she behaves: she never asks for any thing, but waits till she is served. Do you think you can behave as well?'

"'I will try, ma'am,' said Marten.

"Mrs. Lovel then bade Marten fetch himself a chair, and they both sat down to breakfast. Marten behaved so well at breakfast that Mrs. Lovel invited him to come to her at dinner-time, and said she would send Hannah to his master, for his leave. She then put on his dry shoes and stockings; and, as the bell rung, she sent him over to school. When school broke up at twelve o'clock, she sent Hannah again for him; and he came running up stairs, full of joy.

"'This is a half-holyday, ma'am,' he said; 'and I may stay with you till bed-time; and I will come again to breakfast in the morning.'

"'Very well,' said Mrs. Lovel; 'but if you come here so often, you must do every thing I bid you, and every thing which Hannah bids you.'

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"'The same as I did to my poor mother, and to Susan?' said Marten.

"'Yes, my dear' said Mrs. Lovel.

"'Then I will, ma'am,' said Marten.

"So Marten sat down to dinner with Mrs. Lovel: and at dinner he told her all he knew of himself and his mother: and after dinner, when she gave him leave, he went down to the kitchen to visit Hannah, and to talk to the parrot, and to look about him till tea-time. At tea-time he came up again; and after tea Mrs. Lovel brought out a large Bible, full of pictures, and told him one or two stories out of the Bible, showing him the pictures. At night Hannah carried him home; and he went warm and comfortable to bed.

"By the pleasure of God (in whom the fatherless find mercy), Mrs. Lovel grew every day fonder of little Marten; and as the little boy promised, he went to Mrs. Lovel's at breakfast, dinner, and supper; and Mrs. Lovel took the same care of him which his poor mother would have done had she been living. She took charge of his clothes; mended them when they wanted it; prepared warm and soft woollen stockings for him; and procured him a great coat to wear in school, and got him some thick shoes to play in. She also would see that he learned his lessons well every day, to carry up to his master: and then practised him in reading out of school hours: so that it was surprising how quickly he now got on with his books. But the best of all was, that Mrs. Lovel from day to day gave such holy instructions to little Marten, as were best adapted to make him an excellent character in more advanced life; and God blessed her instructions in a degree beyond her expectations, and the boy presently became all that she could desire. For holy instructions given in faith, and with prayer by diligent and pious teachers, are generally crowned with the Divine blessing: though every parent and teacher must acknowledge that the work of regeneration, or changing the heart, must be entirely of God. And in case of such change, he will ever be ready to give the glory to him to whom alone it is due.

"A little before Christmas, 'Squire Broom came over to Ashford to see little Marten; and determined in his own mind, if he found the child unwell, or not happy, to take him home and bring him up among his own

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children; for Mrs. Broom had said that she thought little Marten almost too young to be at a public school without a friend near him. Marten was standing in Mrs. Lovel's parlour window, which looked into the church-yard, when he saw 'Squire Broom's one-horse chaise draw up to the school-house door: without speaking a word, he ran down stairs, and across the church-yard; and, taking 'Squire Broom's hand, as he stepped out of the chaise, 'I have got another mother, sir,' he said; 'a very good mother; and I love her with all my heart; and her name is Lovel; and you must come to see her.'—'Why, my little man,' said 'Squire Broom, 'you look very well, and quite fat.'

"When 'Squire Broom heard from the master what a kind friend Marten had found, and was told by all his friends in Ashford what a worthy woman Mrs. Lovel was (for everybody in Ashford knew Mrs. Lovel's good character), he was very much pleased on little Marten's account, and said his poor mother's prayers were now answered; and then he repeated a very beautiful verse, which you will find in the Apocrypha: 'Look at the generations of old, and see: did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?' Eccles. ii. 10.

"Little Marten could not be contented till he had brought 'Squire Broom to see Mrs. Lovel, and to drink tea with her. During this visit, Mrs. Lovel asked Mr. Broom if Marten might spend his Christmas holydays with her; and from that time the little boy spent all his holydays with Mrs. Lovel. In the summer holydays she often took him to a farm-house in the country, where she had lodgings; and there he had the pleasure of seeing the hay-making, and hop-gathering, and all the country work, and of running about the fields. Once or twice she took him to Tenterden to see his old friends, particularly Susan, who lived with her mother in Tenterden.

"Marten became a fine boy; and as he grew in stature, he grew in grace, ever living in the fear of God. He was very fond of reading; and soon he became one of the best scholars, of his age, in the school. As Mrs. Lovel got older, her eyes became dim; and then Marten read to her, and managed her accounts, and was in all things as a dutiful son to her.

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"About this time news came from Tenterden that Mrs. Blake was dead, and Mr Blake about marrying again; and some time after it was told at Ashford that the new Mrs. Blake had brought her husband a son. When Marten (who was by this time a great boy, and who had been told by 'Squire Broom of what had passed between his poor mother and Mrs. Blake) heard of the birth of this son, he said, 'My mother was called a fool for not letting Mr. Blake take me: but if she had, for the sake of money, put me under the care of this man, I might have lost my soul, and got none of his money either.'—'You see, my dear,' answered Mrs. Lovel, who heard what Marten said, 'how every thing works together for good to them that love God. While I live, I hope you will never want a friend; and if you continue to serve God, I shall give you something at my death which will support you in a comfortable, plain way; for I have no relations to take what I have.'

"Marten continued with Mrs. Lovel till it was time he should leave school; and as he wished to be made a clergyman, in order that he might spend his life in the service of God, Mrs. Lovel paid for his going to the university."

"The university, mamma," said Henry: "what is that?"

"It is a place where young men go to be prepared to be clergymen," replied Mrs. Fairchild. "There are two universities in England; Oxford and Cambridge."

Henry then went on.

"When Marten had been the proper time at the university, he was ordained a clergyman; and he then returned to Mrs. Lovel; and soon afterward he got a living in a pretty village in Kent. There he went to reside; and Mrs. Lovel, who was now becoming very old indeed, lived with him. He was as kind to her, and to Hannah, as if he had been their own child; and indeed it was but his duty to be so; he did every thing to make their last years happy, and their deaths easy. Mrs. Lovel left all she had, when she died, to Marten; so that he was enabled to live in great comfort. Some time after Mrs. Lovel's death, he married 'Squire Broom's youngest daughter, who made him a kind and pious wife, and assisted him to bring up their children in the fear of God. Susan, who was now an elderly woman, took the place of Hannah when Hannah died,

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and never left her master till she herself died of old age.

"This happy family lived many years in Kent, and God blessed them in all things: as 't is written, 'In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in God. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.'" Psa. lxii. 7, 8.

At the end of this story was a prayer for faith, that we may be enabled to trust God with all our concerns, and a hymn to the same purpose; which you will perhaps like to use: I shall therefore put them both down here for you.

A Prayer.

O Almighty God! thou that rulest and governest all things, and makest all things to work together for good to them that love thee; give me that best of all gifts, faith, that I may trust entirely and only unto thee; for who ever trusted in the Lord, and was confounded? I am a poor ignorant child, and do not know what is good for me, or what I ought to wish for: but thou art all wise, O holy Father, thou knowest all things from the beginning even unto the end of the world: O therefore take me under thy care. Thou that sparedst not thy dear Son, but sentest him to die for me upon the cross, send now thy Holy Spirit to guide and direct me what I ought to do. While I am in this world, manage and settle every thing for me; whether I am to be rich, or whether I am to be poor, or where I am to live, or what employment or what work I am to do, I wish to leave to thee. O give me faith to trust entirely to thee, as the holy men of old and martyrs in old time did, and as thy saints do in this day; and let me not wickedly think myself to be wiser than thou, O Almighty God, art; and leave me not to follow my own wicked conceits, instead of obeying thy will, which is written in thy holy Book, and which thy Holy Spirit will explain to my understanding, if I am humble, and sincerely wish to learn thereof.

O Almighty Father; hear the prayers of a poor child, for whom thy dear Son died; and for his dear sake have mercy upon me.

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Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XX.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made:
And when thou say'st the word "Return"
'Tis instantly obey'd.

"But I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My saints shall safe abide;
Nor will I e'er forsake mine own,
For whom the Saviour died."

Through every scene of life and death
Thy promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

THE STORY IN LUCY'S BOOK.

When Henry had finished reading the story in Emily's book, Mr. Fairchild proposed that they should take a walk before they went home to tea. Accordingly they gathered all their things together, and put them in their baskets, and left the Primrose Meadow. They crossed the brook by a wooden bridge, and went up a little woody hill on the other side. When they came to the top of this little hill, they arrived at a place where a hut, or shed, was built, under the shade of a spreading oak tree. This hut had been made by an old gentleman who formerly lived in that country, but was now dead. From this hut you might see all the country round, with

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the coppice and Primrose Meadow at the foot of the hill on which it stood, and the brook winding through the meadow.—Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children sat down at the entrance of the hut, and hearkened in silence, for a while, to the sweet singing of a nightingale not far distant. At length Lucy spoke.

"Papa, we have read Henry's book and Emily's book to-day; but there is another book still to be read."

"Well," said Mr. Fairchild, smiling, "and what then? Cannot you read it to-morrow at home?"

"But it is pleasanter to read out of doors, papa," said Lucy; "and we could see the hay-makers from this place, if we were to come here to-morrow."

"Yes, papa," said Emily; "we could indeed."

"And it is not so very far to come," said Henry.

"What, you wish for another day in the woods?" said Mr. Fairchild, smiling. "What does your mamma say?"

"I have no objection," said Mrs. Fairchild, "if you approve it, my dear."

Accordingly, it was agreed that they should spend the next day in the hut, to read the story in Lucy's book; and the children went joyfully home with the thoughts of having another holyday. Early the next morning they made all things ready; and when they had breakfasted, they set out for the hut at the top of the hill It was a lovely morning, and although rather warm, yet as they sat in the hut they were well shaded from the sun, and enjoyed a gentle breeze, which blowing over the hay-fields below, was very agreeable to the smell.

When Mrs. Fairchild and the little girls were ready to begin their work, and Mr. Fairchild had placed himself with his book at a little distance, on a green bank, on the shady side of the hut, Henry began to read the story in Lucy's book, and read as follows.—

"THE ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE BOY WHO, THROUGH GOD'S GRACE, TURNED HIS PARENTS TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Every person who lives in England has heard of France. A small arm of the sea parts the two countries; but though a person may pass from England to France in a few hours, yet there is a great difference in the manners and customs of the French and English. A few years ago the French were governed by a king

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who had so much power that, if he did not like any person, he could condemn him to be shut up for life at his pleasure, and nobody dared to inquire after him. The religion of the French was, and still is, Roman Catholic.

"About one hundred and fifty years ago," continued Henry, going on with his story, "there lived in France a certain great man, called the Baron of Bellemont; he was a proud man and very rich; and his castle stood in one of the beautiful valleys of the Pyrenees, not far from the dwelling-places of those holy people the Waldenses."

"What are Waldenses, mamma?" said Henry.

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "many hundred years ago, when all the nations of Europe began to corrupt themselves by worshipping images of saints, obeying the pope, and following the Roman Catholic doctrines, a certain set of persons retired from the sight of the rest of mankind, and hid themselves in valleys, among hills: there they led innocent and holy lives for many ages, serving their God in purity, and resisting all the wicked desires of the Roman Catholics, who wished to turn them to their own corrupt religion. These people in some places were called *Waldenses;* in others *Valdenses;* and some were called *the Poor Men of Lyons*, because there was a city called Lyons near their dwelling-places."

"The Baron de Bellemont," continued Henry, reading again, "lived in a castle not far from the valleys of the Waldenses. He had one daughter, of the name of Adelaide, who was very beautiful: and as she was to have much of her father's riches at his death, everybody flattered and seemed to admire her, and many rich and great men in France sought to marry her. The baron had also a poor niece living with him, named Maria. Maria was not handsome, and she was poor: therefore nobody who came to the castle took any notice of her; and her cousin Adelaide treated her more like a servant than a relation. Yet Maria was, in the sight of God, no doubt, more lovely than Adelaide, because she was a humble and pious young woman; whereas Adelaide had no fear of God. Maria had been nursed among the Waldenses, and had learned, with God's blessing, all the holy doctrines of these people from her nurse.

"When Adelaide and Maria were about twenty years of age, they were both married. Adelaide was married

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to the young Marquis de Roseville, one of the handsomest and richest men in France, and went to live in Paris with her husband, where she was introduced in the court of the king, and lived among the greatest and gayest people in France."

"Maria's husband," continued Henry, "was one of the pastors of the Waldenses, of the name of Claude: he lived in a small and neat cottage in a beautiful valley: he was a holy young man, and all his time and thoughts were given up to teaching his people and serving his God. Maria was much happier in her little cottage with her kind husband than she had been in the castle of the baron. She kept her house clean, and assisted her husband in dressing their little garden and taking care of a few goats, which afforded them abundance of milk.

"When the Marchioness of Roseville had been married twelve months, she brought the marquis a son, to whom his parents gave the name of Theodore. This child was so beautiful, that he was spoken of in Paris as a wonder: and his parents, who were very proud and vain before, became more and more so. All the marchioness's love seemed to be fixed upon this child: so that when, at the end of two years more, she had a second son born, she showed no affection whatever for him, although he was a lovely infant, not less beautiful than his brother, and of a tender and delicate constitution.

"When this little infant, who was called Henri, was little more than two months old, the marquis and marchioness undertook a journey to the Castle of Bellemont, to visit the old baron, bringing their two sons with them. The fatigue of this journey was almost too much for poor little Henri, who, when he arrived at his grandfather's castle, was so ill that it was supposed he could not live; but his mother having no love but for her eldest child, did not appear to be in the least troubled by Henri's sickness.

"As soon as Maria heard of her cousin's arrival at Bellemont, she hastened over to see her, though she did not expect to be very kindly received. Maria, by this time, had two children; the youngest of which, who was more than a year old, and a very healthy child, she was just upon the point of weaning. When this kind woman saw poor little Henri, and found that his parents did not love him, she begged her cousin to allow her to

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take the poor infant to her cottage in the valleys, where she promised to nourish him with her own milk, and to be as a tender mother to him. The marchioness was glad to be freed from the charge of the sick child, and Maria was equally glad to have the poor baby to comfort. Accordingly, she took the little Henri home with her; and he was brought up among her own children, in the fear of God and in innocent and holy habits.

"When the marquis and marchioness had remained awhile at the Castle of Bellemont, they returned with their favourite Theodore to Paris; and there they delivered themselves up to all the vicious habits of that dissipated place. The marchioness never staid at home a single day, but spent her whole time in visiting, dancing, and playing at cards, and going to public gardens, plays, and musical entertainments. She painted her face, and dressed herself in every kind of rich and vain ornament, and tried to set herself off for admiration; but she had little regard for her husband, and never thought of God. She was bold in her manners, fond of herself, and hard-hearted to everybody else. The only person for whom she seemed to care was her son Theodore: for as for little Henri she seemed to have forgotten that she had such a child; but she delighted in seeing her handsome Theodore well dressed, and encouraged him to prattle before company, and to show himself off in public places, even when he was but an infant. She employed the most famous artists in Paris to draw his picture: she hired dancing-masters to teach him to carry himself well, and music-masters to teach him to sing and play: she herself arranged his glossy hair; and sometimes, when he was to go out with her, she rouged his cheeks, in order that he might look the handsomer. She employed many servants to attend upon him, and commanded them never to contradict him, but to do every thing to please him. As she continued to lead this life, she became every year more and more bold, and more hardened in wickedness: so that, from beginning to be careless about God, she proceeded in time to mock at religion, and to despise all God's commandments. Nor was the marquis any better than his wife: he was proud and quarrelsome: he despised God; and he loved no one but himself. He spent all his time among a set of wicked young men of his own rank: they sat up all night, drinking and swearing, playing at cards

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for large sums of money, mocking at their king, and scoffing at God.

"In this wicked manner they went on till Theodore was as much as fifteen years of age. In the mean time the old baron died, and left all his money to his daughter: but the marquis and marchioness were not the better for all the riches left them by the baron; for they became more and more wasteful, and more and more wicked.

"About this time the king, who was a very wicked man, began to talk of driving the Waldenses out of their pleasant valleys, or forcing them to become Roman Catholics: he consulted the great men in Paris about it; and they gave it as their opinion that it would be right, either to make them become Roman Catholics, or drive them out of the country. The marquis, among the rest, gave his opinion against the Waldenses; never considering that he had a relation among them, and that his little son Henri was at that very time living with them.

"While these things were being talked of in the king's palace, Theodore was seized with a violent fever; and before any thing could be done for him, or his father or mother had any time for consideration, the poor boy died. The marchioness was like a distracted woman when Theodore died; she screamed, and tore her hair, and found fault with God for what he had done: and the marquis, to drive away the thoughts of his grief, went more and more into company, drinking and playing at cards and blaspheming God. When the grief of the marquis and marchioness for the loss of their beautiful Theodore was a little abated, they began to turn their thoughts towards their son Henri, and they resolved to send for him. Accordingly the marquis sent a trusty servant to the valleys of Piedmont, to bring Henri to Paris. The servant carried a letter from the marquis to the Pastor Claude, thanking him for his kind attention to the child, and requesting him to send him immediately to Paris. The servant also carried a handsome sum of money, as a present from the marquis to Claude; which Claude, however, would not take.

"While all these things, of which I have been telling you, were happening at Paris, little Henri had been growing in stature and in the fear of God, in the humble yet pleasant cottage of Maria and the pious Claude.

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During the first years of his infancy he had been very delicate and tender, and no one would have reared him who had not loved him as tenderly as Maria had done; but from the time that she first saw him in the Castle of Bellemont she had loved him with all the love of the tenderest mother. As she carried him home in her arms she kissed his sweet pale face, dropping many tears upon it.—'Oh, my sweet babe!' she said, 'your parents do not fear God: it would be better for you to die and go to your Saviour, before you have committed actual sin, than that you should be brought up according to the fashions of this world.' Then Maria looked up to Heaven, and prayed for the lovely infant who lay in her arms—'O my Saviour! O bleeding Lamb!' she said, 'If this sweet child is not to grow up to become a servant of God, take him now—now in his days of infancy: take him now to thyself, O blessed Saviour!' In this manner Maria prayed for the little delicate Henri, as she carried him towards her cottage, and often afterward, when the poor little babe was unable to sleep, for he had much sickness during the first years of his infancy, she would walk with him in the little garden in the front of her cottage, and there would she sometimes offer up to God prayers to the same effect as the one I have now repeated: and sometimes she would sing him to rest by lovely hymns in praise of God, and of the wonderful work of the holy Trinity in bringing about the salvation of sinful man.

"Little Henri very early showed great delight in the sweet hymns sung by his tender nurse; even during the first year he learned to stroke her cheek with his delicate hand, and to return her regard with many sweet smiles. Henri was very beautiful, though always pale, never having very strong health. It seemed that God, in his great mercy, very early answered Maria's prayers in his behalf; for when he was very young he showed that his heart was filled with the love of God. (Blessed are those who, like holy St. John, are sanctified even from the cradle.) Little Henri always had the greatest fear of doing any thing which might make God angry: he was gentle and humble to all around him; and to his little cousins, the sons of Claude, he was most affectionate and mild. When they were old enough, these three little boys used to go with the Pastor Claude when he went to visit his poor people in their little cottages among the

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valleys, and hearken to all his holy discourses with them: and, as he walked back, the little boys would often ask him to explain to them such things as he had been teaching to his people. Thus they acquired, when very young, such a knowledge of God, and of the holy Bible, as might have put to shame many of the wise and prudent of the world; making out the words of our blessed Saviour; 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to babes.' Matt. xi. 25.

"Many of the cottages which Claude and his little boys used to visit were placed in spots of ground so beautiful, that they would have reminded you of the garden of Eden; and some in deep and shady valleys, where the brooks of clear water ran murmuring among groves of trees and over mossy banks; some on high lawns on the sides of the mountains, where the eagles and mountain birds found shelter in the lofty forest trees: some of these cottages stood on the brows of rugged rocks, which jutted out from the side of the hills, on spots so steep and high that Claude's own little stout boys could scarcely climb them: and Claude was often obliged to carry little Henri up these steeps in his arms. In these different situations were flowers of various colours, and of various kinds, and many beautiful trees, besides birds innumerable, and wild animals of various sorts. Claude knew the names and natures of all these: and he often passed the time, as he walked, in teaching these things to his children. Neither did he neglect, as they grew older, to give them such instructions as they could get from books. He taught his little boys first to read French; and afterward he made them well acquainted with Latin, and the history of ancient times, particularly the history of such holy people as have lived and died in the service of God; of such of them as 'through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover,

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of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' Heb. xi. 33–40. Claude also taught his little boys to write: and they could sing sweetly many of the old hymns and psalms which from time immemorial had been practised among the Waldenses.

"Claude's own sons were obliged to do many little homely household jobs, to help their mother: they used to fetch the goats to the cottage-door, along the hill-side path, and milk them, and feed them; they used to weed the garden; and often to sweep the house, and make up the fire. In all these things little Henri was as forward as the rest, though the son of one of the greatest men in France. And here is one of the sweet influences of the Christian religion; by it the mountains are levelled, and the valleys exalted. But though this family were obliged to labour at the lowest work, yet they practised towards each other the most courteous and gentle manners, always in honour preferring each other, as it behooveth all Christians to do. In this manner Henri was brought up among the Waldenses till he was more than twelve years of age, at which time the servant came from his father, the marquis, to bring him to Paris.

"When the marquis's letter arrived, all the little family in the Pastor Claude's house were full of grief. 'You must go, my dear child,' said the pastor; 'you must go, my beloved Henri: for the marquis is your father, and you must obey him: but, oh! my heart aches when I think of the hard trials and temptations to which you will be exposed in the wicked world. With all the weakness of our depraved nature within, and all the snares and flatteries of the world without, how can we hope that such a child will be able to stand?'—'Yet I have confidence,' said Maria, wiping away her tears: 'I have prayed for this boy, this my dear boy: I have prayed for him a thousand and a thousand times; and

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I know that he is given to us: this our child will not be lost; I know he will not: he will be able to do all things well, Christ strengthening him.' 'Oh, Maria!' said the Pastor Claude, 'Your faith puts me to shame: why should I doubt the goodness of God any more than you do?'

"In the mean time, Henri's grief was so great, that for some hours after the servant came he could not speak: he looked round on his dear father and mother, as he always called Claude and Maria, and on their two boys, who were like brothers to him: he looked on the cottage where he had spent so many happy days; and the woods, and valleys, and mountains; saying, Beyond this he knew nothing; and he wished he had been born Claude and Maria's child, and that he might be allowed to spend all his life, as Claude had done, in serving God in that delightful valley.

"While Maria, with many tears, was preparing things for Henri's journey, the pastor took the opportunity of talking privately to him, and giving him some advice, which he hoped, with God's blessing, might be useful to him. He took the child by the hand; and leading him into a solitary path above the cottage, where they could walk unseen and unheard, he there entered into discourse with him. And first he explained to him the dangerous situation into which he was about to enter; he told him, with as much tenderness as possible, what his father's and his mother's characters were; that they never knew the fear of God, and that they acted as most persons do who are rich and powerful, and are not influenced by Divine grace: and he pointed out to him how he ought to behave to his parents, telling him that by perseverance in well-doing, and setting before them a holy example, he might, perhaps, be a means, under God, of turning them from their sinful courses to the way of everlasting life. The pastor then reminded Henri of the chief doctrines of his holy religion; those which, from his earliest infancy, he had endeavoured to fix upon his mind; first, the exceeding depravity and vileness of man's heart by nature, and that no man can do well, in the smallest degree, without the assistance of the Holy Spirit; and secondly that no man is saved by any of his own works or deservings, but through faith in the merits of the dying Saviour. These, with

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many other things of like nature, the pious Claude besought Henri always to have in remembrance, as he hoped to see his Redeemer in the land which is very far off; and he finished his discourse by giving Henri a little Bible, in a small velvet bag, which he had received from his own father, and which he had been accustomed to carry in his pocket in all his visits to his poor people.—In these days, through the mercy of God, Bibles are so common that every little boy and girl may have one; but this was not the case in former days; Bibles were very scarce, and very difficult to get; and this Henri knew, and therefore he knew how to value this present: he put it in his pocket, and prayed to God to give him grace to keep the words contained therein.

"It would only trouble you, were I to describe the sorrow of Claude's family when, the next morning, Henri, according to his father's orders, was dressed in a rich suit of clothes, and set upon a horse, which was to carry him from among the mountains to the Castle of Bellemont, where the marquis's carriage waited for him. Henri could not speak as the horses went down the valley, but his tears fell fast down his cheeks: every tree and every cottage which he passed, every pathway winding from the high road among the hills, reminded him of some sweet walk taken with Claude and his sons, or with his beloved nurse. As the road passed under one of the cottages which stood on the brow of a hill, Henri heard the notes of one of those sweet hymns which his nurse had been accustomed to sing to him when he was a very little boy, and which she had afterward taught him to sing himself. Henri's heart at that moment was ready to burst with grief; and though the servants were close to him, yet he broke out in these words:—'Farewell, farewell, sweet and happy home! Farewell lovely, lovely hills! Farewell, beloved friends! I shall never, never see you again! never, never more hear the sweet hymns of the Waldenses; or take pleasant walks with the beloved companions of my happy, early days! Farewell, farewell, sweet, sweet home!'—'Do not give way to grief, sir,' said the servant: 'you are going to be a great man: you will see all the fine things in Paris, and be brought before the king.' The servant then gave him a long account of the grandeur and pleasures of Paris: but

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Henri did not hear one word he said; for he was listening to the last faint sounds of the hymn, as they became more and more distant.

"Nothing particular happened to Henri on his journey: and at the end of several days he arrived at the gates of his father's grand house at Paris. The marchioness that evening (as was common with her) gave a ball and supper to a number of friends; and on this occasion the house was lighted up, and set off with all manner of ornaments. The company was just come, and the music beginning to play, when Henri was brought into the hall. As soon as it was known who was come, the servants ran to tell the marquis and marchioness, and they ran into the hall to receive their son. The beauty of Henri and his lovely mild look could not but please and delight his parents; and they said to each other, as they kissed him and embraced him, 'How could we live so long a stranger to this charming child!' —And now nothing but the *Divine* assistance of Him who will not suffer his chosen to be tempted above that which they are able to bear could have saved Henri from being spoiled by the praises and flattery which he received, and the finery and rich meats and drinks which were put in his way. His mother had expected that her son would have an awkward and low appearance: she was therefore greatly surprised at his courteous and polite manners, which delighted her as much as his beauty.

"All that evening Henri remained silent, modest, and serious; and as soon as his parents would give him leave, he asked to go to bed. He was shown into a room richly furnished, and so large that the whole of Claude's little cottage would have gone into it. The servant who attended him would have undressed him; but he begged to be left alone, saying, he had been used to dress and undress himself. As soon as the servant was gone, he took out his Bible and read a chapter: after which, kneeling down, he prayed his Almighty Father to take care of him now, in this time of temptation, when he feared he might be drawn aside to forget his God. I shall put down Henri's prayer in this place for your use, and also a translation of the hymn which he sang afterward as he was going to bed. You may like, perhaps, to have this prayer to turn to, should you ever find yourself in a state of trial resembling Henri's."

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And here I shall finish my chapter, as Mr. Fairchild called to his children to tell them that he wanted his dinner; and while the little girls laid the cloth and set out their dinner, their brother went down with his pitcher to fetch some water from the brook.

A Prayer to be used in Time of Temptation.

O holy Father! hear the prayer of a poor weak child. Through the grace of thy Holy Spirit I wish to be a good child: I wish to serve thee in this world, and to go to heaven when I die. I love thy holy children, the saints of God; and I wish to love my Saviour, who died for me: but there are many things about me which tempt me to forget God, and to follow after the vain and wicked pleasures of this world: my own evil heart, too, is always longing after earthly things: so that, what with temptation within and temptation without, I shall certainly turn again into wickedness, and forget thee, my God, unless thou, O Lord, wilt have pity on me. And now again I call on thee, my dear Saviour, that thou wouldst intercede for me, when, by reason of my sin and the sore temptations which surround me, I cannot pray for myself. O plead for me before thy holy Father; beseech him to send me his Holy Spirit; tell him how thou didst bleed and die to save me. Oh! I cannot save myself; I cannot stand in the hour of temptation, if thou dost forsake me. I am a poor, young, ignorant creature, the child of sinful parents, and without power to do one good thing. O glorious and holy Father, if thou dost not take care of me, what will become of me? Oh! save me, save me, in this hour of temptation. Save me from the world, my own wicked heart, and the power of the devil, who like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour: for thou, O holy Trinity, art able to save all who come unto Thee, even the most miserable of sinners.

And now to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

HYMN XXI.

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

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Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; O fix me on it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Hereby I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, Lord—take and seal it:
Seal it from the courts above.

SECOND PART OF THE STORY IN LUCY'S BOOK.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and the children had dined, Henry went on with his story.

"The young son of the Marquis de Roseville did not awake early, having been much tired with his journey. When he had dressed he was taken to breakfast in his mother's dressing-room: she was alone, as the marquis had gone out after the ball the night before, and was not returned. The marchioness kissed Henri, and made him sit down by her, showing him every proof of her love: nevertheless, every thing he saw and heard made him wish himself back again in the cottage among the hills. He could perceive, by the daylight, what he had not found out the night before, that his mother was painted white and red; and that she had a bold and fretful look, which made her large dark eyes quite terrible to him. He was grieved also to see all the vain ornaments that were scattered about the room; and he wondered at the number of looking-glasses, and phials of washes, and pots of paint, and brushes, which he saw in different places.

"While the marchioness and Henri sat at breakfast,

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she asked him a great many questions about his education and manner of life among the mountains. He did not hide any thing from her, but told her that he had been brought up according to the faith and belief of the people of the valleys, and that he never intended to become a Roman Catholic. She answered, that it was time enough for him to trouble himself about religion. 'You have a long life before you, Henri,' she said, 'and have many pleasures to enjoy: it will be well enough to become devout when you are near death.'—'May not death be near now?' said Henri, looking very serious: 'had my brother Theodore any greater reason to expect death than I have? and yet he was suddenly called before God to give an account of his actions.'—The marchioness looked gravely for a moment; then smiled, and said, 'Oh! Henri, Henri! how laughable it is to hear one at your age speaking so seriously! Yet every thing sounds prettily out of your mouth,' she added, kissing him, 'for you are a charming boy. But come,' she said, 'I will be dressed; and we will go out and pay visits, and I will show you something of this fine city.'

"When the marchioness was dressed, she and Henri went out in the carriage; and returning at dinner-time, they found the marquis at home: he looked pale and fatigued, but was pleased to embrace his son, with whom he seemed better and better satisfied as he saw more of him.

"The next day a tutor was appointed for Henri: he was a Roman Catholic priest, or clergyman; and although he bore the character of a clergyman, he seemed to have no thought of religion: he took great pains to teach Henri such things as he thought would please his father and mother, and make him appear clever before his fellow-creatures, but he had no desire to make him a good man. Besides this tutor, Henri had masters to teach him music and dancing and drawing, and all such things as were wont to be taught to the children of the great men at that time in France. Thus Henri's mornings were employed in attending on his masters; and his mother often in an evening took him out to pay visits, and to balls and public amusements. He was introduced several times to the king, and became acquainted with all the nobility in Paris. But among all these worldly pleasures and employments the blessed

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Lord God, with whom all things are possible, still held the heart of Henri; so that he took no delight in all these fine things, but was willing 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' Heb. xi. 25.

"When Henri had been in Paris about six months, it happened that one day his father went to the king's palace to pay his court: it so was, that something had vexed the king that day, and he did not receive the marquis so cordially as he had been used to do. This affronted the marquis so much (for he was a very proud man), that from that time he gave himself up altogether to abusing the king, and contriving how to do him mischief; and he invited to his house all the people of consequence in Paris who were discontented with the king: so that his house was filled with bad people, who were always contriving mischief against the king, and were disobedient to God. These people used to meet almost every evening to sup at the marquis's; and you would be shocked if I were to repeat to you the vile language which they used, and how they used to rail against their king and blaspheme their Maker. On these occasions they drank abundance of wine: after which they used to play at cards for large sums of money; and the marquis and marchioness, not being so clever in play as some others of the party, lost a great deal of money; so that, what with their extravagance and what with the money they lost at cards, they had almost wasted all they possessed, and were in debt to everybody who supplied them with any thing.

"Poor Henri, although so young, understood very well the wicked way in which his father and mother went on; and though he did not dare to speak to his father about the manner of life he led, yet he spoke several times to his mother. He reminded her that death would come, and that then she must stand before God and give an account of all her actions. 'And, oh! my dear mother,' he would say, 'what will you think, when you see our Saviour coming in his glory with all his holy angels, of all those wicked and blasphemous words which are spoken by the company at supper every evening, and which you and my father laugh at, and appear so much delighted with?'—Sometimes the marchioness would laugh at Henri when he talked to her in this way; and sometimes she would be quite

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angry, and tell him that he was meddling with things which he could not understand. When Henri found that his mother would not listen to any thing he would say, he left off speaking to her upon these subjects, and took to prayer. Every day he prayed for her and for his father, that God would turn their hearts: and he prayed so earnestly that he often got up from his knees with his face all bathed in tears. And God in his mercy heard his prayer; for the faithful, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

"Abusing the king, and forming schemes and contrivances, is called treason. It was not long before the treasonable practices of the marquis, and the bad company he kept, were made known to the king, who, one night, without giving warning to any one, sent certain persons with a guard to seize the marquis, and convey him to a strong castle in a very distant part of France, where he was to be confined for life; at the same time the king gave orders to seize all the marquis's property for his own use. It was one night in the spring, just after the marquis's wicked companions had taken their leave, that the persons sent by the king rushed into the marquis's house, and, making him a prisoner in the name of the king, forced him into a carriage, with his wife and son; scarcely giving them time to gather together a little linen, and a few other necessary things, to take with them: among these, Henri did not forget his little Bible, and an old Book of Martyrs, which he had bought at a bookstall a few days before.

"The marquis and his family, well guarded, were hurried away so fast, that before the dawn of morning they were some miles from Paris. The marquis then asked the persons who rode by the carriage where they were taking him; they answered, that his plots against the king had been found out, and that he was going to be put into a place where it would be out of his power to execute any of his mischievous purposes. On hearing this, the marquis broke out into a violent rage, abusing the king, and calling him every vile name he could think of: after which he became sullen, and continued so to the end of his journey. The marchioness cried almost without ceasing, calling herself the most miserable of women, and wishing she had never seen the marquis. Henri remained silent and patient, secretly

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praying that God would make these afflictions work together for good for his dear parents.

"At the end of several days, towards the evening, they entered into a deep road between two high hills, which were so near each other that from one hill the cottages and little gardens and sheepfolds, with the cows and sheep feeding, might be plainly seen on the other. As they went on further, they saw a little village on the right hand, among some trees; and, above the village, a large old castle, with high walls and towers, and an immense gateway with an iron gate."

'Mamma,' said Henry, stopping a moment, 'the word castle has often been used in this story: it is some kind of a house, I suppose; but I don't exactly know what kind.'

'In former times, my dear,' answered Mrs. Fairchild, 'when men were more rough, and savage, and quarrelsome than they are now, people used to build immense high buildings for their defence from their enemies, with towers, like the towers of our church, and strong walls round them, and immense gates, which could not be broken through without great force. These buildings were called castles, and there are still many of them standing in different parts of the world. Under these castles were generally dismal deep vaults or dungeons, where prisoners taken in war, or people who gave offence to the lords of these castles, were confined.'

'Now I know what a castle is, mamma,' said Henry: 'so I will go on with my story.'

"When the marquis saw the castle he groaned, for he supposed that this was the place in which he was to be confined; and the marchioness broke out afresh in crying and lamenting herself; but Henri said not one word. The carriage took the road straight to the castle, and the guard kept close, as if they were afraid the marquis should strive to get away. They passed through the little village, and then saw the great gate of the castle right before them, higher up the hill. It was almost dusk before the carriage stopped at the castle-gate; and the guards called to the porter (that is, the man who has the care of the gate) to open the gate, and call the governor of the castle. When the porter opened the gate, the guard took the marquis out of the carriage,

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and, all gathering close round him, led him through the gates into the outer court of the castle, which was surrounded by dark high buildings, Henri and his mother following. From thence they went through another gate, and up a number of stone steps, till they came into an immense hall, so big that it looked like a large old church; from the roof of this hall hung several lamps, which were burning, for it was now quite dark. There the governor of the castle, a respectable-looking old officer, with a band of soldiers, met the marquis and received him into his charge. He spoke civilly to the marquis, and kindly to Henri and his mother. 'Do not afflict yourself, madam,' he said; 'I am the king's servant, and must obey the king's orders: but if I find that you and the marquis are patient under your punishment, I shall make you as comfortable as my duty to the king will allow.'—To this kind speech the marchioness only answered by breaking out like a child, crying afresh; and the marquis was so sullen that he would not speak at all: but Henri, running up and kissing the hand of the old gentleman, said, 'Oh sir! God will reward you for your kindness to my poor father and mother; you must pardon them if they are not able to speak.'—'You are a fine boy,' said the old gentleman: 'and it is a pity that at your age you should share your parent's punishment, and be shut up in this place.'—'Where my father and mother are,' answered Henri, 'I shall be best contented, sir; I do not wish to be parted from them.'

"The governor looked pleased with Henri; and giving his orders to his soldiers, they took up a lamp, and led the poor marquis to the room where he was to be shut up for the remainder of his life. They led him through many large rooms, and up several flights of stone steps, till they came to the door of a gallery, at which a sentinel stood: the sentinel opened the door, and the marquis was led along the gallery to a second door, which was barred with iron bars. While the soldiers were unbarring this door, the marquis groaned, and wished he had never been born; and the poor marchioness was obliged to lean upon Henri, or she would have fallen to the ground. When the iron-barred door was opened, the guard told the marquis and his family to walk forward: 'For this,' said they, 'is your room.' Accordingly, the marquis and his wife and Henri went on into the room while the guard shut and barred the door behind them

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One little lamp, hanging from the top of the room, but high above their reach (for the rooms in those old castles are in general very lofty), was all the light they had: by this light they could just distinguish a large grated window, a fire-place, a table, some chairs, and two beds placed in different corners of the room. However, the unhappy family offered not to go near the beds: but the marquis and marchioness, throwing themselves on the ground, began to rail at each other, and at the king, and even at God. Poor Henri endeavoured to sooth and comfort them, begging them to forgive each other, and not to make God more angry; but they pushed him from them, like people in a phrensy, saying, 'Go, go! would to God you were in your grave with your brother Theodore!'—Henry withdrew to a distance, and, kneeling down in a dark part of the room, he continued to pray for his poor father and mother; till, being quite weary, he fell fast asleep on the floor.

"When Henri awoke he was surprised to find it was daylight: he sat up and looked round him on the prison room; it was a large and airy room, receiving light from a window strongly grated with iron. In two corners of the room were two old-fashioned, but clean and comfortable looking beds; opposite the beds were a chimney-piece, and hearth for burning wood; and several old-fashioned chairs and a table stood against the wall; there were also in the room two doors, which led into small closets.

"Henri's poor father and mother had fallen asleep on the floor, after having wearied themselves with their violent grief; the marquis had made a pillow of his cloak, and the marchioness of a small bundle which she had brought in her hand out of the carriage. Henri looked at them till his eyes were full of tears; they looked pale and sorrowful even in their sleep. He got up gently, for fear of disturbing his poor parents, and went to the window; the air from the opposite hill blew sweet and fresh in at the casement; it reminded Henri of the air which he used to breathe in Claude's cottage. The window was exceedingly high from the court of the castle; so that the little village below, and the opposite green hill, with its cottages, and flocks, and herds, were all to be seen from thence above the walls of the court. 'What reason have we to be thankful to God!' said Henri: 'I was afraid my poor father might

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be shut down in a dismal vault, without light and fresh air. If the governor of the castle will but allow us to stay here, and give us only bread and water, we may be happy: and I have my little Bible, and my Book of Martyrs O that my dear parents would study this little precious Bible! how happy might we still be! happier far than we were at Paris! Blessed affliction, I should then say, which brought my poor father and mother to God!'

"While Henri stood at the window, he heard some one unbar the door; and an old man came in with a basket, in which was a comfortable breakfast. 'I have orders,' said he, 'from my lord the governor, to give you every thing which is convenient. 'God bless your lord!' said Henri: and he begged the old man to return his thanks to him. 'I shall come again presently,' said the old man, 'and bring you the things which you brought with you in the carriage.' 'Your lord the governor is a good man,' said Henri: 'Heaven bless him!' 'My lord fears God,' said the old man; 'and if your noble father will but make himself contented, and not try to get away, he will have nothing to complain of here: and you would do well to tell him so. My young gentleman, excuse an old man for giving his advice.' Henri went up to the old man, and taking his hand, thanked him for his kindness.

"When the old man was gone, Henri, full of joy and thankfulness to God, began to take the things out of the basket, and to set them in order upon the table; and now Henri found the use of having been brought up to wait upon himself, and upon others: he soon set out the little table in the neatest way, and set a chair for each of his parents: and all this so quietly, that the poor marquis and marchioness did not awake till he had done. The marchioness first opened her eyes, and looked round her. Henri ran to her, and, kissing her, said, 'Dear mother, get up, and join with me in praising God; see what comforts God has prepared for us! We have fallen into good hands: look round on this room; how light, how airy, and how pleasant it is!' Henri then told her all the kindness of the governor, and showed her the breakfast prepared for them; but she still looked sullen and unthankful, and began to blame the marquis, as he lay asleep, as the cause of all her afflictions. 'Oh, mother! dear mother!' said Henri,

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vexed, 'this is wrong, very wrong: now is not a time to find fault with each other: we are all sinners; we have all done wrong. Look at my poor father; how pale he looks, and how he sighs in his sleep! You once loved him, dear mother; oh! now love him again, and comfort him in his trouble.'

"In this manner Henri talked to his mother till she broke out into tears, and putting her arms round Henri's neck, 'My child, my Henri,' she said, 'you are too good for me!' Yet still Henri could not persuade her to take any breakfast: she placed herself in a chair in a corner of the room, and, leaning her head upon her hands, continued crying without ceasing.

"When the marquis awoke, Henri endeavoured to comfort him as he had done his mother: the marquis embraced him, and called him his beloved child, and only comfort; but he complained that he was ill, and put his hand to his head. Henri brought him a cup of coffee, which he made him drink: and the old man coming in with the linen, and other things, which had been brought from Paris, they put some clean linen on the marquis, and the old man and Henri assisted him to bed. The marquis continued to get worse, and before night he was in a violent fever. This fever continued many days, and brought him very near to his death. While this illness lasted, Henri never left him; and the governor of the castle not only provided him with every thing he wanted, but brought a doctor from the village to see him.

"For many days the poor marquis did not seem to know any thing that passed, or to know where he was, or who was with him, but seemed in great horror of mind, expressing great dread of death; but when his fever left him, though he was very weak, he recovered his recollection, and expressed himself very thankful for the kindness he had received, particularly from the governor and the doctor. As to Henri, he kissed him often, and could not bear him to leave him for a moment. It was lovely to see how Henri watched by his poor father, and how he talked to him; sometimes soothing and comforting, and sometimes giving him descriptions of the happy manner in which he used to live in Claude's cottage: 'And all this happiness, dear father,' he would say, 'came from our being religious: for all the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths

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are peace.' 'Claude and Maria,' said the marquis one day to Henri, 'were very good people; they always led innocent lives: they had no sins to trouble their consciences, therefore they were happy; but I have many evil actions to remember, Henri. If religion is true, and there is a place of punishment in the next world, I must be miserable: I dare not think of it, and should be sorry to believe it.' 'Oh, dear father,' said Henri, 'how you mistake the nature of religion! Our dear Saviour came to save sinners, not faultless beings: he came to cure the sick, and heal the broken-hearted. If you have been a sinner, dear father, you are such a one as our Saviour came to seek. Do, dear father, let me read the Bible to you. I have got a little Bible; and I will, if you please, read a little to you every day, as you can bear it: and then you will be able yourself to judge from this holy Book, that in the eyes of God all men are miserable sinners; and that it was on this account that God sent his Son, that through faith in him they might be saved.'

"The marquis did not refuse to hear Henri read: accordingly, every day this pious son used to read certain portions of Scripture to his father, choosing those parts first which showed man's utter wickedness, and want of power to save himself; and afterward, those parts which set forth what had been contrived of God for man's salvation. The marquis having nothing else to take his attention—no cards, no wine, no gay companions—and being still confined by weakness to his bed, often lay for many hours listening to the holy Word of God.—At first, as he afterward owned, he had no pleasure in it, and would rather have avoided hearing it; but how could he refuse his darling son, when he begged him to hear a little, only a little more?

"In the mean time, the marchioness appeared sullen, proud, and unforgiving: she seldom came near her husband, but sometimes spent the day in crying and lamenting herself, and sometimes in looking over the few things which she had brought with her from Paris. The governor of the castle, seeing her so miserable, told her, that he had no orders from the king to keep her or her son in confinement, and that she had liberty to depart when she pleased, and to take her son with her: but Henri would not hear of leaving his poor

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father, and used all his endeavours to persuade his mother to stay.

"When the marquis was first able to leave his bed, and sit in his chair opposite the window, Henri was very happy: he brought him clean linen, and assisted him to dress; and when he had led him to his chair, he set the table before him, and arranged upon it, as neatly as he could, the little dinner which the old man had brought in the basket, with a bottle of weak but pleasant wine, which the governor had sent him. 'Dear father, said Henri, 'You begin to look well: you look even better than you did when you were at Paris. Oh! if you could but learn to love and fear God, you might now be happier than ever you were in all your life; and we might all be happy, if my poor mother would but come to you, and love you as she used to do. Oh! come, dear mother,' added Henri, going up to her, and taking her hand; 'come to my father, come to my poor father: you loved him once; love him again.' In this manner Henri begged and entreated his mother to be reconciled to his father. The marchioness at first seemed obstinate: but at last she was overcome; and running to her husband, put her arms round his neck and kissed him affectionately; while he, embracing her, called her his beloved wife, his own Adelaide. This little family then sat down to their dinner, enjoying the lovely prospect, and the soft and delightful breezes from the opposite hill; and after they had dined, Henri sang to his parents some of the sweet hymns he had learned when living in the valleys of Piedmont.

"Henri had done a great work; he had made peace between his father and his mother: and now he saw, with great delight, his poor father gaining strength daily; and though sometimes full of sorrow, yet, upon the whole, composed, and never breaking out in blasphemous words. Henri used to lay his Bible, and Book of Martyrs, on the table, by his father; the marquis sometimes took up one and sometimes another, and would read awhile; and then, laying them down, sit in a thoughtful manner for some time. All these things pleased Henri; and he believed that God had already heard his prayer, and begun to change his father's heart.

"About this time the governor of the castle invited Henri to dine with him. Henri was much pleased with the governor, who received him kindly, and took him

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to walk with him in the village. 'I am glad to hear,' said the governor, 'that your father is more contented than he was at first; and you may tell him, from me, that if he will endeavour to make himself easy, and not attempt to escape, I will always do every thing in my power to make him comfortable: and now, if you can tell me what I can send him, which you think will please him or your mother, if in my power, you shall have it.' 'Oh, sir!' said Henri, 'God has certainly put it into your heart to be kind to my dear father.' Henri then mentioned that he had heard his father say, that in his younger days he had been very fond of drawing; and he begged of the governor a small box of colours, and some paper; and also needles and thread, and linen, for his mother. With what joy did Henri run back to his father and mother, in the evening, with these things! They received him as if he had been a long while absent from them, instead of only a few hours.

"What Henri had brought afforded great amusement to the poor marquis and marchioness: the marquis passing his time in drawing, and the marchioness with her needle-work, while Henri continually read and talked to them, giving them accounts of the holy and happy lives which the Waldenses led, and the sweet discourses which used to pass between Claude and his little children; he often talked till his poor father and mother were melted into tears. One day the marquis said to his son, 'Oh! my Henri, you are happy, and Claude is happy, and Maria is happy. To be at peace with God must be the first of all blessings: had I all I once possessed, all my fine houses, all my large estates, all my money, I would give them all to be at peace with God. But I fear, Henri, that I have sinned past forgiveness. Oh! how have I blasphemed God, and mocked him, and endeavoured to persecute his children! I cannot think, Henri, that I can be forgiven. I think of God as of an enemy. I feel that he hates me, and this makes me feel angry against him in return, and I cannot love him Oh, Henri, Henri, would to God I had been brought up as you were!'—To this Henri answered, that the atonement which God had provided for sinful man was so large, so abundant, so great, that it is more than sufficient for all our sins. 'He that died for us, my dear father, is God,' said Henri; 'the infinite, eternal, ever-living God. If your sins, my dear father, have been with

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out number, and black as night, yet he that died for you was all fair; there was no spot in him: and he has promised, Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Isa. i. 18.

"In this manner Henri and his father used to converse. Neither were Henri's arguments lost upon his father: the marquis read the Bible more and more; and Henri, early one morning, found him at prayer in one of his closets. He was so delighted that he could not help crying with joy; but he did not mention what he had seen. In this manner the summer passed and the winter came; the governor then finding that the marquis was content, and made no attempt to escape, allowed the prisoners abundance of wood for fire, and candles, with every convenience which could make the winter pass away pleasantly: and he often came himself and passed an evening with them, ordering his supper into their room. The governor was an agreeable man, and had travelled into many countries, which he used to describe to Henri. He loved to hear Henri read the Bible; and though he did not say so directly, yet it appeared that he in his heart favoured the Waldenses; for he often asked Henri about them and their manner of living. When the governor paid his evening visit, it was a day of festivity to the marquis and his little family; and when he did not come, their evenings passed pleasantly, while Henri read the Bible aloud, and the marchioness sewed. In the mean time, the work of grace seemed to advance in the heart of the marquis; and he that but a year ago was proud, insolent, self-indulgent, boasting, blasphemous, was now humble, gentle, polite, in honour preferring all men. His behaviour to the marchioness was quite changed: he was tender and affectionate towards her, bearing with patience many of her little fretful ways. Henri often observed him during the day going into his closet; from which he came out with his eyes red, as if he had been in tears; perhaps confessing his sins before God, and begging forgiveness for his dear Son's sake.

"Henri had never been happier in his life than he now was; insomuch, that he could not help jumping and tripping as he went along the room, and breaking out into singing hymns of praise. 'My boy,' said the marquis one day to him, 'you seem full of joy in your prison'—

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'Yes, my dear father,' said Henri, running up to the marquis, 'I am happy, because I hope to spend a happy eternity with you in the presence of Him who died for us.'—'Oh, beloved Henri!' said the marquis, putting his arms round his neck; 'blessed child! you, under God, have been the means of bringing your poor sinful father to his Saviour.'

"In this manner the winter passed away, and the spring arrived: at which time the governor gave the marquis permission, attended by a guard, to walk with his family every day upon the roof of the castle. There the marquis enjoyed the fresh air and the beautiful prospect; and he said that all the pleasures of Paris were not to be compared to his happiness on such occasions.

"Four years did the marquis and his family live in this confinement. All this time the marquis and Henri grew in grace, and ripened for eternity; insomuch, that the marquis at length, like the martyrs of old, instead of fearing death, began to look forward with hope to the happy time when he should be present with the Lord, and absent from the body: and holy Henri, seeing his earnest prayers granted, and both his parents' hearts turned to God, was ready to depart whenever it should please God to call him. At the end of the fourth year of the marquis's confinement, the small-pox broke out in the village, and the infection was brought to the castle; the marquis and Henri were both seized by the dreadful disease, and both died in consequence. Thus God, in his great mercy, removed them from this world of sin and sorrow into glory. After their deaths, the poor marchioness, hearing that the Waldenses had been driven from their happy valleys by the king, removed into a small house in the village near, where the governor supported and protected her till her dying day. She lived in the fear of God, and died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ; rejoicing in the hope of being restored to her beloved husband and children.—I shall give you in this place a little prayer, which Henri used for his father and mother, and which any child who is so unfortunate as to have any relations who do not fear God, may make use of in their behalf.

A Prayer to be used by a Child for unbelieving and ungodly Friends and Relations.

O Lord God Almighty! hear the prayer of a poor child, who comes before thee not in his own name, but

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in the name of that dear Saviour who died for him upon the cross. I come now, O Lord, in his dear name, to ask thee to have pity on my dear (*father, or mother, or brother, &c. &c.*) who is living without God, and who never thinks of his Saviour, and has no care about his soul. O Lord God Almighty! turn the heart of this my poor friend; turn his heart, and let him not die in sin. O Lord, how dreadful would it be if he should die and go to hell, there to live for ever in the lake of fire and brimstone! Oh! save him, save him from this dreadful place! Give him faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and wash him from his sins in the blood of the bleeding Lamb. He does not think of praying for himself: Oh, therefore, accept my prayers for him! And thou, O dear Saviour, plead for him that he may not be lost! I will come unto thee, O Father, again and again: I will call upon thee day after day, for this my poor friend, who lives in wickedness. O Almighty God, hearken unto my prayer; I beseech thee, hearken to it, for the sake of Him in whose name I come, even my beloved Saviour, thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ: to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXII.

Arise, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd, the soul undone!

See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow!

My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

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A STORY ON BESETTING SINS.

One Sunday, soon after the death of poor Miss Augusta Noble, Mrs. Fairchild having a bad cold, could not go to church with the rest of the family. When the children had come home from church, Mrs. Fairchild asked Lucy what the sermon was about.

"Mamma," said Lucy, taking her Bible out of her little basket, "I will show you the text: it is in Hebrews xii. 1: 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.'"

When Mrs. Fairchild had looked at the text, she said, "And do you remember any thing more of the sermon, Lucy?"

"Indeed, mamma," said Lucy, "I did not understand the sermon: it was all about besetting sins. What are they, mamma?"

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "that our hearts are all by nature wicked."

"O yes, mamma, I know that," answered Lucy.

"Do you recollect, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what things our Lord says naturally proceed out of man's heart?"

Lucy. Yes, mamma: 'From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murder, thefts, covetousness, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man.' Mark vii. 21–23.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "although our hearts are naturally inclined towards all kinds of sins which are named in these verses, yet every man is not inclined alike to every kind of sin."

"I don't quite understand you, mamma," said Lucy.

"Why," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "what I mean is this: that one man's evil heart tempts him particularly to one kind of sin, and another man's to another. One man, perhaps, is inclined to covetousness: another, to be drunken; another, to swear and blaspheme: another to lie and deceive; another, to be angry and cruel: and that sin which a man feels himself most inclined to is called his besetting sin."

"Oh! now I know what besetting sins mean," answered Lucy. "Has everybody a besetting sin, mamma?"

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"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "we all have, although we do not all know what they are; for Satan will, if possible, keep us from the knowledge of our own evil hearts."

"Have I a besetting sin, mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"What is it, mamma?" asked Lucy.

"Can you not tell what fault you fall into oftener than any other?" said Mrs. Fairchild.

Lucy considered a little, and then answered, She did not know.

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "although it is hard to judge any other person's heart, that your besetting sin is envy. I think I have often observed this fault in you. You were envious about Emily's doll, and about poor Miss Augusta Noble's fine house and clothes and servants, and about the muslin and riband I gave to Emily one day, and the strawberry your papa gave to Henry; and I have often thought you showed envy on other occasions."

Lucy looked grave when her mamma spoke, and the tears came into her eyes. "Mamma," she said, "I am a wicked girl: my heart is full of envy at times: but I pray that God would take this sin out of my heart; and I hate myself for it—you don't know how much, mamma."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Fairchild, kissing Lucy, "if you really grieve for your sins, and call in faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ, you will surely in God's good time be set free from them. And, oh! how happy shall we be when we have no longer any sinful passions to trouble us; when our hearts are filled with 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance!' Gal. v. 22, 23.—And now, my dear," added Mrs. Fairchild, "you know what is meant by the sin which doth so easily beset us, and you understand that every person has some one besetting sin."

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy; "and you have told me what my own besetting sin is, and I feel that you have found out the right one. But, mamma, you said that many people do not know their own besetting sins."

"No persons know their sins, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "but those who have received the Spirit of God. It is the work of the Spirit to search our evil hearts, and convince us of our wickedness; but irreligious people do not know their hearts, and have no idea of

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their besetting sins: indeed, they would laugh if you were to speak of such things before them."

While Mrs. Fairchild was speaking these last words, they heard the dinner-bell ring; so they broke off their discourse, and went down stairs. While Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and all the family were sitting at dinner, they saw through the window a man on horseback, carrying a large basket, ride up to the door. Mr. Fairchild sent John out to see who this person was; and John presently returned with a letter, and a haunch of venison packed in a basket. "Sir," said John, "the man says that he is one Mr. Crosbie's servant, of London; and that he has brought you a letter, with his master's compliments, and also a haunch of venison."

"Mr. Crosbie's servant!" said Mr. Fairchild, taking the letter and reading it aloud, as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Fairchild,

"I and my wife, and my sister Miss Crosbie, and my daughter Betty, have been taking a journey for our health this summer. We left London three months ago, and have been down as far as Yorkshire. We are now returning home, and have turned a little out of our way to see you, as it is as much as twelve years since we met; so you may look for us, no accident happening, to-morrow a little before two. We hope to dine with you, and to go on in the evening to the next town, for our time is short. I have sent a fine haunch of venison, which I bought yesterday from the inn-keeper where we slept: it will be just fit for dressing to-morrow; so I shall be obliged to Mrs. Fairchild to order her cook to roast it by two o'clock, which is my dinner hour. My man Thomas, who brings this letter, will tell the cook how I like to have my venison dressed: and he brings a pot of currant jelly, to make sauce, in case you should have none by you; though I dare say this precaution is not necessary, as Mrs. Fairchild, no doubt, has all these things by her. I am not particular about my eating; but I should be obliged to you if you would have the venison ready by two o'clock, and let Thomas direct your cook. My wife and sister and daughter Betty, send best compliments to our old friend Mrs. Fairchild; and hoping we shall meet in health to-morrow,

"I remain, dear Mr. Fairchild, your old friend,

"OBADIAH CROSBIE.

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"P.S. You will find the haunch excellent: we dined upon the neck yesterday, and it was the best I ever tasted."

When Mr Fairchild had finished the letter, he smiled and said, "I shall be very glad to see our old friends; but I am sorry poor Mr. Crosbie still thinks so much about eating. It was always his besetting sin, and it seems to have grown stronger upon him as he has got older."

"Who is Mr. Crosbie, papa?" said Lucy.

"Mr. Crosbie, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "lives in London. He has a large fortune, which he got in trade. He has given up business for some years, and now lives upon his fortune. When your mamma and I were in London twelve years ago, we were at Mr. Crosbie's house, where we were very kindly treated: therefore we must do the best we can to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie kindly, and to make them as comfortable as possible."

When John went to church that same evening, Mr Fairchild desired him to tell nurse to come the next day to help Betty, for nurse was a very good cook: and the next morning Mrs. Fairchild prepared every thing to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, and Mr. Fairchild invited Mr. Somers to meet them at dinner. When the clock struck one, Mrs. Fairchild dressed herself and the children, and then went into a little tea-room, the window of which opened upon a small grass-plat, surrounded by rose bushes and other flowering shrubs. Mr. Somers came in a little before two, and sat with Mrs. Fairchild.

When the clock struck two, Mr. Crosbie's family were not come, and Mr. Fairchild sent Henry to the garden-gate to look if he could see the carriage at a distance. When Henry returned, he said that he could see the carriage, but it was still a good way off. "I am afraid the venison will be over-roasted," said Mrs. Fairchild, smiling. Henry soon after went again to the gate, and got there just in time to open it wide for Mr. Crosbie's carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild ran out to receive their friends.

"I am glad to see you once again," said Mr. Crosbie, as he stepped out of the coach, followed by Mrs. Crosbie, Miss Crosbie, Miss Betty, and Mrs. Crosbie's maid.

Mr. Crosbie was a very fat man, with a red face; but he looked good-humoured, and had in his younger days been handsome. Mrs. Crosbie was a little thin woman,

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and there was nothing in her appearance which pleased Emily and Lucy, though she spoke civilly to them. Miss Crosbie was as old as her brother, but she did not look so, for her face was painted red and white: and she and Miss Betty had sky-blue hats and tippets, with white feathers, which Lucy and Emily thought very beautiful.

"Have you any company, Mrs. Fairchild?" said Miss Crosbie, as Mrs. Fairchild was leading them into the parlour.

"Only one gentleman, Mr. Somers, our rector," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Oh! then I must not appear in this gown! and my hair too is all rough!" said Miss Crosbie: "I must put on another gown: I am quite frightful to look at!"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fairchild, "your dress is very nice: there is no need to trouble yourself to alter it."

"Oh, sister!" said Mrs. Crosbie, "don't think of changing your dress: Mrs. Fairchild's dinner is ready, I dare say."

Miss Crosbie would not be persuaded, but calling the maid to attend her, ran up stairs to change her dress; and Mrs. Fairchild sent Lucy after her. The rest of the company then went into the tea-room, where they sat round the window, and Mr. Crosbie said, "What a pretty place you have here, Mr. Fairchild; and a good wife, as I well know—and these pretty children! You ought to be a happy man."

"And so I am, thank God," said Mr. Fairchild, "as happy as any man in the world."

"I should have been with you an hour ago," said Mr. Crosbie, "that I might have walked over your garden before dinner, but for my wife there."

"What of your wife there?" said Mrs. Crosbie, turning sharply towards him. "Now mind, Mr. Crosbie, if the venison is over-roasted, don't say it is my fault."

Mr. Crosbie took out his watch: "It is now twenty-five minutes past two: the venison has been down at the fire twenty-five minutes longer than it should have been. And did you not keep us an hour waiting, this morning, at the inn where we slept, while you quarrelled with the inn-keeper and his wife?"

Mrs. Crosbie answered; "You are always giving people to understand that I am ill-tempered, Mr. Crosbie; which I think is very unhandsome of you, Mr. Crosbie. There is not another person in the world who thinks me ill-tempered but you. Ask Thomas or my maid

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what they know of my temper; and ask your sister, who has lived with me long enough."

"Why don't you ask me what I think of it, mamma?" said Miss Betty, pertly.

"Hold your tongue, miss!" said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Must not I speak?" said Miss Betty, in a low voice, but loud enough for her mamma to hear her.

When Miss Betty first came in, Emily admired her very much: for, besides her sky-blue hat and feather, she had blue satin shoes, and a very large pair of gold earrings: but when she heard her speak so boldly to her mamma, she did not like her so much. By this time John came to tell the company that dinner was on the table; and Mr. Crosbie got up, saying, "The venison smells well—exceeding well!"

"But where is Miss Crosbie?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

"Oh, my aunt thought herself not smart enough to show herself before Mr. Somers," said Miss Betsey, pertly.

"Be silent, miss," said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Don't wait for her, then," said Mr. Crosbie: "let us go in to dinner. My sister loves a little finery; she would rather lose her dinner than not be dressed smart: I never wait for her at any meal.—Come, come! Ladies, lead the way: I am very hungry."

So Mrs. Fairchild sent Emily to tell Miss Crosbie that dinner was ready; and the rest of the company sat down to table.

"Mrs. Crosbie," said Mr. Crosbie, looking at the venison, and then at his wife, "the venison is too much roasted; I told you it would be so."

"What! finding fault with me again, Mr. Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie. "Do you hear Mr. Fairchild finding fault with his wife in this manner!"

"Perhaps the venison is better than you think, Mr. Crosbie," said Mr. Somers; "let me help you to some. Mr. Fairchild, I know, is not fond of carving."

Mr. Crosbie thanked Mr. Somers; and Mr. Somers had just begun to cut the venison, when Mr. Crosbie called out, as if in agony, "Oh! Mr. Somers! you will spoil the venison! you must not cut it in that way upon any account! Do put the haunch by me, and let me help myself."

"What confusion you are making in the table, Mr.

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Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie; "you are putting every dish out of its place! Surely Mr. Somers knows how to carve as well as you do."

"But papa is afraid Mr. Somers won't give him all the nice bits," said Miss Betsey.

"Learn to be silent, miss!" said Mr. Crosbie.

Miss Betsey was going to answer her papa, when Miss Crosbie came into the room, newly dressed, in a very elegant manner. She came smiling in, followed by Lucy and Emily, who went to sit at a small table with Henry.

"Sister," said Mrs. Crosbie, "where was the need of your dressing again? If we had waited for you, the dinner would have been spoiled."

"But we did not wait for Miss Crosbie; so there was no harm done," said Mr. Fairchild, smiling.

"My aunt would not lose an opportunity of showing her new-fashioned gown for the world!" said Miss Betsey.

"Indeed, niece," answered Miss Crosbie, "I do not know why you should say that I am fond of showing my clothes; I wish to be neat and clean; but no person cares less than I do about fashions and finery."

"La!" said Miss Betsey, whispering to Mrs. Fairchild, "hear my aunt: she says she does not care about finery! That's like mamma saying how good-natured she is!"

"Fie, fie, Miss Betsey!" said Mrs. Fairchild, speaking low: "you forget your respect to your elders."

Miss Betsey coloured, and stared at Mrs. Fairchild. She had not been used to be found fault with; for she was spoiled by both her parents; and she felt quite angry. "Indeed," she said, "I never was thought disrespectful to any one before. Can't I see people's faults? can't I see that mamma is cross, and my aunt fond of fine clothes, and that papa loves eating?"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Fairchild, in a low voice; "your papa and mamma will hear you."

"And I don't care if they do," said Miss Betsey: "they know what I think."

"What's that you are saying there, Miss Betsey?" said Mr. Crosbie.

"Oh, don't ask, brother," said Miss Crosbie: "I know it is something saucy, by my niece's looks."

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"And why should you suppose I am saying any thing saucy, aunt?" said Miss Betsey; "I am sure you are not accustomed to hear me say saucy things."

"Miss! miss! be quiet!" said Mrs. Crosbie; for she was afraid Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild would think her daughter ill-behaved.

"What, mamma!" answered Miss Betsey, "am I to sit quietly, and hear my aunt find fault with me before company—and for being impertinent, too—to my elders; as if I were a mere child?"

"Well, well—enough!" said Mr. Crosbie.—"What is that pie, Mrs. Fairchild, in the middle of the table? I must have some, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not sorry when dinner was over; and Mrs. Crosbie proposed that Mrs. Fairchild should show her the garden. Accordingly, the ladies and children got up, and left the gentlemen together; for Mr. Crosbie never stirred for some time after dinner. When Mrs. Crosbie had got into the garden, and had looked about her, she said, "Ah, Mrs. Fairchild! how happy you are! Such a pretty house and garden—such a kind husband—such good children!" Then she sighed, and gave Mrs. Fairchild to understand that she was not so happy herself. Mrs. Fairchild then took occasion to point out to Mrs. Crosbie that no family could be happy in which the fear of God is not the ruling principle. "All men and all women," said she, "have some particular humours and tempers. We have all some besetting sin naturally, which makes us uncomfortable to ourselves and disagreeable to those with whom we live: but when God is with us, we have power given us, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to overcome our selfish tempers in a great degree; and then we become happier in our own minds and more agreeable to our friends."

Mrs. Crosbie did not seem offended at what Mrs. Fairchild said; so Mrs. Fairchild ventured to talk a little more plainly to her about religion; and pointed out to her, that when we find ourselves unhappy, by reason of our own faults or those of our family, we must apply by prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised to help all those who call upon him.

After tea Mr. Crosbie and his family took their leave, and went off to the next inn upon the London road, where they were to sleep; for Mr. Crosbie was in haste to be at home, and would not stay, although Mr. and

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Mrs. Fairchild begged that they would, at least till the next day. When they were gone, Mr. Fairchild and Henry took a walk towards the village with Mr. Somers, while the little girls remained at home with their mamma.

"Dear Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, as soon as she was alone with her little girls, "do you remember what we were speaking about yesterday, before Mr. Crosbie's letter came?"

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy: "we were speaking of besetting sins, and you said that everybody has a besetting sin, and you told me what you believed mine to be."

"True, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "I told you, that without the help of the Holy Spirit of God, very few people know what their own besetting sins are. You had an opportunity to-day of observing this: every individual of our friend Mr. Crosbie's family has a very strong besetting sin: Mr. Crosbie loves eating; Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered: Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery; and Miss Betsey is very pert and forward. We can see these faults in them, and they can see them in each other; but it is plain they do not see them in themselves. Mr. Crosbie said several times, that he was not at all particular about what he ate or drank; Mrs. Crosbie said that there was not a person in the world who thought her ill-tempered but her husband; Miss Crosbie said that nobody in the world cared less for finery than she did; and Miss Betsey was quite offended when she was told she was not respectful in her manners to her elders."

"Oh, yes!" said Emily: "she said, 'I am not saucy: of all faults, sauciness is not one of my faults, I am sure;' and I thought all the time she looked as saucy and impertinent as possible."

"And how Mr. Crosbie did eat!" said Lucy: "he ate half the haunch of venison! And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie; and then he ate apple-tart and custard; and then—"

"Well! well! you have said enough, Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, interrupting her. "I do not speak of our poor friends' faults out of malice, or for the sake of making a mockery of them; but to show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin, without being at all conscious of it, and, perhaps,

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thinking themselves very good all the time. We are all quick enough, my dear Emily and Lucy, in finding out other people's faults: but, as I said before, without the Spirit of God, we none of us know our own faults. The Spirit of God is called the Searcher of hearts. By the Spirit of God we know that we are sinners, and we find that our hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

"Mamma," said Lucy, "do you know any prayer about besetting sins?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "I have one in my own book of prayers; and I will copy it out for you, with a hymn on the same subject, to-morrow morning."

So Mrs. Fairchild broke off her discourse with her little girls, and bade them go and play a little before bedtime.

The prayer which Mrs. Fairchild gave to her little girls was called, "A prayer that God would show us our Besetting Sins, and give us Power, by the Help of his Spirit, to resist them;" and was as follows:—

The Prayer.

O Lord God Almighty! thou Glorious and Holy Trinity, three Persons in one God! I, a poor sinful child (trusting in the merits of my dear Saviour, for whose sake thou hast promised to answer prayer), am come to beg of thee to make me acquainted with the sins of my heart; to the end that, knowing myself, I may hate myself and love thee. Make me, O dear Lord, by thy Holy Spirit, to know what my besetting sin is. I know that every child of Adam has some one besetting sin: some are most strongly inclined to pride; some to cruelty; some to anger; some to vanity and conceit; some to pragmatical talkativeness; some to evil thoughts; some to stealing: every one has his besetment. O Lord, open my eyes by thy Holy Spirit, and make me to know what mine is, that I may be humble, and may know that I have need to call for help from God. O Father! holy Father! teach me to know myself: show unto me all the dark corners of my wicked heart, for my dear Saviour's sake; for the sake of Him who bled and died for me. Hear my prayer, Almighty God; and grant me thy Holy Spirit, to save me from the power of my besetting sins.

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Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXIII.

O for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of Rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

STORY ON LOVE TO OUR PARENTS;

OR, A VISIT TO MARY BUSH.

Not very long after the death of poor Miss Augusta Noble a note came from Sir Charles and Lady Noble, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild to dinner the next day; but not mentioning the children, as they used to do, when they sent their invitations.

"Poor Lady Noble!" said Mr. Fairchild; "I wish we could give her any comfort! but, God being willing, we will certainly go."

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The next day, when Sir Charles's carriage came for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, they kissed the children, and told them, "when they had dined, they might, if they pleased, go with Betty to see old Mary Bush." Mary Bush was one of the old women who lived at the end of the coppice; and being a pious woman, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not afraid of trusting their children with her. The children were very much pleased, and made haste to get their dinner: after which Lucy packed up a little tea and sugar, which her mamma had given her, in a basket; and the little girls, having put on their bonnets and tippets, went into the kitchen to see if Betty was ready. Betty was tying up a small loaf and a pot of butter in a clean napkin; and she had put some nice cream into a small bottle, for which John was cutting a cork.

"Betty, are you ready?" said Henry: "Lucy has got the tea and sugar, and Emily has got miss dolly, and I have got my hat and stick. So come, Betty, come!"

"But who is to milk the cow?" said John, pretending to look grave: "Betty must stay to milk the cow at five o'clock."

"No, John!" said the children, all gathering round him: "good John, will you be so kind as to milk the cow, and let Betty go?"

"Well, I will see about it," said John, putting the cork into the cream-bottle.

"There's a good John!" said Emily.

"I love you, John!" said Henry. "And now Betty, come! make haste away."

So the children set out; and they went out across the garden to a little wicket-gate, which Mr. Fairchild had opened towards the coppice, and came into Henry's favourite Sunday walk. The green trees arched over their heads; and on each side the pathway was a mossy bank, out of which sprang such kinds of flowers as love shady places—such as the wood-anemone and wild vetch: thrushes and blackbirds were singing sweetly among the branches of the trees.

"This is my walk," said Henry; "and I say it is the prettiest in the country."

"No, Henry," said Emily, "it is not so pretty as the walk to the hut at the top of the hill; for there you can look all over the coppice, and see the birds flying over the tops of the trees."

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"Sister," said Lucy, "now you shall carry my basket, and I will have the doll a little."

"With all my heart," said Emily.

"Why don't you give miss to me?" said Henry.

"Oh, yes!" said Emily: "did not I give her to you one day; and did you not hang her upon a tree in the garden, with a bit of string round her neck, and say she was a thief!"

"Lucy," said Henry, "let us have a race to that tree which is fallen down over the path."

So away they ran; and when they got to the tree they sat down upon the trunk till Betty came up with Emily. On one side of the fallen tree was a place where the wood had been cut away, and the woodmen had made themselves a little hut, which they had now left empty. Round this hut were scattered many dry sticks and chips.

"Master Henry," said Betty, "here are some nice sticks, let us gather a few together; they will do to make a fire to boil Mary Bush's kettle."

"Oh, yes, Betty!" answered the children: and they set to work, and soon gathered a great many sticks; and Betty tied them together with a piece of packthread which Henry pulled out of his pocket: then Betty took off her bonnet, and placed the bundle upon her head. They went on to Mary Bush's. The children wanted to help to carry the sticks; but Betty would not let them, saying, they were too heavy for them.

"But we can carry the bread and butter," said Lucy. so Betty allowed them to do it.

When they had walked a little farther they came in sight of Mary Bush's house, down in a kind of little valley, or dingle, deeply shaded with trees. In the very deepest part of the dingle was a stream of water falling from a rock. The light from above fell upon the water as it flowed, and made it glitter and shine very beautifully among the shady trees. This was the same stream which took its course through the Primrose Meadow, and on towards the village, and so on to Brookside Cottage, where nurse lived—a clear and beautiful stream as could be.

Mary Bush's cottage was so large, that, after the death of her husband, she had let half of it to one Goodman Grey; who lived in it, with his old wife Margery, and cultivated the garden, which was a very good one.

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John Trueman's wife was Mary Bush's eldest daughter; and Joan, nurse's son's wife, her youngest; and it was said of them, that there were not two better wives and mothers in the parish; so Mary Bush was very happy in her children.

When the children and Betty came up to the cottage, they found Mary Bush spinning at the door.

"We are come to drink tea with you, Mary," said Lucy.

"And we have brought bread and butter, and tea and cream with us," said Emily.

"And a bundle of sticks," added Henry, "to boil the kettle."

"Welcome, welcome, my little loves!" said old Mary, as she got up and set her spinning wheel on one side: "Come in, little dears!"

Mary had but one room, and a little pantry, but it was a very neat room: there was a bed in one corner, covered with a clean linen quilt; there was also a nice oaken dresser, a clock, two arm-chairs, two three-legged stools, a small round table, a corner cupboard, and some shelves for plates and dishes. The fire-place and all about it was always very neat and clean, and in winter you would probably see a small bright fire on the hearth.

"How does the cat do?" said Henry, looking about for Mary Bush's cat.

"Oh! here she is, Henry!" said Emily, screaming with joy, "in this basket, under the dresser, with two such beautiful tortoise-shell kittens! Do look, Lucy, do look, Henry!"

"Miss Lucy," said old Mary, "would you like to have one of the kittens when it is big enough to leave its mother?"

"Oh, yes! yes! and thank you, Mary," answered Lucy, "if mamma pleases."

When the children had looked at the kittens and kissed them, they went to visit Margery Grey, and to talk to old Goodman Grey, who was working in the garden, while Betty, in the mean time, and old Mary Bush set out the tea-cups, and set the kettle to boil for tea. When the tea was ready, Betty called the children, and they would make Margery Grey come and drink tea with them. Henry would have the old man come too.

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"No, master," said the old man; "I know my place better."

"Well, then," said Lucy, "I will send you a nice dish of tea and some bread and butter into the garden."

I wish you could have seen them all drinking tea at the door of the cottage, round the little table; the two old women sitting in the arm-chairs, for Lucy would have them do so. She did not despise them because they were poor Betty making tea, and the three children sitting on stools:—and how pleased and happy they were.

When they had almost satisfied their hunger, they fell into the following discourse:—

"My dear young ones," said Mary Bush, "you are blessed above many children in your parents! May God give you a heart to be dutiful to them, while they are spared to you; for the time will come, when these dear parents will be taken from you, and then you wil remember, with bitter sorrow, every little act of unduti fulness and want of respect which you may have been guilty of towards them."

"True, true," said Betty; "we do not know the value of our parents till we are parted from them. I am sure I have often thought so since my poor mother died; and since I have been at service, and have left my father! To be sure he wants for nothing I could do for him, having two of my sisters with him; but then I often think I might have behaved better to him while I was with him."

"Your words," said Margery Grey, "bring to my mind a verse from the Bible, which I worked on my sampler at school:—'My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him; and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength. For the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten: and instead of sins, it shall be added to build thee up. In the day of thy affliction it shall be remembered; thy sins also shall melt away as the ice in the fair warm weather.' Eccles. iii. 12–15. I have often looked for the verse, and so has my good man; but we never could find it."

"If you do not happen to remember that that verse is in the Apocrypha, Margery," said Mary Bush, "you may look for it in vain. The Apocrypha is in my old Bible, and I will show you the verse, God being willing, to-mor-

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row. It is a pretty verse, and the words of it have often cut me to the heart, bringing to my mind my behaviour to my own poor mother!"

"Did not you behave well to your mother, Mary?" said Lucy.

"There was nothing in my behaviour particularly bad, miss," answered Mary; "many and many children behave as bad, and many worse: but still my behaviour, such as it was, has often cut me to the heart to think of; ay, and still continues to do so to this day. Disobedience to parents, my dear miss, is one of those sins to which man's vile heart is naturally inclined; just as it is inclined to murder, covetousness, and hatred to God."

"Do, Mary," said Lucy, "tell us about your mother, and how you behaved to her."

"I have nothing worth telling, miss, in my life," said Mary; "but such as I have to state you shall hear."

MARY BUSH'S STORY.

"I was born," said Mary Bush, "in this very cottage, and have lived here all my life, saving only six years, when I lived servant at one Farmer Harris's of Hill-top farm, about ten miles from here. My father was a woodman, and lived by cutting wood in this coppice. This house and garden were his, and had been in the family time out of mind. My father and mother were pretty far in years when they were married, and I was their only child. I remember very little of my father; he died when I was only six years old, being killed in felling a large tree at the back of the coppice. After his death, my mother let that part of the house in which Margery and her husband now live, and the garden, to one John Stinton, who paid her fifty shillings a year for the same. Stinton was a hard-working man, and civil enough; but he had a large ill-managed family, and his wife, though industrious and clean, was an ungodly woman. John Stinton had two girls, Fanny and Dolly, about my age: but these girls were living with their grandmother when John first took the cottage, and did not come home till after their grandmother's death, which happened when I was about eleven years old.

"My mother kept for herself the little room in which I now live, and a little corner of the garden for pot-herbs. She was allowed by the lord of the manor to pick sticks

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out of the coppice for her fire, and she made a little money by spinning lambs' wool, and making it into stockings: so that with the fifty shillings she received yearly from John Stinton, she made a very comfortable livelihood. She was as good and quiet a woman as ever lived; a little thin body; I think I see her now, with her brown every-day gown and her blue apron, and white mob cap, and her spectacles at the top of her nose. She was one who always had lived in the fear of God, and gloried in the cross of Christ, and was withal of a very sweet and even temper; so that, perhaps, a better wife and mother had never lived. For a poor woman, she was an excellent reader; such a Bible-scholar there was not then in the parish, excepting Mr. Best, our old rector, and he was a wonderful man at the Scriptures. God bless his memory!

"So my poor mother and I lived together in this little room: she taught me to read, to spin, to knit, and to sew; she made me help to weed her little garden of potherbs, and to clean our room; and it was also my work to gather wood for the fire, and, as I got older, to fetch lambs' wool from the farmers and flour from the mill; so that my time was fully employed, and passed very happily, till John Stinton's two girls came home. As soon as my mother saw them, she feared that they were not fit company for me, and she forbade me ever to play with them; giving me as a reason, that she much doubted that they had not been brought up in a God-fearing manner; and so, 'Polly, darling,' she said, 'mind you don't go near them when I am not with you.' Polly darling was what my poor dear mother always called me," added Mary Bush.

"I dare say she loved you very much," said Emily.

"Ah, poor body! better than I loved her then; for I was a sinful child!" answered Mary Bush. And now to go on with my story:

"I promised her very fair that I would make no acquaintance with the two girls, and I meant at that time to keep my word; but the next day, when I was going to pick sticks in the coppice, they followed me and asked me to play with them. I might have said No; but I did not. I played with them a long time; and when I thought my mother would be expecting me, and I had gathered no sticks to take to her, I began to think what excuse I should make; and I said to Dolly Stin-

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ton, 'What must I do? my mother sent me to pick sticks, and the time has come when I must go home, and I have no sticks!'—'Oh!' said Dolly, 'if you will go down to the back of the coppice—it's not a hundred yards from this place—you will find plenty of sticks, which the woodmen have cut, and put together ready to carry away; and the woodmen are not there to-day.'—'Oh! but my mother,' said I, 'has forbidden me to take the sticks from the woodmen's heap; she says it is stealing. I am only to pick up the sticks that are scattered here and there about the coppice.'—'Oh!' said Fanny Stinton, 'what nonsense! Come, come; I'll run and fetch you a bundle of sticks in five minutes; you need not care where they come from, so that you have them to take home.'—So off she ran to the woodman's heap of fagots and loose sticks, and soon brought me a large bundle which I carried home. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the sticks; and I felt that my mother's fears were too true, and that these girls were not God-fearing girls; nevertheless I carried these sticks home, and hid what had passed from my good parent and best friend, to whom I ought to have told every thing.

"When I got home I found my mother kneading a little cake, which she was going to bake upon the hearth. 'Polly, my darling!' she said, 'you had but a poorish dinner to-day; so I am making you a little cake. And Parson Best's Nancy has called in with a drop of cream and pot of butter; so we will have a little tea to-night.' So my poor dear mother made some tea, and got the cake ready; and we sat down together to partake of it.

"And how do you think I felt, my dear young ones, when she spoke kindly to me; saying, in her way, 'Polly, my darling! how do you like the cake? Is it nice, my child?'"

"Not very happy, I should think," said Lucy.

"No, indeed, miss," continued Mary Bush: "I did not feel happy, for I knew that I had done wrong; nevertheless, the next day I played again with these bad girls, and the next day after; till at last I got so fond of their company, that I used to slip out even from my work to play with them. It was easy enough to hide ourselves, when we were playing, from my mother; neither was there anybody to tell her what I did—this being a very solitary place.

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"My mother used often to miss me; and then she would go out into the garden, or towards the coppice, or towards the brook, calling, 'Polly, my darling! Polly, my darling! where are you?' But I would always find some excuse for having been away; and she, not suspecting me of any concealed wickedness, would believe all I said. She used to go, poor dear body! with her spectacles on her nose, looking for me; and when my wicked companions saw her coming, they used to say, 'Run, run, Mary! here come the spectacles! now it will be—Polly, my darling! where are you?'—Oh!" said Mary Bush, wiping away some tears from her eyes, "the remembrance of these things cuts me to the heart even to this day: I cannot think of it without bitter grief.

"In this wicked manner I went on for about two years or more," continued Mary; "slipping out of my mother's sight on all occasions, and doing as little for her as I possibly could; for my heart was altogether given to my companions, and not to helping my poor mother. At the end of two years my mother's health began to fail; she became thinner and weaker, and could not spin and knit so much as in times past. For some weeks she found great difficulty in going to church, and at last was forced to give it quite up. But I never noticed the change in my poor mother till Parson Best's Nancy called in one Sunday evening, and then told me that she feared my mother was not long for this world. I was startled and grieved when I heard what she said; but the very next day I ran out as usual to waste my time with John Stinton's daughters. That very week, I think it was on the Saturday evening (my mother having been poorly all day), she said to me, 'Polly, my darling! it is a warm afternoon; I think it would do me good to take a little fresh air; give me my stick, and your arm, my child: we will take a walk under the coppice.—Perhaps I may never walk with you again, my child,' she said, as we went out of the door; we have had many pleasant walks together.'—'Mother, don't talk so,' I said. 'Ah, my child,' she answered. 'God's will must be done!

"There is a very lovely pathway," continued Mary Bush, "on the west of the coppice, just facing the setting sun. I don't suppose you ever were in it, for it is very solitary. There we walked; and my mother be-

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ing feeble and weary, we sat some time to rest her on the bank under the coppice. There we could see the meadows and corn-fields stretching far before us, as far as Hill-top village and farm. The sun, I remember, was just setting behind the trees at the top of the hill. My poor mother looked that way: then turning to me, 'My child,' she said (I shall remember her words to my dying day), 'that sun which is now going down will rise again to-morrow; but I shall soon go into the grave, and you will see me no more in this world! but the dear Saviour in whom I have always trusted, will go down with this corrupt body into the grave (as God went down with Israel into Egypt), and I know that he will raise me in the last day, all glorious and beautiful, and without spot or blemish of sin. 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Job xix. 25, 26. I do not trust, my child,' added my dear mother, 'in any thing I have myself done; I know that I am a miserable sinner, and that there hath not been a thought of my heart, or deed of my hands, from my earliest youth till now, free from the stain of sin; but he that is all fair hath washed me from my corruptions, and purified me with his own blood, and I shall at the last day awake in his likeness; therefore, my child, I am willing, and even glad to depart; for I shall die very soon; and I have prayed to God to take charge of thee, my darling, my dear and only child: and I know that God has heard my prayer.'—She then gave me some advice concerning my behaviour when she was no more; the purport of which was, that I was to look to my Saviour for help and direction on all occasions, as I had been accustomed to look to her.

"In this manner my beloved mother talked to me till the sun was set, and then we walked slowly home. As we walked under the coppice, she pointed with her stick to some pretty wild flowers growing under the hedge. 'How lovely these flowers are, my darling child!' she said. 'If God adorns this sinful world with such beauties, what think you, my dear, will the flowers be like in that world to which I am going!'"

"Did you not cry when you heard her talk so?" said Lucy.

"Yes, indeed I did," said Mary Bush; "for, added to

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the trouble I must have in parting with so dear a mother, all my ill behaviour towards her stared me in the face, and filled me full of grief. Every thing my dear mother did that evening I remember as if it was but yesterday. She caused me to make tea for her, and to read the Bible to her as she sat in her arm-chair, and seemed pleased with every thing I did, often smiling at me; yet once she had tears in her eyes when she looked at me. She called, after tea, for a lamb's-wool stocking which she had been knitting, and tried to do a little; but she dropped several stitches, and then putting it down, 'I have done my last work,' she said; 'I shall do no more.' She then bade me read to her, from one of the gospels (I forget which), the account of our Saviour's death. She looked hard at me several times while I was reading; after which we went to prayers; the words of her prayer I don't well remember; but I know that she wiped her eyes several times while she prayed, and yet seemed to be full of joy and thankfulness, calling upon her Saviour, and praising and thanking him for that blessed gift of his Holy Spirit, by which her vile heart had been prepared for heaven.

While the name of her dear Saviour was yet on her lips, she turned pale, and was near falling to the ground. I hastened to her, and lifted her up as well as I could. 'Help me to my bed, my dear one,' she said. I did, with some difficulty. I took off some of her clothes, and laid her head on the pillow. She was dying then, but I did not know it; she was so quiet, and seemed so easy, that I supposed she was going to sleep; and I put out the candle, and came to bed. I remember hearing her slow and solemn breathing, as I was falling asleep by her side; but I had never seen a dying person, and did not know this awful sign of death. In the morning, when I awoke, I found my mother a corpse; she was gone to the dear Saviour who had died for her, and the time was past in which I could make up to this dear parent for my undutiful and deceitful behaviour. As soon as I found that my dear mother was dead, I screamed so loud that John Stinton came running in with all his family.

"I will not make my tale too long by speaking much of my grief, and of the tears I shed over my dear mother. Oh! what would I now have given to call back one of those hours which I might have spent with this

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dear mother, and which I had wasted in the company of those naughty girls! My mother was soon to be quite removed from my sight, and I was never to hear her kind words again. She was buried on the fourth evening after her death; and all her goods and clothes were locked up, by order of Parson Best, in the little room I now use for a pantry; and I was placed in the family of John Stinton, who promised Parson Best that I should be used well.

"And now my punishment came upon me; now I learned, to my sore grief, that I had indeed lost a friend. As soon as I was well fixed under the charge of Mrs. Stinton, she made me know that there was to be a great difference made between me and her two girls. She made me fetch all the wood for the family, and Dolly and Fanny never offered to help me. She made me spin a certain quantity of woollen yarn every day, more than I could do without standing to it, late and early, at every moment which I could spare from scouring, and cooking, and cleaning the house. I was no longer thought a proper companion for Fanny and Dolly, who used to be so fond of my company. I had the coarsest bits given me at every meal, and never knew what it was to have a kind word said to me, excepting by John Stinton himself, who would sometimes take my part when he came in from work; but I only got the worse used for this when his back was turned. 'What! I suppose,' Mrs. Stinton would say, 'you expect to get on with me as you did with your old doting mother, do you, miss! But I'll teach you another lesson; I can see without spectacles; you can't hide yourself from me. It is no longer—Polly my darling! I know your tricks, you sly hussy, how you served the old body, and I'll pay you for them.'—I once ventured to tell her, that I had no tricks till her daughters taught them to me; but this only got me a severe beating, and set Fanny and Dolly more against me. The only peaceful time I knew from week's end to week's end, was when the family were at church on Sunday, and I was left to keep the house; for Mrs. Stinton always found some excuse to the neighbours for my not going to church: then I used to indulge myself in crying, and going about to every place where I remembered to have seen my dear mother sit, or stand, or walk. Sometimes I would call to her as if she could hear me, crying, Oh! come back, come back, come back.

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beloved mother! And this I have done till the echo, which is at the corner of the rock where the brook falls, has returned the sound, 'Oh! come back, come back, come back, beloved mother!'

"In this manner I went on, grieving and seeming to be past comfort, till the Spirit of God (I am sure it was the Spirit of God) brought my mother's last advice into my mind, which was, that I was to look to my Saviour for help and direction on all occasions, as I had been accustomed to look to her. I was led by these words to seek my Saviour in prayer, and from that time I felt comfort. I was made sensible that I had deserved all the troubles I then endured, and ten thousand times greater, as the due punishment of my sins: thus my God humbled me, and brought me to endure with patience my unhappy situation.

"I had lived in John Stinton's family nearly three years, enduring all manner of hardship and ill usage," added Mary Bush; "but growing, I trust, through affliction, in the knowledge of God: when one Sunday afternoon, in the pleasant month of August, while the family were at church, I walked with my Bible in my hand to the place where I had last walked with my mother, and sat down in the very place under the hedge where I had sat with her. There, while I sat thinking upon the days that were gone, I saw a young man coming over the fields from Hill-top way. When he came pretty near the place where I sat, I got up, and turned towards the house: but he walking briskly after me, asked me if I could tell him where one Mary Bush lived; for, said he, I am her father's brother's son, and am just come to live plough-boy at Farmer Harris's, of Hill-top. When I told him that I was the very Mary Bush he sought, he took me kindly by the hand, and our meeting was like that of Rachel and Jacob in ancient story. Neither did we love each other less; for he afterward became my husband, and came to live with me in this cottage; nor was there ever a kinder husband, or one who died more blessed.

"I was glad to see my cousin, whom I had often heard of, but had never seen before. When I told him that I was not happy, he promised to do what he could for me; and soon got me a place at Farmer Harris's. I lived there six years: my business was to take care of the

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children. I had a good place, and a kind mistress; so that I blessed God every day for the happy change.

"When John Stinton's time was out in the cottage, I married my cousin, Thomas Bush, and we came to live here; and here have I lived ever since, and hope to do so, till it pleases God to remove me to a fairer habitation, 'where the Lamb will feed me, and will lead me unto living fountains of waters: and God will wipe away all tears from my eyes.'" Rev. vii. 17.

When Mary Bush had finished her story, Lucy and Emily wiped some tears from their eyes; and Henry said, "Take us, Mary, to the place where the echo is, that I may think how you stood and called for your mother Oh! how lonely you must have felt, when you called, and called, and nothing answered but the echo!"

Mary Bush then led the children to the place where the echo was: it was caused by the windings of the hill, which returned the voice of any one that spoke, or any other sound. The children soon perceived the echo; for there was a woodman at work at some distance in the coppice, and the echo repeated the sound of the strokes of the hatchet almost as plainly as the first sound.

It was time now to return home; and the children took leave of Mary Bush, and Goodman and Margery Grey. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not returned when they got home. John gave each of them a bunch of cherries, and they went up stairs to bed; but before Henry parted from his sisters they all knelt down to pray that God would give them hearts to behave well to their dear parents. Their prayer was a very pretty one, and I shall put it down here, with the hymn they sang.

A Prayer for a Child that God would give him Grace to behave well to his Parents.

O Almighty God! thou who, for thy dear Son, the blessed Lord Jesus Christ's sake, hearest the prayers of all such as come to thee in his name; hearken, I humbly pray thee, to the prayer of a sinful child, who is now come before thee, to beg of thee help that he may behave dutifully and kindly to his dear parents and teachers. Oh! to this end, dear Lord God, send thy Spirit into my

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heart, that I may be dutiful to them, obeying all their lawful commands, and striving in all things to please them! not shunning their company, as my sinful heart would have me to do, but taking delight in being with them, and attending upon them, and pleasing them, as they attended upon me when I was a little helpless baby. And if their health, or their strength, or their eyes, or their limbs, should fail them, O give me grace to help them in their age, and to be eyes and hands to them! In a little while this my dear father and mother, and those kind people who took care of me when I was young, will be taken from me, and I shall see them no more in this world. I shall then look to the places where they used to be and shall not find them; and my eyes will desire to see them, and cannot see them. O Almighty God! grant that, when these my dear friends may be taken from me, I may not have the remembrance of any undutiful or negligent behaviour towards them to trouble my mind. And to this end, O Lord, send thy Spirit to search my heart, that I may know before it is too late, and while these dear friends are with me, whether I have been, or now am, an undutiful child; that I may repent before it is too late, and may amend my behaviour before these beloved ones are taken hence, and are no more seen. O dearest Saviour! give unto me, and unto them, new and holy hearts, that after death we may meet in thy presence to enjoy an eternity of happiness at thy right hand for evermore.

Now to thee, O God, who gavest thy dear Son to die for us, and thee, O bleeding Lamb, and thee, O Holy Spirit, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXIV.

Thus far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

Temptations ev'rywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy,
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

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My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders when the scene will end.

Is this, dear Lord, the thorny road
Which leads us to the Mount of God,
Are these the toils thy people know
While in the wilderness below?

'Tis even so: thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

STORY ON THE ABSENCE OF GOD.

About this time Mr. Fairchild thought it proper to begin to teach Henry Latin. Latin is a very difficult language, and requires many hours of hard labour before any little boy can master it: but it is necessary for every boy to learn, who is to become a clergyman, such knowledge being required of a young man before he is ordained. Mr. Fairchild wished to bring up Henry to be a clergyman, and it was Henry's own wish also. When Henry got his new grammar, and dictionary, and Latin exercise book, he was much pleased, particularly as his papa at the same time gave him a nice deal box to keep his books in, with a lock and key; but he was not so well pleased when he found that he could not learn his Latin grammar and play with the hare too half the morning, as he used to do when he had only spelling and a verse from the Bible to learn every day

When Mr. Fairchild set him his first grammar lesson, which was a very short and easy one, he said to him, "I shall endeavour, my dear boy, to help you as much with Latin as possible; but at the same time I must tell you plainly, that you must labour yourself to learn it, or all I can do for you will do you no good. First of all, read your lessons over to me," continued Mr. Fairchild, till you are sure that you speak every word right, and then sit down and repeat them so many times looking at the book, and so many times without." Accordingly, Henry read his lessons over several times to his papa, and then went to his place at the corner of the study. Mr. Fairchild looked at him soon afterward, and saw

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that he had laid his book down, and was holding something in his hand, making signs to the hare to come to him. Miss Puss stood with her head out at the door of her house, mumping her parsley, after the manner of hares, and looking at Henry. "Henry, what are you about?" said Mr. Fairchild, rather sharply: upon which Puss ran into her house, and Henry began to repeat his grammar lesson, half aloud and half in a whisper; but before he had repeated the lesson once over, his voice ceased; and Mr. Fairchild looked at him again, and he was spinning a button on the lid of his new box. Mr. Fairchild spoke again, and Henry looked at his book. Mr. Fairchild then went on writing for some time, for he was writing to his brother in London: then, looking at Henry, he saw that he was twisting a piece of packthread round his finger, and the new grammar lay at his feet. Mr. Fairchild then spoke angrily; "This won't do, Henry: you shall say that lesson before dinnertime, or have only bread and water for your dinner." Henry made no answer, neither did he offer to pick up his grammar. Mr. Fairchild finished his letter, and looking at his watch, "It is now walking-time, Henry," he said: "I shall go out and leave you here. If I find that you can say your lesson before I return, you shall have your dinner: if not, you shall have only bread and water." So saying, Mr. Fairchild took his hat and stick, and, going out of the study, locked Henry in.

When Mr. Fairchild came in, he called Henry to say his lesson, but Henry could not repeat half a line of it; and Mr. Fairchild thought that he looked as if he were determined not to learn it. However, to try him, he bade John give him some bread and water, and sent him back to the study till tea-time. At tea-time he called him again, but he could not repeat one word more than he had before. Mr. Fairchild then took a small horsewhip, and, making John hold him, he flogged him well, and sent him to bed, telling him he must say the lesson before breakfast. Accordingly, before breakfast, he called him again, but not one word more than the half line would Henry say. Mr. Fairchild, fearing that he might be faint with hunger, ordered John to take some dry bread and milk-and-water to him, in the study, and to tell him that his papa expected the lesson to be ready by the time breakfast and family-prayers were over. John delivered his message, and then said,—

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"Master Henry, why won't you learn your lesson? Is it so hard that you cannot?"

"Oh! no, John," answered Henry; "I could learn this first lesson, if that were all, because papa has taught me how to pronounce the words: but if I learn this, I shall be made to try to learn the next, and so on through the book; and I am sure I cannot learn all the hard words in this book, and so I won't begin."

"Oh, fy, Master Henry!" said John; "you would not have been able to learn this first lesson without your papa's help, you say; and with his help, you could do it, if you would. Have you no trust in your papa? Don't you think that he who has brought you so far, could help you no farther in your learning?"

"I don't want anybody's help," said Henry, sulkily.

John made no answer, but shook his head, and came back into the parlour to tell Mr. Fairchild that he had delivered his message.

"And what did Henry say?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

John then told Mr. Fairchild all that Henry had said. John did not do it out of ill-will to Henry, but because he thought it proper that his papa should know how naughty he was, that he might correct him properly.

As soon as breakfast and prayers were over, Mr. Fairchild went into the study, and calling Henry to him, asked him to repeat his lesson; but Henry would not say even one word. Mr. Fairchild shut the grammar, and, laying it down, said, "Henry, I know that you could have learned this lesson with ease yesterday morning before eleven o'clock. Tell me now wherefore you would not."

"I don't want to learn Latin," said Henry.

"But it is my pleasure that you should," said Mr. Fairchild, "and I expect to be obeyed. Tell me now at once, will you learn this lesson or not?"

Henry made no answer.

Mr. Fairchild got up, and walked up and down the room in great trouble; then turning to Henry, he said, "Henry, listen to me: when wicked men obstinately defy and oppose the power of God, he gives them up to their own hard hearts: he suffers them to live, perhaps, and partake of the light of the sun and of the fruits of the earth, but he shows them no marks of his fatherly love or favour; they have no sweet thoughts,

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no cheerful hours, no delightful hopes. I stand in the place of God to you, while you are a child; and so long as I do not ask you to do any thing wrong, you must obey me: therefore, if you cast aside my authority, and will not obey my commands, I shall not treat you as I do my other children. From this time forward, Henry, I have nothing to do with you: I shall speak to you no more, neither will your mamma, or sisters, or John, or Betty. Betty will be allowed to give you bread to eat, and water to drink: and I shall not hinder you from going to your own bed to sleep at night; but I will have nothing more to do with you: so go out of my study immediately."

Henry looked surprised and frightened; but he had no time to answer, for Mr. Fairchild walked away with a terrible look, and went out of the house. Henry stood at the study door, to which he had followed his father, for some minutes, not knowing what to do, and wishing he had not been so obstinate. While he was thinking what he should do, Lucy came out of the parlour, and passed to go up stairs. "Lucy, Lucy," said Henry; but, instead of answering him, she ran away as fast as possible. In a few minutes Emily came out of the garden with the hare's parsley, and was bringing it into the study; but, seeing Henry, she turned back in haste. He caught hold of her frock, and said, "Emily, dear Emily! will you too run away from me?" She pulled her frock out of his hands, and made him no answer, because her father had forbidden her to speak to him; but he saw the tears running down her cheeks, although her curling hair, as she stooped down, almost hid her face.

Henry was grieved to the heart when he saw that Emily was crying for him. He let go her frock; and, going to his place in the study, he learned the lesson; and found it so easy, that in less than half an hour he could say it quite perfectly. He then took it to his mamma, who was sitting in the parlour; she was reading, and did not see him come in. He walked softly up to her, and in a humble voice, said, "Mamma, I can say my lesson; please to hear me."—"No, Henry," she answered, in a grave and sorrowful voice, "you have rebelled against your father, and I can have nothing to say to you till you have obtained his pardon. Go away." Henry was going to speak again, but his mamma got up

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and went into a closet where she kept her books and work, shutting the door after her. Henry looked after her till she shut the door: then, throwing his grammar on the table, he ran out into the garden: and, running into an arbour, out of sight of the house, he broke out into a violent burst of tears, crying, "What shall I do? What shall I do! Oh, papa! Oh, mamma! Oh, Lucy! Oh, Emily!" Though he cried so loud, nobody came to comfort him; and though John passed not far distant, he took no notice of his cries.

Henry staid in this arbour, sobbing and crying, about half an hour; then, going out at a back gate, he went out into the lane, and turned to go up the little round hill, because from the top o that hill he could see every one who came in and went out of his papa's house. There he sat down on the bench under the trees, with his eyes fixed on his dear home. All about him was quite silent: there was no sound, excepting the buzzing of flies, and the distant lowing of cattle. As he sat, he began to think of his behaviour to his papa; and the more he thought of it, the more he became sensible of his ill-behaviour. "And suppose," said he, "my papa should never take me into favour again, and should never let me play with Lucy and Emily any more, or my dear mamma should never love me again!" and then he broke out afresh in crying, and cried a long time. At last his attention was drawn by seeing some one walking among the trees in his papa's garden; it was his papa himself, who had been walking in the coppice, and was now returned. Mr. Fairchild went into the house, and soon returned again with Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy, and Emily, all prepared for walking. Henry watched to see which way they would go: they turned towards the coppice, and he lost sight of them. Henry again began to think, and he tried to consider what he first remembered of himself, and of his papa and mamma, and sisters. The first thing he remembered of his mamma was being fed by her with bread and milk, and afterward being laid in a little bed by her, and kissed; and the first thing he remembered of his papa was riding upon his foot, in turns with Lucy and Emily: he remembered also his mamma singing him to sleep with a hymn, and his papa reading him a little prayer, all which seemed to him very long ago. "And have I offended this dear papa and mamma?" cried

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Henry, bursting afresh into tears: "have I offended them by my wicked obstinacy? Oh! I will go and kneel before my papa, and beg him to forgive me.—And yet I dare not go! he is so very angry, and I have been so very wicked!"

While Henry thought of these things, he saw his papa and mamma and sisters going up the hill where the hut stood, and where he had read to them the story in Lucy's book. The distance made them appear very small. Lucy and Emily did not run gayly before their papa and mamma, as they used to do when he was with them, but walked slowly after them. Henry thought of the many happy times when he had gone out walking with his papa and mamma and dear sisters; "And perhaps," said he, "I shall never walk with them again! Oh! I have been very wicked!" he sat still, till he saw them go up to the hut and come down again; and when he had lost sight of them again, he got up from the bench to come down the hill, but by some accident he fell, and cut his knee and his lip against some loose stones. He got up; and his first thought was, that he would go to his mamma for some nice plaster, which she always used on these occasions; but he immediately recollected that his mamma would do nothing for him now, and he sat down again and cried very pitifully.

While Henry was crying, he saw John coming that way. John passed under the hill, and looked at Henry. Henry called out, "Oh, John! Oh, John! I have fallen down and hurt myself." John turned, and stood at the bottom of the hill till Henry came down to him. "I have hurt my knee, John, and my lip."

"And do you not deserve all that has happened to you, you naughty boy?" said John. "Go home, go home, and beg your papa's pardon on your knees: perhaps he may forgive you."

Henry intended to do as John desired him—he went home; but when he got to the house, he found that Mr. Somers had come, and was with his papa, and he felt ashamed to beg pardon before Mr. Somers; so he went up stairs to his little room, and there sat down at the foot of his bed, crying. Several times he heard somebody running up stairs, and hoped that they were coming to him. At last Betty came with a piece of bread and a cup of water. Henry spoke to her, but she made

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him no answer, and went down stairs. He then got up, and stood at the window, watching to see Mr. Somers go, and thinking he would go and beg his papa's pardon as soon as Mr. Somers was gone; but Mr. Somers walked out with Mr. Fairchild after dinner, and came in to tea with him.

While Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Somers were walking in the garden, somebody came up softly to the door of Henry's room and pushed a paper under the door, and then Henry heard the person run away. It was Lucy. Henry took up the paper: it was folded up like a letter, and Lucy had written these words upon it:—

"Dear Brother,—Emily and I must not speak to you, but we have been praying for you. I hope you are sorry for being naughty, and that you have prayed to God, and told all your wickedness to him. You know that He will forgive you, if you ask him in our Saviour's name; and that he will send his Holy Spirit into your heart. I have not time to say more.

"Your dear sister,

"Lucy Fairchild."

When Henry had read this letter he looked for this little hymn-book, which he always kept with his Bible, on a shelf just over his bed's head; and when he had sung a hymn, he prayed. As he prayed, all that remained of his proud and obstinate spirit seemed to leave him. And he felt nothing but shame and sorrow for his sins. He prayed and sang till it grew dark, and then he laid himself on his bed and fell asleep.

I shall put down Henry's hymn and prayer in this place, for the use of children, when they are in disgrace with their papas and mammas, or their masters and teachers.

A Prayer for a humble Spirit under Correction, that we may be the better for correction given us.

O Lord God Almighty, I am a very wicked child. I have made my dear parents angry, by disobeying their commandments; and when they punished me, instead of being humble, I was angry and proud. O Lord God take this pride and obstinacy out of my heart, that I may feel that I have deserved this punishment, and in

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deed a much greater, had it pleased them to give it to me. Did not my dear Saviour bleed and die for my sins? and do I not know that there is not one person who is good; and that there is not a just man on earth that doeth good and sinneth not? and yet, when any punishment comes upon me, I am ready to rebel, and think myself very ill used! O holy Father, send thy Holy Spirit to humble my proud heart, to set all my sins before me, and particularly this fault that I have done to-day; that I may be truly sorry for it, and that I may bear my punishment with patience, and that I may remember this punishment, and be the better for it all the days of my life.

HYMN XXV.

With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! make me learn while I am young
How I may cleanse my way.

Now, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care:
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Oh! let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ:
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
Oh! let them dwell within my heart
And sanctify my mind.

May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

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SECOND STORY
ON
THE MISERY OF THOSE WHO ARE UNDER THE ANGER OF GOD,

EXEMPLIFIED BY THE UNHAPPINESS OF A CHILD UNDER THE ANGER OF HIS FATHER.

Henry slept till midnight, about which time he awoke. It was dark, and the wind whistled, as it often does in an autumn or winter's night in England. Henry had often heard the wind whistle before, but it had never sounded so dismally in his ears as he thought it now did. At one time it sounded as at a distance, sweeping over the fields; then it came nearer and nearer, and rustled among the trees, the leaves of which were beginning to fall; and then it came close, and shook the window. Henry was frightened, and covered his head over with the bed-clothes. What was it that made Henry afraid of this wind? It was because he knew that he had been a very bad boy: he was in disgrace with his papa, and he knew that he deserved God's anger.

After a while Henry fell asleep again, and did not wake till morning. Henry got up, and looked out of the window: it had rained very hard during the night, and the wind had scattered the damp leaves over the garden. Henry went down stairs, with a sorrowful heart: the study door was half open: Henry peeping in, saw his papa reading his Bible at his desk. Mr. Fairchild looked very grave: suddenly he turned his head, and looked towards the door. Now was Henry's time: he should have run up to his papa, and knelt down before him; but, instead of doing so, he ran away into the garden. There he saw Betty feeding the fowls in a little yard which ran along the back of the garden, and he asked for a bit of bread. She brought what he asked for, without speaking a word, and gave it to him, with a cup of milk, over the pales. When he gave the cup back to her he spoke to her again, but she turned away without answering him. Then Henry began to cry again, and walked sorrowfully to his favourite walk in the coppice; but even this his favourite walk now appeared to him dismal: there were no flowers to be seen by reason of the fallen leaves, which nearly covered all

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the pathway: and the trees waved their heads backwards and forwards in the wind. Poor Henry had never felt himself so unhappy before: his papa's displeasure was the cause of his sorrow, and made him think that even the woods and the fields were changed.

I know not how long Henry had sauntered about the coppice, but it seemed to him a long while, when suddenly he heard a very sweet sound of one singing in the wood, and, standing still to listen, he heard a child's voice singing these words:—

Jerusalem, thou blessed place!
How full of glory, full of grace!
Far, far above the starry skies,
Thy golden battlements arise.

Jerusalem! thy colours glow
Fairer than the heavenly bow:
Emerald, orange, purple, bright,
In glistening glory all unite.

Jerusalem! where parents stand,
And blessed children, hand in hand,
And see their mighty Saviour's face,
And laud and magnify his grace.

Jerusalem! all pains are past;
Thy blessedness shall ever last:
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
How blissful in thy courts to dwell.

Jerusalem, thou seat of love!
Thou city of great God above!
May I behold thy glory rise,
Thy golden lustre fill the skies.

Jerusalem! I long to see
And live a happy child in thee:
There I shall never sin again,
But with my Saviour ever reign!

Jerusalem, thou bless'd abode!
Which Jesus purchas'd with his blood!
Died for a little child like me,
That so I may thy glory see!

The voice ceased, and Henry then walked on towards the part of the wood from which the sound came, and, coming to a turning of the pathway, he saw a little boy sitting on a trunk of a tree which had been felled, and leaning his back against one of the great branches. It was a part of the wood facing the mid-day sun, and sheltered from the wind. The little boy was dressed in coarse clothes, and those well patched and darned

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He had ceased singing, and was now reading, and that so busily, that Henry came up close to him before he perceived him. When the little boy looked up from his book, Henry saw that he was Charles Trueman, John Trueman's second son; one of the most pious little boys in all that country, and a great favourite of Mr. Fairchild, and of Mr. Somers, who had himself taken great pains in his education.

"Good morning, Master Henry," said Charles, getting down from his seat, and putting his book into his pocket. "But what is the matter! you look very white—and you have been crying! I hope nothing amiss has happened."

"Ah, Charles!" said Henry, "I am very unhappy, very unhappy indeed!" He then told Charles all that had happened: how obstinate he had been, and in what way his father had punished him; and that he was still shut out from his father's company, and from his mamma's and sisters'. "And oh! Charles," he said, "you cannot think how miserable I am! Nobody looks at me, nobody speaks to me! The very trees and hills and fields seem to be changed! This pretty coppice, in which I used to delight so much, looks pleasant no longer! And last night I was so frightened by the wind! I thought there was something on it coming for me—I can't tell what I thought, I shook so!"

"Ah! Master Henry," said Charles, "it is because you are under your father's displeasure, and have deserved to be so, that you feel all these fears, and are so miserable. While we are little, our parents, if they are holy people, stand in the place of God to us: when they smile and are pleased with us we are happy; all the good things, victuals and clothes, and house and teaching, come through them to us; and when they cast us off, we feel a little like those miserable wretches who are cast aside by God."

"What do you mean by being cast aside by God!" said Henry.

"Why," answered Charles, "when people have for a long time been very hardened in their sins, and set their faces against God and our dear Saviour, refusing, and perhaps mocking at the Holy Spirit, then God forsakes them; he takes away all comfort and happiness from their hearts; and then all the riches and grandeur and pleasures of the world are unable to give them ease:

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no, nor can they draw comfort from their friends, be they ever so kind, or from any other earthly good."

Henry said nothing, and Charles went on—"My father," said he, "tells of one 'Squire Collins, who lived many years ago not very far from Hill-top: he was the most desperate wicked man of all the country, a great cock-fighter, and one who spoke more oaths than other words. Well, this man had every thing his heart could wish for of earthly goods—lands and house, wife and children, health and strength—but he was so very miserable, that at last, in a fit of despair, he shot himself dead! My father knew him very well. Oh, Master Henry! it is a dreadful thing for a child to be under the anger of a good parent; and still worse to be under the displeasure of the blessed Lord God; for who can dwell with everlasting burning?"

While the little boys were conversing together, they climbed upon the tree, and sat down together in the place where Charles was when Henry came up. "My father," said Charles, "has often talked to us children about hell, as we have been sitting round the fire on a Sunday evening, till we have been in a quake. The Bible speaks of it as a lake burning with fire and brimstone: as it is written: 'The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity: and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' Matt. xiii. 41–42. But the chief misery of the damned, my father has often told us, will be the absence of God. I dare say you would not much mind having only bread and water, and not having your papa's comfortable parlour to go into, Master Henry," continued Charles, "if you thought that your papa was pleased with you."

"No, indeed," answered Henry; "if my papa would but forgive me, and love me again, I would go without my dinner for a month to come with all my heart."

"Then if a father's anger is so hard to bear," said Charles, "what must the anger of God be, and the hiding of his face for ever, and ever, and ever?—O Lord Jesus Christ," added the little boy, joining his hands and looking up, "thou bleeding Lamb! save us miserable sinners from hell."

Little Charles spoke this prayer with so much earnest-

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ness, that Henry looked at him; and now he saw, what he had not found out before, that Charles, who used to be a fat, rosy-cheeked little fellow, was very pale, and much thinner than he used to be. "Charles," said Henry, "are you well? You look very white, I think, and thin too.

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "I have never been right well since about the time when poor Miss Augusta Noble was buried. I was well enough before that time, and since that I have been falling away! and yet nobody can say what ails me. My mother sent me, about a week back, to my grandmother Bush's, to try if it would do me any good to be here: but I am none the better; yet I like to be here, because I am quieter here than I can be at home, and my grandmother is very kind; and then this wood is so very sweet to walk in, and to read in, and to sing and pray in, all by myself, excepting only God. I have no mind to go home, and my mother says I shall please myself; and I think, God being willing, I will stay and die here."

"Die!" cried Henry.

"Yes, Master Henry," answered Charles, "I shall die soon: I know it very well. I felt that I should die when I was first taken ill; and I then told my brother so, but he did not believe me."

"But why did you think that you should die?" said Henry.

"I will tell you, Master Henry: I was quite well when I went with my mother and all the rest to church, to see Miss Augusta buried. All the way we went my mother cried very much, to think what a pretty blooming miss she was but a few days before, and how she was cut off, no time given her for turning to God: and then she put the matter home to us children, asking us, If we should be called away in a week's time, whether we were fit to go—that is, whether we trusted in our Saviour, and loved him, and felt ourselves to be miserable sinners, worthy of hell-fire. My mother's words sank like lead into my heart, and, as I went along, I began questioning myself in this manner: 'Charles Trueman,' said I to myself, 'how should you like to die? Do you love your Saviour? Do you trust in him? Do you hate your own sinful nature? And do you wish for a clean heart through the help of the Holy Spirit?' These questions were running in my mind when I came

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to the church; and I felt very oddly all the time Mr. Somers was reading, and more especially when the coffin was let down into the vault. When the funeral was over, and the people were gone, John Barnes, the bricklayer, and Samuel Hill, our old parish clerk, begged my father to stop and help to brick up the vault; for it was Sir Charles Noble's orders that it should be done that night, though it was to be done by candle-light; so my father staid, and my brother and I staid with him. When every thing was ready for bricking up the vault, old Samuel said, 'Let us go down and look into the vault before it is bricked up: mayhap we may never have such a chance again.' So Samuel took the lantern, and they went down, my brother and I following."

"And what kind of a place is that vault?" said Henry; "I should like to have seen it, if my papa had been with me."

"It is like a very large room under ground, quite dark, except from the lantern which the clerk held. In the sides of the walls were holes in which the coffins were placed."

"Were there many coffins?" said Henry.

"Yes," said Charles, "a great many; and some of them so old that they were tumbling to pieces. Old Samuel showed us the coffin of Sir Charles Noble's grandfather, and said, that when a very little boy, he was at his funeral, and that he died from hard drinking. He showed us the coffins of Sir Charles's father and mother, and of Sir Charles's sister, who was, he said, the finest young lady in all the country round. He took us to one part of the vault where the parsons and their wives lay, and showed us old Parson Best's coffin, and several of the coffins belonging to persons whose names I forget. So we came out of the vault; and I was very glad, for it was the most dismal place I ever was in; and when the place was bricked up, we came home. 'Ah! father,' said my brother, as we walked home, 'death, after all, is a very horrible thing.' My father answered that death was sent as a punishment for sin, and was, and always would be, frightful to flesh and blood; 'but,' says he, 'our dear Saviour has taken away all that is really to be feared in death, to a believing soul. Do we not read,' said he, 'of Lazarus being carried to Abraham's bosom by angels? so, no

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doubt, the souls of those who die in Christ are no sooner out of the body than they are received into happiness: thus the faithful never know the bitterness of death; as the Lord has promised in Hosea xiii. 14, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues.' Then our dear father," continued Charles, "put it home to us, as our mother had done before, that it behooved us to look well to our ways, that we might come to a better knowledge of our own sinful natures, and being humbled, through the power of the Spirit, we might be more anxious to seek after the dear Saviour who died for us. He then talked about our Saviour, and of all he had done for us, and of the holy life that he had led in this world, and of his humility, and of his gentleness, and of his love to little children, and of his glorious death, until I felt my heart within me all burning with love for the dear Saviour. I never felt any thing like it before; and I had so eager a desire upon me to be gone from this world, and to be with him, as I cannot describe. So we went home, and went to bed; and when I got up in the morning, I felt the same,—only not, perhaps, quite in so lively a manner. And it was well I had this love for my dear Saviour, and trust in him also, for about this time it pleased God, by the Holy Spirit, to show me, even more than before, the evil nature of my own vile heart, so that I saw many things in myself which I had never dreamed of before. Oh, Master Henry! we talk of our own wicked hearts, and our sinful natures; but God must touch us before we feel these things as we should do: our hearts are desperately and horribly wicked; and I thank God, who has caused me to feel this before he takes me out of this world. Now if I had not known whom to fly to when I felt myself to be such a miserable fellow, I should have been very unhappy," continued little Charles: "but I had a dear Saviour to fly to, who could save me, I knew, and who would save me, for he never turns his back on any poor sinner who comes to him; as it is written, Whosoever cometh unto him, he will in nowise cast out. At the same time," said Charles, "that I became so full of these thoughts, I became sick, and have been wasting ever since, and yet no one knows what is the matter with me; but I know that it is the will of God that I 'should depart hence, and be no more seen.'"

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Henry looked hard at Charles, and said, "I don't like to hear you talk of dying; and yet I know it is wrong, because I know that you will be happier in heaven than you are here."

"Oh, Master Henry!" said Charles, "I never was so happy before in all my life, as since I have been ill, and have thought of going to my Saviour."

"But did you never think of these things," said Henry, "before you were at poor Miss Augusta's funeral?"

"O yes, sometimes," said Charles; "my father and mother love God very much, and as soon as we can speak, or understand any thing, they try to lead us to God; and I also received much instruction from Mr. Somers. I had often, when I was a little child, some very sweet thoughts about our Saviour. I remember once, a long time ago, I went to take care of some sheep for Farmer Harris, on Breezy Down—you know the place, Master Henry: the down faces the west, and is covered with thyme. It was at harvest-time, for I remember seeing the people at harvest work in the fields below. There, as I sat watching the sheep, I had some of the sweetest thoughts I ever had in my life; they were about our Lord Jesus Christ being the Good Shepherd: and then I thought of the care which a good shepherd takes of his flock; and then this sweet verse came into my head, 'And the Lamb shall take them, and lead them by living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

While the little boys were walking together in this manner, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy and Emily, walking towards them, for they were taking their noon-day walk. As soon as Henry saw his papa, he started from his seat, and looked this way and that way as if he was frightened, saying, "Oh, Charles! what shall I do?"

"Go to your papa, to be sure, Master Henry," answered Charles, "and fall down on your knees before him, and beg his pardon."

"But I am afraid," said Henry.

"I will go with you, Master Henry," said Charles So he took hold of his hand and pulled him forwards.

It was no hard matter to get Mr. Fairchild to forgive Henry, now that he saw he was humble. "I freely forgive you, my dear boy," said Mr. Fairchild; "and I hope, that what you have suffered these two days

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will be a warning to you never to rebel against your father."

"Oh! papa, papa!" said Henry, "I have been very unhappy;" so Henry kissed his papa and mamma, and dear sisters, and they were all happy again.

And now Mrs. Fairchild turned to little Charles, and asked if he was well; and was very sorry when she found he was not so, and that he had come to his grandmother Bush's to be nursed. She would have had him go home to dinner with Henry, for Mrs. Fairchild would sooner have had little Charles for a companion for Henry than any other little boy in the village, knowing from Mr. Somers what an excellent child he was; but Charles said that his grandmother's dinner was ready, and she would wait for him.

"Then come to-morrow, which is Sunday," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and bring your grandmother with you, my dear boy."

Little Charles bowed and thanked Mrs. Fairchild, and as he turned to walk home to his grandmother's, Mrs. Fairchild looked after him, and said, "Poor little boy! he looks very ill; and his coat and stockings are very threadbare. I will get a warm great-coat made for him, and we will knit him some woollen stockings immediately."

Henry spent the rest of the day joyfully with his papa, and mamma, and sisters; and when he went to his bed at night, he sung a hymn, and prayed. You will see by his hymn and prayer, that he had not forgotten his discourse with Charles Trueman.

A Prayer that God would remove his Anger.

O Lord God Almighty, I have sinned, and am very wicked! Oh, who can tell the evil of my heart. I am more to be blamed than other sinners, because I once knew what it was to be at peace with God. Oh, how happy was I when I felt that God loved me! but I have made my God very angry by my sinful behaviour: I have grieved Him who bled for me upon the cross; I have driven the Holy Spirit from my heart; and now I am very unhappy! O blessed Redeemer, plead for me before the Father's throne. I am all sinful, but Thou who diedst for me, art fair: plead, therefore, thy blood shed for me, and entreat thy holy father to forgive me. And, O, Holy Spirit, return to my evil heart: Oh, return!

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return. and cleanse my heart, and rule and guide me so that I may be able to behave well to my dear parents and teachers, and to be modest and humble and obedient; for of myself, O Lord God, I can do no one good thing.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXVI.

My Saviour! let me hear thy voice
But gently whisper peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

Dispel my fears, call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ea
Sweet as the harps of heaven.

Then, wherescoe'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardon down,
Will all things else bestow.

A HAPPY DEATH.

Mrs. Fairchild had invited little Charles and his grandmother, Mary Bush, to dine with her the next day, which was Sunday; but the next day it rained so hard that Mrs. Bush could not come out: and it continued to be very rainy all the week, so that Henry could not see Charles Trueman till the Sunday afterward, when he and his grandmother came in just before dinner. In the mean time, Mrs. Fairchild had prepared a warm great coat, of coarse but soft gray cloth, for little Charles, and two pairs of woollen stockings; and Mrs. Barker, who had seen Mrs. Fairchild and Lucy knitting the stockings, had added to the present a pair of comfortable thick shoes. All these things were ready when Mrs. Bush and Charles came into Mrs. Fairchild's

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kitchen, just as Betty and John were dishing the dinner to take into the parlour.

As soon as Mrs. Fairchild and the children and Mrs. Barker (for Mrs. Barker was at Mrs. Fairchild's that day) heard that Mary Bush was come, they came into the kitchen to welcome her, and to inquire into Charles's health, and to give him the present they had got ready for him. When Charles received his coat and shoes and stockings, he first thanked God, and then his friends, and then, looking at his grandmother, he said, "I shall be warm now, grandmother." "God is good, my child!" said Mary Bush: "I have always found him so. These were the very things my little lad wanted. Kind ladies" (she added, looking at Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Barker), "I and his father had begun to put a little money together to buy these things for him; but the goodness of God, through your means, has provided us with them already, making out St. Peter's words; 'Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you.'" 1 Pet. v. 7.

After dinner, as there was no evening service in the church, Mr. Fairchild read the Evening Service, in his kitchen, to all the family. After which, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Fairchild sat talking awhile to Mary Bush, and Henry took Charles up into his little room to talk with him.

"Charles," said Henry, "since I met you that day in the coppice, I have thought a great deal about you. I am sorry you are so ill, and I don't like to think of your dying. I hope you won't die."

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "to be sure God only knows what is to be; but I certainly think that I am not long for this world. Since I saw you, I have at times become very full of pain just about my heart; and the pain is sometimes so bad that I cannot help crying out; and my grandmother told my father that she thought I never should get quit of that pain till death."

"Is the pain very bad?" said Henry.

"Oh, very bad, Master Henry! very bad indeed! it pulls me, as it were, quite double," said Charles. "God give me grace to bear it with patience, and to cry, 'Thy will be done,' till the happy time comes, when, through my blessed Saviour's death, I hope to be set free from all pain."

"Then you really wish to die?" said Henry.

"Yes, Master Henry, I do," answered Charles; "and

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for this reason, because I know myself to be a grievous sinner, and one that cannot live a day without doing that which is evil: therefore why should I grieve because God is pleased to take me so soon from this state of sin and sorrow?"

"But still," said Henry, "it is sad to feel so much pain as you say you do."

"Pain is hard to bear, Master Henry, to be sure," answered Charles; "but then, my father tells me, that whatever is God's will it is our duty to bear; and more than that, He will help us to bear it: for he will not tempt us above what we are able to bear."

"I do not quite understand you," said Henry.

"What I mean is this," answered Charles: "God made you and me, and therefore he has a right to do what he will with us. If it is his will that I should die very soon, and you live a long time, we ought to be content with what he orders. Our business is to look which way God leads, and follow on as closely and quietly as we can, being sure that 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for us an eternal and exceeding weight of glory.'" 2 Cor. iv. 17.

"Charles," said Henry, "I should like to see you very often; and, if my papa will give me leave, I will meet you in the coppice every day, after I have done my lesson. I like to hear you talk."

"It is not much good that I can say, Master Henry," answered Charles; "for I am a poor sinful child; yet I shall be always happy to meet you in the coppice, for you have always been kind to me, and so have good madam and master."

In the evening little Charles and his grandmother went home; and from that time Henry used to go every day, when he had learned his lessons, and the weather would allow him, to see little Charles. Sometimes, when it was not very cold, they met and walked in the coppice; but as the winter came on, and little Charles grew weaker, they oftener met and sat by Mrs. Bush's fire. As the time of Charles's death drew nearer, and the pains of his body became greater, his faith and trust in his Redeemer grew more lively; his thoughts of himself, in like manner, became more lowly and humble. One morning, not long before he died, Mrs. Bush was cutting some apples to make a pie; and one of the apples was quite rotten all through, although the outside

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was quite smooth and looked well. "That apple," said Charles, speaking to Henry, "is like my heart by nature —all bad to the very core—not one bit of good in it; and yet I remember the time when I thought myself a good boy."

"Why, even now," said Henry, "I don't like to be thought a sinner, although I know that I am one; but you are not ashamed to be thought a sinner, Charles: you do not seem to wish to hide your faults from anybody."

"Why, Master Henry," answered Charles, "it is no time for me to be playing the hypocrite when I am going to die. I feel that I have not many days to live: this world is departing fast from me, and the next coming nearer my view: the grave is before me, and heaven and hell beyond, as it were but a step: and though I might deceive my father and mother and other people, and pretend to be better than I am, yet I cannot deceive God. No! I am a miserable sinner, Master Henry; one in whose heart sin has lived and ruled, abiding continually, growing and flourishing, and that from the time of my birth till God humbled me and opposed it by his Holy Spirit."

"What do you mean by sin abiding and flourishing in your heart always?" said Henry.

"Why, Master Henry," answered Charles, "I don't know how to make you understand what I mean; but I will try to explain myself. When I was a little child, the first thoughts I had about good and bad people were, that some men were good and would go to heaven, and that some were bad. I thought my father was good, and my mother, and my grandmother, and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mr. Somers, and Mrs. Barker, and such; and I thought that Farmer Freeman, and 'Squire Collins, and he that was hanged on the gibbet at Blackwood, and such folks, were bad men. As to myself, I thought that I was a very good little boy; and my brothers and sisters not quite so good to be sure—but I had no idea of their sinful natures, or of my own. As I grew older I became sensible that I had some faults: and then my father taught me about Adam eating the forbidden fruit, and I got some kind of notion that there was evil in my heart; but I thought there was good in my heart too, as well as evil, and a great deal of good too: but since God has been pleased to touch my heart, particularly

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since my sickness, I have become sensible that by nature there is no manner of good at all in any man's heart. nay, that sin is so strong in us that we can no more stop from sinning than we can from breathing."

"Charles," said Henry, "I know that you understand these things better than I do, yet I do not quite understand what you mean when you say we cannot stop from sinning. Now, here have I been sitting this half hour talking to you—I don't think I have said any bad—how then have I been sinning?"

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "I trust and hope that your heart is not altogether in its natural state, but that the Spirit of God has already begun to work a change in it; so that you are not altogether under the power and dominion of sin: yet I know that sin is not dead in you, nor ever will be, until that blessed time when, in the morning of the resurrection, your sinful body will awake in the likeness of your Redeemer."

"But," said Henry, "how have I sinned since I came here? Explain it to me, Charles."

"Why," answered Charles, "there is one way in which we all sin continually; and that is, in loving and pleasing ourselves more than God. In all our thoughts we ourselves come foremost, and God (if he comes at all) afterward, and this with the best of people. The love of ourselves is always present with us, always mixing itself with every thought; so that we may be said to worship ourselves in the place of God: and from this sin, Master Henry, we never cease."

"When you are dead, Charles," said Henry, "I shall often think of you, and go to see your grave. You have taught me many things which I never knew before."

"God bless you, my dear little boys," said Mary Bush; "living or dying, God bless you both!"

A few days before Christmas the weather became very cold, and a great change at the same time took place in little Charles. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mr. Somers, notwithstanding the hard frost, often went to see him as he drew nearer his end, and were much pleased with the happy state of mind in which he was, for he seemed to have no desire but to be with Him who died for him, even that Lamb of God which was slain for the sins of the world. Early one Wednesday morning, in the beginning of the month of December

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Margery Grey came over in haste to Mr. Fairchild's to call Henry: "Little Charley is dying," she said, "and asks for young master." As soon as Mr. Fairchild and the family heard the news, they all set off in haste to Mary Bush's. Emily and Lucy were crying all the way as they went; but Henry tried not to cry, which made him only feel the more, for his cheeks were quite pale, and he could scarcely speak, for Henry loved little Charles very much. When they came to the cottage, they found Nurse and Joan, with all John Trueman's little children, in Margery Grey's room. Poor little Charley was lying on a bed in his grandmother's room. His head was lying on a pillow, supported by his mother, who sat upon the bed looking at her dying child, while her tears ran down her cheeks. John Trueman was kneeling on one side of the bed, holding one of Charles's hands. Mr. Somers stood looking silently on, sometimes lifting up his eyes and repeating something to himself, as if in prayer; and Mary Bush, and poor Charles's elder brother and sister, were crying in different parts of the room.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild with the children came in, Charles's eyes were shut, and he lay as if sleeping. He was much changed since the day before: his eyes were sunk, his face had become deadly pale, and his mouth was drawn close. When Henry looked at him, he could keep his tears back no longer; they overflowed his eyes, and ran fast down his cheeks. After a few minutes Charles opened his eyes, and looked round him at every one. At length, perceiving Henry, he smiled, and put his hand towards him.

"Dear, dear Charles!" said Henry, sobbing.

"Do not cry, Master Henry," said Charles, speaking in a low voice; "I am happy."

"And what makes you happy now, my dear boy?" said Mr. Somers; "speak and tell us, that we may all here present lay fast hold of the same hope which is able to make a dying bed so easy."

Charles turned his dying eyes towards Mr. Somers, and answered; "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though after my death worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." Job xix. 25, 26.

The little boy spoke these words with difficulty: and indeed the latter part was rather guessed at than heard distinctly: then, as if quite worn out, he shut his eyes,

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and lay as much as an hour as if asleep, though his frequent startings and convulsions, with his slow and solemn breathings, showed that death was coming on apace. At length he awoke, and his mother and Mr. Somers spoke to him, but he took no notice of them. The manner of his breathing changed; he looked round the room eagerly; then, suddenly looking upwards, and fixing his eyes on one corner of the room, the appearance of his countenance changed to a kind of heavenly and glorious expression, the like of which no one present ever before had seen; and every one looked towards the place on which his eyes were fixed, but they could see nothing extraordinary. After a while his eyes half shut, and he fell into the agonies of death.

Death, even the death of those whose souls are redeemed, is a dreadful sight; for the sinful body struggles hard with it. Satan then does his worst; but it is written, "He that is with us is stronger than he that is against us," and he will surely deliver those whom he hath purchased with his precious blood, even from the power of death and hell.

After several convulsive pangs, little Charles stretched himself; he breathed slower, and slower, and slower; then, fetching a deep sigh, his features became fixed in death. Nurse, who had come into the room some time before, perceiving that the soul of the dear child was departed, came up to the bed-side, and gently closed the eyes, and bound up with a handkerchief the mouth of the corpse; and having laid the arms and feet straight upon the bed, she stepped back to wipe away the tears that were running fast down her cheeks. All this while no one spoke, but all stood silently looking on the features of the dear child as they settled in death. After a few moments, Mr. Somers gave notice that he was going to pray, and every one knelt down around the bed. Mr. Somers's prayer was short, but it was very solemn: he first gave God thanks for the happy departure of the dear child, now with Christ his Redeemer; and, secondly, he earnestly prayed that God would, in his appointed time, grant unto all then present an equally happy death. His prayer finished with these words: "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his!"

Before Mr. Somers left the house, he took John Trueman apart, and asked him if it would be convenient for

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him that the child should be buried on the next Sunday morning at the hour of Morning Service? John Trueman answered that he hoped to have every thing ready for the burial by that time. "Then," said Mr. Somers, "I will, with God's help, preach a sermon on the occasion." John Trueman bowed, but his heart was so full he could not speak; and Mr. Somers, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and the children left the cottage.

The next morning Mr. Somers sent his clerk from house to house, through all the parish, to give notice that he meant to preach a sermon on the occasion of the death of Charles Trueman the next Sunday, and to request that all parents and masters would be kind enough to see that the younger part of their families came to church. Accordingly, the next Sunday, at Morning Service, the church was crowded; for not only all the young folks in the parish, but from all the country round—from Hill-top-way, and Brookside-way, and Blackwood-way, and from Underhill village (that is the place where Mrs. Goodriche lived),—as many as were able, came to see the funeral and to hear Mr. Somers's sermon. Mrs. Goodriche herself, too, was present; for she borrowed a horse which carried double, and came to Mr. Fairchild's on the Saturday evening, riding behind young Roberts the gardener, the son of John Roberts whom I spoke of before, and so was ready to go with Mrs. Fairchild to church on the Sunday morning.

The day proved fine, dry, and frosty: the sun just broke through the white clouds, with which the heavens had been overcast, when the bell began to ring for church; and at the same time Henry set out to attend little Charles's funeral from Mary Bush's house to the church.—I will tell you the order of the funeral. The coffin was borne by six stout men, day-labourers in the parish: it was quite a plain coffin, marked with the name and age of the corpse. After the coffin walked the father, John Trueman, and old Goodman Grey: and then Henry, and Thomas Trueman; and then came Mary Trueman and Mary Bush, Nurse and Joan, and Trueman's little children, with some other persons, friends and neighbours. It was but a plain funeral; but there were none there who had not loved the departed child; and most persons present, both men and women, were such as lived in the fear of God: for since Mr. and Mrs Fairchild and Mr. Somers had lived in that parish, by

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God's grace, godliness had mightily grown and prospered hereabouts—by God's grace, I say; for Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.

When the funeral came up to the church, the church and church-yard were quite full. Mr. Somers directed that the corpse should be brought into the church and set in the middle aisle, and he himself walked in before it, saying the words appointed in the Burial Service; "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." John xi. 25, 26. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my death, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Job xix. 25–27. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." 1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21. Mr. Somers then went through the Burial Service in a slow and distinct manner: after which he preached a sermon, the substance of which I shall endeavour to lay before you.

Mr. Somers's text was from Matt. xiii. 41–43: "The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear let him hear."—From this text Mr. Somers went on to point out to the young people gathered about him (for, as I said before, the young people from all the villages round about were gathered together that day), that after death there are two places, and only two, appointed, the one for the redeemed, and the other for the damned; namely, heaven and hell. "All who are here present," added he, looking round him, "every one of you, must after death go to one of these places, there to remain for ever and ever: so that it might be asked, 'Who among us shall dwell with a devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?'" Isa. xxxiii. 14. He then went on to describe the happy state of the blessed, and the misery of the damned, from the Bible. I shall put down some of the most remarkable texts that he quoted:—"My sheep hear my voice, and I

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know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand.' John x. 27, 28. 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' 2 Tim. iv. 8. 'Ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.' 1 Cor. ii. 9. 'For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Rev. vii. 17.—Mr. Somers then went on to describe the place of torment. 'The fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.' Mark ix. 45, 46. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' Psalm ix. 17. 'Upon the wicked he shall rain fire and brimstone and a horrible tempest. Psalm xi. 6. 'But....the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.' Rev. xxi. 8.—When Mr. Somers had finished repeating those promises and threatenings from Scripture, he went on to point out to all present, that, through the sin of Adam, every one of his children had become unfit for heaven, and were by nature children of wrath, and heirs of death and hell; having inherited from their father hearts so wholly and entirely filthy and corrupt, that they could not of themselves turn unto any good, or so much as wish to do well. He then spoke of the goodness of God, who, when miserable man had lost heaven by his transgression, sent his only son to die for us upon the cross: thus was God "manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."—Mr. Somers then eagerly begged the young people to note his words: "I have shown you," he said, "that you have lost heaven by nature, being through sin altogether unfit for it; and now, my dear children, I proceed to point out to you how you may recover it, and escape hell. There is one name, and but one name under heaven by which men can be saved: and this name, this blessed name is Jesus: on this foundation, if any man build et., he shall be saved.

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Oh, therefore, my beloved children, as you love your immortal souls, as you dread eternal fire and everlasting darkness and despair, hold fast to the cross of Christ, and count all things as nothing when compared with him."—Mr. Somers then explained unto the young people, that our Saviour by his death obtained three benefits for the redeemed: First, justification, which includes forgiveness of their sins through his death; secondly, sanctification, which is the changing and cleansing their vile natures by the Holy Spirit; and finally, glorification which no man will receive till after death: as it is written in the 17th Psalm, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I will be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."—Mr. Somers then spoke of Charles Trueman: of his state before death, and of his exceedingly happy death. He pointed out that there were two things which had been most remarkable in him, and which gave assurance of his now being blessed; the first was, his great humility and low thoughts of himself; so that, for many months before his death, he was never heard to speak of himself but as a sinner; and that not vainly and lightly, as some will do, but with deep sorrow and shame; and secondly, his firm trust and joyful confidence in his Redeemer: so that his love seemed to have cast off all fear of death. "Oh, happy state! Oh blessed death!" said Mr. Somers; "May all here present be found in faith at the hour of death, as this dear child was."—Mr. Somers finished his sermon by a few words to such parents as were present, recommending them, from the example then before them, to give a religious education to their children, and went over, one by one, all the means appointed by God for parents to use towards their children: to wit, bringing them in infancy to receive the sacrament of Baptism, and, in their due course and order, making them to attend and observe all Divine ordinances, such as public and private prayer, hearing of sermons, reading the Bible; setting before them the example of simple and holy living—Mr. Somers, I say, set all these things in order before the parents, and then concluded by urging them to seek from God, by diligent and earnest prayer presented in the name of the Redeemer, a Divine blessing upon their endeavours; "for without God's grace and blessing, I may preach unto my dying day, and you may labour to instruct your children, rising up early and late taking rest, but all will be to no purpose: the work must be of God; therefore in all

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things let us give God the glory; ascribing to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, all glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen."

After the sermon, every one went to his own home Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children, with Mrs. Goodriche, thought and talked much of little Charles and his happy death all day. In the evening after tea, Mr. Fairchild prayed with his family, and they sang a hymn together. You will, perhaps, like to hear Mr. Fairchild's prayer; I shall therefore put it down here with the hymn.

A Prayer to be used by the Father or Master of a Family for his Children or Servants.

O Lord God, thou by whom we hope to be justified, to be sanctified, and glorified, hear the prayer of a father, who in the name of our blessed Saviour, intercedes for his children and his servants. O Lord, how dreadful would it be to me at the last day to see any one of these my dear children, or poor servants, condemned to everlasting fire! Oh! the thought is horrible! O Almighty God, give me grace, then, faithfully, humbly, and in simplicity, to use the means appointed to me for the good of my children. And O, holy Father, for thy dear Son's sake, for the sake of him who died for us, grant thy grace, grant thy blessing to this my dear family from the greatest to the least. Pour thy Holy Spirit upon them. And, O enable me always, and at all times, to give unto thee the glory if my family do well. Unto thee, O Lord be the glory; unto thee O Father, unto thee O Son, unto thee O Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father, which art in heaven," &c.

HYMN XXVII.

Great God! now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

Oh, what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

Dear Lord! thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed:
Oh bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed!

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THE

ORPHANS OF NORMANDY

OR,

FLORENTIN AND LUCIE

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In the depths of a thick forest, in the beautiful province of Normandy, is an ancient château, which has appertained for many years past to an illustrious family of the name of L——.

Florentin, Baron de L——, the head and representative of this family, immediately before the revolution, was a man of a haughty and insolent spirit, and one who rendered himself suspected among the different parties which divided the country, by the free and unguarded manner in which he delivered his opinions on every subject, and especially on those points which affected his own interests. The baron had married, though not very early in life, and had been left a widower, with one daughter, soon after his marriage; and as he was not capable of enjoying domestic happiness, he never thought of forming a second connexion of a similar kind; but, sending his daughter to be educated in a convent in the capital, henceforward devoted himself to those rural sports which at that period commonly formed the amusement of noblemen when residing on their lands.

In this manner passed the time till Mademoiselle Lucie de L—— was of an age to be taken from the convent in order to be married. The husband chosen by the baron for his daughter was a young nobleman, the son of an old companion of his youth, and one who had little to recommend him but his family, and the reversion of a large estate in one of the southern provinces.

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Within two years of this marriage, the baron found himself the grandfather of a beautiful boy, on whom the name of Florentin was bestowed, and who was for a while the darling of the two noble families from whom he was descended.

In the mean time, the country became every day more violently agitated by various political opinions, and every head was filled with visions of reform and plans of polit ical improvement.

Many, even among the nobility, became influenced with extravagant principles; and thus assisted in preparing that fire on which their honours, their properties, and the lives of many, were to be sacrificed.

Among these indiscreet persons, none was more violent than the young Count de S——, husband of Lucie de L——; and as his principles were utterly contrary to those of his father-in-law, a considerable coolness ensued between them; which was rather increased than counteracted by Madame de S——, who had imbibed her husband's political opinions in their utmost extent, and who failed not in all companies to expatiate largely on the subject of reform, the rights of the people, and the tyranny of the legislative powers.

The consequence of this difference of opinion in the several branches of the family was, that after a while the baron became totally separated from his daughter, who henceforward resided with her husband at Paris; and the little Florentin was deprived from that period of the caresses of his maternal grandfather.

In the mean time, the affairs of the royal party be came every day more and more involved; and at length such became the horrors and alarms of the times, that many of the nobility were forced to leave their estates, and withdraw in haste to foreign countries.

Among the first of these persons who were compelled to fly from their native land, was the Baron de L——; and such was the haste with which he was driven to make his escape, that he had no opportunity of giving his daughter notice of his flight, nor of securing to himself so much of his property as might enable him to live in tolerable comfort in the banishment to which he was reduced.

Immediately after the flight of Monsieur de L——, his château was seized by the populace, and, after having been pillaged, was in part destroyed, and then utterly forsaken.

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The village church, which was situated in a solitary part of the same forest which encircled the château, experienced the same, or a worse fate, and, after being deprived of its steeple and part of its roof, was entirely abandoned, and became a habitation for foxes, and the dwelling of owls and bats.

When Madame de S—— heard of the flight of the baron, she congratulated herself on the dissimilarity of her husband's politics from those of her father; hoping that his safety would be ensured, during every revolutionary tumult, by the party which he had taken. But while her triumph was yet new, the public affairs took an unexpected turn; her husband became suspected, was arrested, and shortly afterward perished on the scaffold.

After this terrible event, Madame de S——, being left without friends, without resource, and in danger of being implicated in her husband's fall, was compelled, in order to preserve her life, to associate herself with the low people who were then in power, and was at length reduced to the necessity of making a second marriage with a man of low birth, brutal manners, and violent politics.

Monsieur le Visac, who now became the husband of the daughter of the Baron de L——, was one of those persons at that time called Terrorists. It was not to be supposed that such a man could obtain the affections of an elegant female. Nevertheless, Madame le Visac found herself obliged, from fear, to affect a regard for him which she never experienced; and during this unhappy period she had little consolation but in the presence of her son, who was now arrived at such an age as to become in some degree the confidant of her afflictions.

In the mean time, the streets of the capital were deluged with the blood of many of the noble and the excellent of the earth, and terror and apprehension visited every private dwelling throughout this beautiful realm.

Monsieur le Visac preserved his station, on the summit of the wheel of fortune, for many months during this dreadful period, and was thus enabled to keep his family in a state of the highest affluence, and in almost regal pomp for the whole of that time. But, upon the death of Robespierre, affairs taking a new turn, he was proscribed, fell into contempt and abhorrence, and being

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deprived of all his ill-gotten gains, shortly afterward died in obscurity.

After the death of her second husband, Madame le Visac being again left in a state of widowhood, and having lost with her fortune and consideration in society all those summer friends whom she had owed to these circumstances only, had no other resource but to fly from Paris, and endeavour to conceal herself in some retired situation. Her mind now returned with fond recollection to the woods of Normandy, the haunts of her childhood; and she accordingly withdrew, with her son, who was now nearly seven years of age, from that capital where she had experienced so many severe reverses of fortune, in the vain hope of finding peace of mind in retirement.

She recollected an old servant of the family, in whose solitary dwelling, in the depth of the forest of L——, she trusted she might remain unsought by all the enemies of her husband, and unknown to those of her father.

Madame le Visac had saved nothing from the wreck of her husband's property but a small sum of money, a little stock of clothes, and a few favourite books. With this, her little treasure, she arrived at the cottage of Agnace du Bois (the peasant above mentioned), who received her with the utmost kindness, and freely offered her every comfort and concealment which her rude habitation could afford.

I have frequently mentioned, during the course of my narrative, the son of Madame le Visac: I now farther add, when this unfortunate woman arrived in Normandy, she expected shortly that another little one would be added to her family:—a circumstance which added much to the grief of this young and unfortunate female, who possessed none of that pious confidence in the Almighty which deprives the widow and the fatherless of half their cares, and adds such sweetness to the half which still remains, that the pious sufferer is ever ready to exclaim, with the holy Psalmist, "It is good for me to be afflicted!"

But religion was a subject which had never occupied any part of the attention of Madame le Visac; it was not therefore to be wondered at, if this poor creature, being left without either earthly or heavenly support,

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should entirely sink under her accumulated sorrows; and this was indeed her case. After her arrival in Normandy, she lingered out a miserable existence until the period of the birth of her child, at which time she expired, after having given life to a little daughter.

A short time before this unfortunate woman heaved her last sigh, she committed her infants to the charge of her only friend, the humble Agnace du Bois; and with them she gave all that remained of her little stock of money. Her books she bequeathed to Florentin, requesting that he might be made to read them, as he had already overcome the drudgery of reading, and had acquired a taste for such little authors as had already been put into his hands. With respect to the care of the souls of her children, the dying mother gave no directions: neither did she express any concern for the fate of her own soul, but expired as she had lived, in utter disregard of these matters.

Some poor widows would have sunk under the weight of a charge so heavy as that which now devolved on Agnace du Bois; but, from the moment in which she had heard the last groan of the unhappy mother, she had been sensible of an interest in the welfare of the children consigned to her care of a nature different from any thing she had ever before experienced (for Agnace du Bois had never been a mother).

Agreeably to this newly-awakened feeling, having closed the eyes of the poor corpse and straightened its limbs, she turned anxiously to the infant, who was lying quietly on the lap of an experienced nurse, who had been called from a neighbouring hamlet to assist on the late occasion, and, raising the shawl in which the child was wrapped, she asked, with anxiety, if the little well-beloved one promised fair for life.

The woman who held the child, being one who from her profession was but too well practised in scenes of wo, answered with indifference to this inquiry; "I see not, neighbour, but that you will have your hands well filled for years to come, unless you are as fortunate as St. Genevieve, who committed her child to be nourished by a hind of the forest, and had every reason to be satisfied with her choice of a nurse."

"I do not count my trouble as any thing, provided I can rear the child," replied Agnace.

The woman lifted up her eyes with an expression of

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amazement at this sentiment of Agnace; for she had been taught to believe that Madame le Visac was an unknown wanderer, who had come to the cabin as it were by accident; and as she had no feelings which would have induced her to undertake the charge of the orphan children of a stranger, she felt herself utterly unable to account for the interest which Agnace expressed in the life of the infant. Having, however, fulfilled the office she had been called to perform, she presently took her leave, promising to return the next day to the funeral.

In the mean time Agnace du Bois had formed her plans for the care and preservation of the infant. "I will buy a cow with part of this money which is left me," she said; "Florentin shall lead it out to feed, and I will nourish the baby with its milk." This plan was, in part, immediately executed. Lubin, a gray-headed peasant in the neighbourhood, was forthwith despatched to purchase a young cow, which, being brought home the same evening, was lodged in one corner of the lower apartment.

The remains of Lucie de L——, widow of Le Visac, were committed to the burying-ground of the village, in the precincts of the ruined church, early on the following day, with as little publicity as possible; and as the times were then prolific in strange events, the remembrance of this unhappy stranger was soon forgotten in the neighbourhood of L——, and Agnace du Bois was left (unmolested by the eye of curiosity) to rear the orphans in the best manner she could.

In the mean time the little Florentin was inaugurated in his office of keeper of the cow; and the good peasant saw the children flourish under her care with a degree of delight which amply repaid her for all the additional labour she was compelled to undergo on their account; and when she saw the little orphan inhale, with all the eagerness of health, its morning draught of new milk warm from the cow, its little cheeks and coral lips not unseldom being covered with the white froth which had not yet subsided from the milk, the adopted mother would lift up her heart in gratitude to God for all his mercies, and more especially for the provision thus made for the motherless infant.

This was that unhappy period when the inhabitants of the monasteries, and the village pastors, were either

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exiled from their country, or compelled, in order to obtain an uncertain security from persecution, to renounce their king and their God, and unite their voices with infidels. It was therefore difficult for Agnace, under such circumstances, to obtain baptism for the child;—a matter concerning which she was extremely anxious; believing, like many other persuasions, that in case of death the soul of her child would perish unless the ordinance of baptism had been duly administered.

Her mind, however, was after a while made easy on this subject. An old priest, whom she had known in past days, travelling in obscurity and poverty through the forest, came to her cabin to seek a night's lodging, which she gladly afforded, as well as every other comfort that her cottage could supply.

Through the means of this priest, Agnace obtained baptism for her adopted child, on whom she bestowed the name of Lucie, which was that of her mother and grandmother.

In the mean time the young Florentin fulfilled the office of keeper of the cow, on which his little sister depended for her sustenance.

As soon as Agnace du Bois had milked her in a morning, he was accustomed to take a piece of brown bread in his hand, with a small slice of cheese of Neufchâtel, or sometimes a baked apple, and go forth with her, in order to lead her to places where the best pasturage could be procured. This was his employment during all the spring, summer, and autumn months; and on these excursions he was for the most part alone, because the cottage of Agnace was particularly solitary and far removed from every neighbour.

This little mansion had originally been built by the lords of L—— as a place to which the family at the château might resort when choosing to enjoy a day of pleasure in the woods; and for this purpose it had been fixed in the place the most withdrawn from the notice of the passenger, and in that part of the forest where nature had assembled her greatest variety of beauties.

The cottage was situated in a dingle, encircled by deep woods on every side, excepting in the front, where a little lawn descended to a brook, which came dashing down from rocky heights and crags at a small distance.

This cottage had been (as I before remarked) a banqueting house, or *maison de plaisance*, for the inhabit-

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ants of the château; but when pleasure became no longer the order of the day for the nobility of this country, it was divested of its holyday ornaments; and becoming the habitation of an old servant of the castle, in course of time afforded an asylum for the descendants of her lord.

The retirement of this situation had, however, a peculiar influence on the character of Florentin, inasmuch as it was the means of keeping him separate from other children.

Had any one seen this boy in his peasant's garb, feeding his cow in the woods of L——, and remarked his noble mien, his intelligent eye, and graceful air, it might have led to a confirmation of that idea which some entertain, of the natural superiority of the descendants of the rich and noble over those of the poor;—an idea contrary to religion and to the express declaration of God; of whom it is written, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." Acts xvii. 24–26.

Florentin was assuredly greatly different from the peasant boys of the neighbourhood; but this difference was not the effect of birth or accident.

He was by nature handsome, and possessed a mind of great capacity: but no doubt there are many young peasants in Normandy naturally as handsome, and as highly endowed by Providence, as Florentin. Nevertheless, we should not easily find one resembling him, because there are few, if any, who have enjoyed his peculiar advantages of early cultivation. He had lived with his mother till he had entered his eighth year; he had been her delight, her occupation, her pride; she had bestowed upon him much tenderness, which the boy had not failed to return, being naturally of a warm and ardent temperament; and he still retained an affectionate recollection of this parent, with a strong bias for those literary pursuits in which she had endeavoured to engage him.

Had Florentin, after the death of his parents, been thrown into the society of the little peasant boys in the neighbouring village, he would probably have lost this early bent for literature; but he had no companions of his own age in the cottage of Agnace, and the soli-

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tary avocation to which he was destined, was particularly suited to the culture of that taste which he had early acquired. Thus do we account for the difference that existed between the grandson of the Baron de L——, while watching his cow in the woods of D——, and the common race of little shepherds and cowherds which the same country could have produced, without having recourse to the irrational and unscriptural idea of the natural superiority of one order of men to another.

And here let me take advantage of this fair occasion to speak a little of the nature of man; for what availeth it us to amuse ourselves with true histories, or well-penned fictions, if we do not draw such morals and such lessons of experience from them as may be profitable for our future good conduct in the world? It is certain that the evil books and vain romances which have filled our libraries in past times, have had influence to produce much that is evil in society: why then should we question the power of well directed writings to restore health in some degree to the diseased mind of the state, or at least to point out that source where health may be found?

But we were speaking of the nature of man, to which subject we now return.

It is from Scripture only; from the book penned through the inspiration of him, who being the Creator of man, alone knoweth what is in man, that we can expect rightly to learn his real state and situation upon earth.

By Scripture we are taught that God made man upright, and that all his faculties and affections at his creation possessed a right direction; insomuch that his thoughts were then pure, and his affections exalted, and his desires holy.

The Scriptures also give an account of his fall, through the temptation of Satan, who induced him to disobey God; by which disobedience sin and death entered into his nature.

From the Holy Scriptures we also learn the nature of sin, which consists in the opposition of the will of the creature to that of the Creator;—an opposition which, being universal and continual, produces all the evil and confusion we see in the world; and which, unless restrained by the bodily wants and necessities of man, by

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which he is continually compelled to accommodate his humours to those of his fellow-creatures, would presently utterly subvert the whole order of things, and reduce the earth to one scene of moral chaos and anarchy.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding this dependance upon each other, induced by our bodily wants, such are the confusion and disorder still existing in this world by reason of sin, that life is a burden to many; and those who are ignorant of religion, and of the remedies for every evil provided by it, are ever exercising their reason and imagination in discovering the means of setting that to rights, which can be repaired by no human exertions. Hence the variety of laws which have been enacted in different countries for restraining and punishing crime; the number of treatises and plans of education; and the innumerable schemes of reformation which are daily displayed before us, and which daily afford proofs of their futility.

There is scarcely a contemplative mind on earth, which has not discovered that there is much that is amiss in all it sees around it; and every reflecting being is dissatisfied with the present state of things, and fancies it might be better: and while the revolutionist endeavours to produce this amendment by the subversion of all existing order, the poet amuses himself with fancied scenes of happiness and visionary delight, and hence is led to represent in his works scenes of Arcadia and Elysium, the inhabitants of which are strangers to the angry passions common to men, and are described as dwelling in a state of bliss incompatible with the present state of things.

Such are the romances and pastorals which have filled the libraries of our fine ladies for a century past; —books in which sentiments as false, and nearly as dangerous, as the more open blasphemies of the infidel, are set forth in the most attractive colours, and which have proved particularly injurious, by misguiding the directors of youth, and leading them to believe that the natural defects of disposition and temper may be effectually amended by the dissemination of these false sentiments, and by the cultivation of a spurious kind of sensibility.

But none of those plans for softening and correcting

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the nature of man has hitherto been found to answer, or to overcome his natural selfishness.

Light and elegant reading may undoubtedly give a polish to the manners, and impart a certain degree of refinement to the mind; but the religion of Christ alone —the religion taught by Scripture—is that which exclusively supplies a real, lasting, and certain correction of the baser passions and feelings of the soul. It is the religion of Christ alone which has power to impart a saving change to the heart, to purify our corrupt affections, and to give to the creature already dead in sin, a spirit of everlasting life and strength. But Madame le Visac, not having known this religion, could not have conveyed the knowledge of it to her son. That however, which she had known and admired, she had taken care to impart to him; namely, that romantic spirit, and those false sentiments of sensibility, which she had acquired from the fashionable works of imagination; and, young as he was, she had given his mind many ideas of this kind, which tended considerably to the formation of his taste and manners, when left to himself and to his own reflections in the wood of Normandy.

His mother had left behind her several books of pastoral and romance, which, as Florentin grew older, afforded much matter for his contemplation; for he had discovered that nothing was more easy, or more delightful, than to carry a book out with him into the woods, and to read while his cow grazed at her leisure by his side.

When first he made this discovery, which was soon after he entered upon his office of cowherd, he was accustomed to carry such little books into the woods as suited his childish fancy; books which his mother had brought with her for his use from Paris, and which chiefly treated of fairy tales, or the exploits of such little good boys and girls as the world never saw. But, having exhausted these, and beginning to thirst for new springs of entertainment, he had recourse to the remains of his mother's library, which was contained in a small chest in the corner of the little room in which he slept; and there finding, among other wonderful histories, that elegant pastoral, the Estelle of Florian, he henceforward made it the constant companion of his rambles; and hence was taught to look with an admiring eye on all those beauties of nature which were so pro-

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fusely scattered around him, and which he had hitherto gazed upon with indifference.

But, inasmuch as this admiration of the glorious works of God was not directed by this book into its proper channel—namely, to the promotion of pious feelings—but rather to the exaltation of the creature in the stead of the Creator, the little improvement of taste which the young student acquired from this book would assuredly have been more than counterbalanced by the errors into which it would have led him, had he been permitted to acquire man's estate under such false impressions as it was calculated to give.

In the mean time, his solitary mode of life, and his peculiar state of mind, gave a singular interest to his appearance; insomuch, that no one could behold him without feeling a desire to become farther acquainted with so interesting a character.

He was not, as his mother had been, an infidel; for Agnace du Bois had taught him a general respect for religion; and had told him, that although she was unable to instruct him in its nature, and although his legal instructers were banished the kingdom, yet, assuredly, the time would come when they would return; and when the altars, now thrown down and trampled upon by infidel feet, would again be restored, and the dilapidated churches would be reinstated in their former beauty. She also taught him some prayers, and pointed out to him the duty under which he lay of protecting and loving the little sister who alone remained to him of all his family and relations.

Thus he was taught a general respect for religion and the social duties; and though his ideas of both were indistinct, yet the Almighty Being, who had undoubtedly loved him from everlasting, though he knew it not, led him on through the careless years of childhood in a state of comparative harmlessness, preserving him from those flagrant offences into which our weak and sinful nature is apt to fall; as one leads a blind man through a way abounding with pits and snares of which he has no idea, and the nature of which it would be difficult to make him comprehend.

And here I would remark, from the case of Florentin—what many, who in after life have been brought to a knowledge of the true and holy Gospel, and who have experienced a change of heart and life, may have ob-

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served with respect to themselves—how frequently, ere yet they were brought to know the Lord, his tender care and watchful providence had been exercised for them; how every circumstance had been arranged for their good; how they had been guarded on the right and on the left from snares and dangers, as with a wall and a hedge; and how those circumstances which in themselves appeared unfavourable for them, were overruled for their good.

But, leaving these reflections (which multiply around me, and divert my eye from the path I had marked to myself), I return to my story.

From the moment when his infant sister had been presented to Florentin, she had become an object of his warmest affection; and on her account he accepted with glee the office of keeper of the cow which was to supply her with food;—an office on which he might otherwise have reflected with some degree of contempt, but which he now considered as ennobled by the end it was to answer.

"This cow," said he to himself, as he walked for the first time from the cottage, with the rope in his hand by which the animal was attached; "this cow is to supply my little sister with food: it shall, therefore, be my care to find the sweetest herbage for her which this country will afford, and it shall not be through my neglect if my sister wants nourishment."

It was a moment of great delight to Florentin when Lucie first smiled upon him; and no holyday ever brought more happiness than the day when she first followed him into the woods. From that time—that is, when Lucie could walk—she became more exclusively the companion of Florentin; and it was not to be wondered at, if, henceforward, she acquired such an affection for her brother, that every thing which he did and said was good and right in her eyes.

When Florentin was able to take the chief charge of Lucie, Agnace du Bois was at liberty to return to her usual occupations in the fields, which she had been obliged to relinquish in a great measure during the first years of Lucie's infancy.

Thus the little girl was daily more abandoned to the protection of her brother, who, during all the finer months of the year, carried her with him into the woods, and wherever he went to feed the cow. And

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during these excursions, and while they sat together on the green herb, he would amuse her with such tales as he had read, or otherwise become acquainted with.

It has often occurred to me, that there are few natural sentiments more pure and lovely than those which we may sometimes observe between a brother and sister; in cases especially in which the sister is dependent for protection and instruction upon that brother: and if these natural feelings are sometimes thus amiable, how much more so do they become when ennobled by piety, and when fraternal interest is extended to the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of its object.

In the mean time, as years rolled on, Florentin attained his fifteenth year, and Lucie her seventh. During this period these orphans had continued to spend their time in the manner I have described, with this variation only in their modes of life, that Lucie was now sometimes trusted to go out alone with the cow, while Florentin assisted his adopted mother in other parts of her labour.

It happened, one sultry day in August, Florentin being engaged in some employment for Agnace du Bois, that Lucie was sent out early, and alone, to seek pasture for the cow (so often mentioned during the course of this history) in some of the grassy glades of the forest.

The little girl, finding that her cow had exhausted all the pasturage in the near vicinity of the cottage, proceeded to a part of the wood somewhat more remote; and there finding what she was seeking, she sat herself down on the grass, and, leaning her back against a mossy bank, began thus to discourse with herself:—"If Florentin were here, he would tell me a story, or perhaps read to me.—O that I could read as well as Florentin! But no one can read like Florentin; how, then, should I? But what, then, must I do? I will make garlands. But here are no flowers fit to make garlands, excepting those eglantines, and they are above my reach. Well, then, I must be content with these marguerites. I have heard the story of Les Marguerites de Printems; and there are some here with a beautiful circle of red round their brims: these are the flowers which teach us whether we are truly loved. I should like to know how Florentin loves me; but I do not recollect what words I am to say, or how I must begin."

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In this manner the little prattler conversed with herself while she filled her apron with the marguerites. In the mean time, a soft languor, occasioned by the heat, stole over her limbs, and the gentle rustling of the leaves, with the rush of distant waterfalls, worked so effectually upon her senses, that her head gradually sank back on the green bank; the flowers fell from her lap; her hand relaxed from the halter with which she had hitherto retained the quiet cow; and the waving woods and shadowy glades around her passed from her view, or were represented only in the visions of sleep.

Thus the little girl, being laid asleep, was retained under its soft influence by the gentle murmurs which had first composed her lullaby. The zephyrs continued to play among the leaves, and the distant waterfalls still rushed from rock to rock; and, although the voice of the blackbird, or the ringdove, from time to time interrupted this gentle monotony of rural murmurs, yet were these interruptions so soft and tempered that they by no means troubled the little sleeper.

In the mean time the cow kept grazing along the woodway path, unchecked by the dimpled hand which she had been accustomed implicitly to obey, dragging her rope after her, and gradually withdrawing herself from her little keeper as she was attracted by fresh and tempting herbage. At length, arriving at a point of the wood from which she could distinguish the tempting brook and cool waterfall, either by the eye or other sense, such as cows use on these occasions, she proceeded, with slow but determined step towards them, regardless of any anxiety which her absence might occasion to her little keeper. When arrived at the brook, she satisfied her thirst; and, having cooled her feet in the running stream, she came out upon the bank on the opposite side from that on which she entered the brook, and browsing as she ascended a high and open point of land, which rose immediately in that place from the brook, she made her way to the top of the hill, on the summit of which were situated the ruins of the village church, and there lay down to repose herself on the shady side of a little brake.

While Lucie and her cow were thus passing their time in the forest, Florentin had finished what he had to do for Agnace du Bois, and was come in quest of his sister. He sought her in several of her usual haunts, and at

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length came to the place where she still lay sleeping At sight of her he started, and stood still.

She was dressed, as the peasants of Normandy commonly are, in a full blue petticoat and short jacket; but the red handkerchief in which her head was usually enveloped had fallen off, and her fair hair fell in curls upon her brow and neck. A more than ordinary flush had overspread her cheeks, and a sweet composure rested on her features. The place of her repose was shady; but a dancing light, occasioned by the gentle motion of the branches which formed her canopy, played over her whole form.

Florentin looked at her for a moment; and then his dark, quick eye glanced around in search of the cow—but no cow was to be seen. Whereupon he addressed his sister in the following manner, at the same time stooping, and gently taking her hand.

"Where, Lucie," said he, "where have you left the cow!" The little girl sat up, and, removing the hair which had fallen over her face, looked round her with amazement.

"You have fallen asleep, sister, and allowed the cow to stray," said Florentin. By this time Lucie had risen and replaced her cap, and began to follow her brother with her utmost speed; for Florentin had already quitted the spot where he had found his sister asleep, in order to seek the lost animal.

I cannot pretend to describe the many turnings and windings among the trees made by Florentin; nor the efforts which little Lucie made to keep him in sight, not daring to turn her steps towards home till the cow was found.

At length Florentin reached that part of the wood where four straight roads met each other, one of which was terminated by the gates of the château. Here he stopped, and considered for a while which way he should take; then, recollecting that he had lately taken the animal several times in the direction of the château, he turned his swift steps towards it, while his little sister followed at a distance.

The gateway of the château consisted of pillars of stone of considerable strength and magnitude. There had formerly been large folding wooden doors between these pillars, wide enough to receive a carriage; but, during the confusion which had followed the departure

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of the baron, those gates had been torn from their hinges, and from that time the entrance had been entirely left open, or slightly barricaded by laying the mutilated doors across the doorway; but at the moment I am speaking of, the way was open from the forest to the château; and Florentin, supposing that the cow might have been tempted to enter within the walls by the fresh and untouched herbage which presented itself within, entered the gates, and passed along the avenue which led to the front of the house.

Lucie still pursued her brother; and, at the moment she passed the gateway, she saw him on the summit of the high flight of steps which led to the door of the hall, taking advantage of that exalted situation in order the better to explore with his eye the extent of garden to the right and left. The little girl hastened forward through the silent and solitary avenue; but before she had reached the steps above mentioned, Florentin was gone, and was no longer to be seen.

Lucie ascended the steps, as her brother had before done, and, standing upon the platform on their summit, looked eagerly around her; having now transferred her anxiety for the cow to her own solitary situation, for she had never yet been so far from home and quite alone.

She looked around her; first, on the long avenue of limes which she had thus hastily run over. The road between these trees was entirely covered with grass and weeds; and a few stone benches, which had been placed here and there along the avenue, were quite green with damp and disuse. She turned then to her right and to her left, and saw the wide-extended gardens, which had once been laid out in trim parterres and neat alleys, but which now presented one continued scene of ruin and neglect. In one place, the rampant weeds had almost entirely covered a figure of bronze, larger than life; and in another, a statue had been broken from its pedestal, and lay, together with it, on the ground. But, amid this wide extent of wilderness, no Florentin appeared to Lucie, neither did the most distant sound of his voice reach her ears.

Lucie then turned round to look up to the house under which she stood.

The château had been built at that period when the high roofs were so extremely sloped as to admit two

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tiers of apartments within them; the windows of which apartments appeared in two distinct rows above each other among the dark gray slate.

The higher tier of these windows had never been glazed, nor otherwise closed but by wooden shutters, long since broken; hence these high apartments afforded a convenient resort for many daws, and owls, and bats, and other birds of the same nature, which had now for some years past remained in them unmolested. It was a time of day when owls and bats do not appear; but the daws were flying backwards and forwards from their haunts in the roof to the summits of the trees which composed the avenue, filling the air with their solemn cries, while the little girl stood on the steps below.

Such was the roof of this house, and such were its inhabitants; but all the lower parts of the fabric, which was of stone, were shut up with white shutters on the outside; and a deep stillness sat on every part, excepting when now and then the breeze swept through the wide halls within, and shook some ill-closed shutter or ill-fitting door.

Lucie looked up towards the busy world of daws above her head; and then endeavoured to peep into the mansion through a broken corner of a window-shutter, and was lost in admiration of a large hall and wide staircase beyond, on which light was thrown from a skylight; when, being aroused from her dream of wonder by the voice of Florentin, who called her to follow him, she sprang down the steps and retraced the avenue, still following her brother, who, having been unsuccessful in his search for the cow in the gardens and court of the château, was once again going to pursue his search in the woods.

As rest, however, was needful to him, he waited for her at the gate of the château; and there the brother and sister sat down to recover breath on the trunk of a tree, which lay right across the way.

"Lucie," said Florentin, as he wiped away the perspiration which flowed abundantly down his polished brow, "how could you fall asleep and let the cow stray from you!"

Lucie made no reply, but burst into tears.

"I did not mean to pain you, my little sister," said Florentin, observing her tears: "why should I give pain to you, who alone remain to me of all my family!"

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"Your family, brother!" said the child: "have we not our kind nurse left to us?"

"Yes," said Florentin, "our nurse is spared: and may she long be spared! but she is not of our family; neither is there any one here who is related to us."

Lucie looked earnestly at her brother, and with an air of perplexity. She had never yet considered who or what she was. And though she had been often taken to scatter flowers over the grave of her mother, whose remains were laid within the precincts of the ruined chapel, yet she had never inquired who this mother was, or what (if any) relation she had been to Agnace du Bois. She now, however, put these questions to Florentin.

"Who are we, brother?" she said: "who were our parents? and why are we living in this wood?"

Florentin then told her the melancholy history of her father and forefathers, and pointed out the château just before her, where her ancestors had dwelt for more than a century.

The little girl listened with innocent wonder; and, though she comprehended but half her brother told her, when he ceased to speak she burst into tears, and threw her arms round his neck, thus addressing him:—

"Oh! Florentin," she said, "why should we grieve? Do not these woods still remain to us, and the cottage in which we were brought up? and do we not live together? and wherefore, then, should we be sorrowful? If you were to leave me, beloved brother, I might indeed be unhappy; but, when you are with me, what more can I require?"

Florentin put his arm round the waist of his little sister, and, kissing her cheek, he suddenly arose, and began to renew his search for the animal which had strayed, in other directions of the forest.

And now, as it happened (if aught can be said to be the work of chance), he took the way towards that part of the brook near which the lost animal was in fact lying, at her ease, in the shade of a little brake.

It was impossible for the little steps of Lucie to equal those of her brother: however, she did her best; and pursuing the same path which he had chosen, arrived at the brook a few minutes after him. Nevertheless, he was out of sight when she reached the water side, neither could she hear the sound of his foot.

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The view which presented itself to this little girl, as she stood looking for her brother on the side of the brook, was such as the painter would have seized with avidity.

At the feet of the child ran a pure and pellucid stream, over a pebbled and mossy channel; to the right and left, deep and thick woods feathered down to the brink of the water, or presented unbroken shadowy glades, through which no ray of light had power to penetrate. A little below the place where Lucie stood, eagerly looking for her brother, was a single plank thrown over the water; in a line with which proceeded a verdant path, which wound its way up to the steep and precipitous ascent before mentioned, on the summit of which stood the ruins of the chapel.

This acclivity was richly clothed with underwood; and a beautiful group of mountain-ash, aspen, and birch crowned its summit, mingling themselves with the tottering fragments of the dismantled church.

This edifice, the work of ancient piety, had been erected in that solitary place in remembrance of the preservation of a certain nobleman from banditti in the days of barbarous lawlessness: and had, as I before said, been deprived, during the revolution, of its roof and ornaments; and now stood solitary and neglected, lifting its dismantled arches in sullen majesty above the summit of the underwood.

Lucie passed the little bridge, and, beginning to ascend the hill, she came opposite the frowning ruin. She stood still, and then, recollecting some strange tales of wolves and robbers which were said to people these ruins, she felt afraid to proceed, and began to call aloud for her brother; and in measure as she called, she became more terrified and impatient; till at length she raised her voice so high, that the echoes, caused by the windings of the valley, repeated her cries and added to her distress.

"O Florentin, my brother!" she said: "where are you, O my Florentin!"—The echo repeated, "O my Florentin!"

Lucie did not understand the nature of an echo, and being more than ever alarmed, she repeated, "Oh! Florentin! my brother! he is lost! My Florentin is lost!" The echo answered with several reverberations, each repetition being fainter and weaker than another, "My Florentin is lost!"

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While Lucie continued to call with increased terror upon her brother, she observed an aged man, wearing a peasant's coat, and holding a small book in his hand, appear beneath one of the arched doorways of the ruins. Lucie's terror was increased, and she was going to run back down the hill, when the stranger called to her, and offered her his assistance if she were in distress, and at the same moment advancing towards her, showed a countenance whose venerable and sweet expression at once removed the ill-grounded apprehensions of the little girl.

"And who," said the stranger, "who, my little damsel, is this Florentin on whom you so pathetically call, and whose loss you so bitterly lament, while the echoes mock your woe!"

"Florentin is my brother, sir," said the little girl.

"And your name, my little fair one?" said the stranger.

"Is Lucie, at your service, sir," replied the little cottager.

"Florentin and Lucie," said the stranger; and he was proceeding to question the little girl farther, when shouts of joy and merriment suddenly filled the valley (shouts which were instantly repeated by the laughing echoes), and Florentin appeared coming along the pathway, leading the cow with one hand, and waving his cap over his head with the other. Thus he appeared before his sister and the old stranger; the former of whom sprang gayly to meet him, while the feelings of the other were such as I should have difficulty to describe, but which will be easily conceived when I tell you that this stranger was no other than the same Florentin, Baron de L——, of whom I spake in the early part of this story—the father of Lucie, wife of Le Visac; the grandfather of the two young people whose history we profess to write: and the actual lord and right possessor of the lands of L——.

I have pointed out by what means the Baron de L—— was driven from his native country, and reduced to wander an exile in foreign lands: I now shall account for his having remained so long absent; for his having apparently forgotten his family, and ceased to inquire after them; and for his reappearance at the present time in the situation in which we now find him.

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The Baron de L—— had fled with such haste from his native country, that he had been enabled to take with him but a very small sum of money; in consequence of which he fell into extreme poverty in the foreign lands into which he fled; and, owing perhaps to this circumstance, as well as distress of mind, he sank into so bad a state of health that he remained for some years confined to his apartment, where he was compelled to rely for his subsistence upon the charity of strangers. But the strangers into whose hands he fell were Christians; not merely by name, but in deed and truth: they were persons who knew and feared God, and such as endeavoured to lead the wandering soul of the unhappy baron into the heavenly way, at the very time that they carefully and liberally administered to his bodily wants.

The Lord bestowed his blessings upon the labours and bounties of these excellent persons; and they were enabled to lead this unfortunate man from the ways of ignorance, pride, and darkness, into the paths of light and life.

During his residence with these persons, the baron experienced an entire change of sentiments and feelings. He was made to see (of which he before had not the least idea) that he was a sinner, and a rebel against God; and that every affliction he had endured had been necessary for him, and had been sent by his Heavenly Father with the same views, and for the same purposes, with those with which an earthly father corrects the child he loves. But, before he could admit this idea, it was found necessary to make him understand (as far as is possible) the nature and attributes of God, and the connexion which subsists between the Almighty and his children.

Before his afflictions, the baron had lived in entire ignorance of religion; and though he believed himself to be a philosopher, he possessed exceedingly confused and indistinct views of the Deity; for, with many others, he had endeavoured to learn the nature of God through his own reason—not being aware that no man by reason finds out God. Having, therefore, formed false views of the Almighty, all his reasonings upon his actions were erroneous, and all his calculations upon the probable result of the events of this life confused and imperfect

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The kind persons into whose hands he fell during his affliction, were soon made aware of the dark and confused state of his mind, and immediately set themselves, in the best way in their power, to explain to him all that Scripture reveals on the being, attributes, and nature of the Divinity; being well aware of the fatal effects of error on those heads.

And, first, they began by establishing the authority of the Bible, for which there are many arguments.

1st, Ancient copies of it being in the hands of so many denominations of persons, and all these copies agreeing so well together.

2dly, Its containing predictions of things so long before they came to pass.

3dly, Its suitableness to the wants of mankind; and,

4thly, Its explaining many ancient customs, for which otherwise we should utterly be at a loss to account.

These, and many more arguments, they alleged in favour of the truth of Scripture; which arguments being established, and having, by the divine blessing, produced conviction in the mind of the baron, they proceeded to state to him the nature of the Deity as revealed in the Bible; the awful mystery of the glorious Trinity; and the peculiar parts taken by each of these blessed Persons in the marvellous work of man's salvation.

It was this important part of the Christian religion which, when properly stated, appeared to affect the mind of the baron more than any other;—and surely there are many others who would be equally affected, were equal pains taken to point out to them that amazing scheme of salvation, by which a holy God has sought to reconcile himself to miserable and rebellious sinners, without losing any part of that holiness, which must remain perfect because it is a part of a perfect God.

It was before the foundation of the world, before the beginning of time, before the name of man had been pronounced by any created being, that he who purposed his creation—that is, the Lord Jehovah, that inexplicable name by which we understand the glorious Three in One—saw, through his infinite foreknowledge, that the creature whom he was about to make would fall from his obedience, and render himself the heir of everlasting misery through disobedience, to which man was to be tempted by the arts of Satan.

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This being known, the Almighty prepared a plan by which the malice of man's arch-enemy is defeated, and thousands, and millions, and tens of millions, and multitudes, inconceivable multitudes of the human race, will be rescued from everlasting destruction, and their salvation made sure for ever.

This plan was the result of the everlasting counsels of the Lord Jehovah, and in the salvation of every redeemed soul each Person of the blessed Trinity is jointly and separately engaged.

Thus the redeemed soul is indebted for his everlasting happiness to God the Father, who loved him ere yet he had entered into being, and appointed his blessed Son to die for him upon the accursed tree.

Thus the sinner is indebted in like manner to God the Son, who died for him upon the cross; obtaining for him the satisfaction for all his sins, and a justification from all his offences.

And to God the Holy Ghost he owes that change of heart and of feeling which must take place before he can enter into the happiness prepared for him by God the Father, and procured for him by the merits and death of God the Son.

These doctrines, with their authorities, being clearly laid before the baron by his Christian friends, he was made, by the divine blessing, to see his Maker in a very different point of view from that in which he is beheld by man in a natural state; for the sinner naturally hates and fears God; he hates him because he knows that a holy God must hate sin: and he fears him because he knows that he will punish it; but when the system of salvation is revealed (through the power of the Holy Ghost) to the sinner, his feelings towards his God are instantly changed. Instead of a justly incensed and powerful enemy, he sees in him an affectionate and reconciled Father; and in all the dispensations of his providence, however afflictive, he sees the chastisements of a tender parent, where once he beheld nothing but the cruelty and caprice of a tyrant.

As soon as the baron was enabled to receive these just and proper views of religion, he became an altered character: the pride and asperity of his temper disappeared; and instead of murmuring against fate, and speaking of himself as of the most injured and miserable of men he

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would often say, "I have not had one stroke too much; I required all these afflictions to bring me to a knowledge of myself; and had the Almighty spared me these trials, and left me to myself, I must have perished utterly.

"But praised, for ever praised," would he say, "be that redeeming love by which all things have been ordered and arranged for my everlasting welfare; and I commit my soul henceforward to the Lord, being assured that he will accomplish the work which he has already begun in me, and that I shall be enabled to persevere in the heavenly way even unto the end; and this is the ground of my assurance, because I place no confidence in myself, but in Him 'in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.'"

As I have before remarked, the baron lay under a state of severe bodily suffering and weakness for some years, in a situation where, though most affectionately treated, he had little communication with his countrymen, and could procure no intelligence of his family, excepting that *his daughter had married again, and had perished soon after her husband, during the period of the most severe trials of her country.*

The disorder of the baron at length took a turn; he recovered his health and strength; and, hearing of the ameliorated state of affairs in his native land, he resolved to return to it, and endeavour if possible, to recover some part of his patrimony. He accordingly arrived in a state of disguise, privately, in this country: and while awaiting the kind offices of a friend who had some interest with government, he himself reached Normandy, where, while lodging in a neighbouring village under a feigned name, he endeavoured to procure what information he could of his daughter. He had, however, hitherto inquired with little success, because he had not ventured to seek information from those who had formerly known him.

In the mean time, he visited the haunts of his childhood, and spent many hours in the ruined chapel, in the vaults of which the ashes of his ancestors were deposited; and there he prepared his mind for whatever turn his affairs might take, by reading the holy book of God, and meditating on all the consoling promises, and assurances of divine care, with which that holy volume abounds for those who love the Lord, and have been

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brought to accept salvation through the blessed Son of God.

The answer of the baron's friend was delayed some time; but the old gentleman was kept in perfect peace, and in a state of entire resignation to the will of God; and it was at the moment when, within the solitary area of the ruined chapel, he had just been enabled to devote himself and all his concerns to the divine direction, that the voice of Lucie calling her brother reached his ears.

The sweet, clear, and plaintive tone of the child's voice, and the well known name which she repeated, struck so forcibly to his heart, that he rose in haste from his divine meditations, and advancing to the door, very eagerly sought the little creature whose cry and pathetic call on Florentin so deeply interested him.

Thus have we informed our reader of the history and name of this venerable stranger who accosted the little peasant, and given some idea of the feelings with which he thus unexpectedly beheld the children of his daughter.

As the young Florentin approached to meet his sister, leading in triumph the animal whose loss had occasioned such a variety of adventures, the baron had full leisure to examine his fine form and expressive countenance: neither did the animated and graceful compliment which was paid him by the youth, when he first beheld him, pass unobserved or unadmired. Florentin advanced, and the baron thus addressed him:—

"Your little sister, my young friend, has been in great distress on your account. I have been witness to her cries: she made the very woods and rocks resound with the beloved name of Florentin."

There is a natural politeness often to be observed among persons of this nation—a politeness of that perfect and finished kind which many have laboured to acquire in polished cities and courts of kings, and have laboured in vain. Wherever it appears, this politeness is beautiful and attractive, and has not unseldom been the cloak under which depraved characters have been enabled to render vice more seductive and its allurements more powerful. It is, however, difficult to conceive how lovely, how captivating this natural charm of manner will be when it is the companion of pure Christian principles, inasmuch as true religion is often

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found to soften and beautify the manners of those who are naturally rough and awkward.

Florentin possessed the natural elegance of which we have been speaking in no small degree; he therefore replied to the person who thus unexpectedly addressed him in the most gracious and obliging manner: and while he smilingly reproved his little sister for her unnecessary alarm, he returned her caresses in a manner most expressive of brotherly affection.

The baron every moment found his heart drawn more closely to this brother and sister. He had, as I before said, seen and loved the son of his daughter in his infancy, but had not yet been able to discover whether the child lived; but of a daughter he had heard nothing, and he hardly dared to hope such happiness as to find himself the grandfather of two such children. Being agitated, however, by various feelings, and experiencing the necessity of seeking that self-command and submission to the divine will which his religion required, he assumed as much composure of manner as he was able; and remarking that the youth looked hot and fatigued, he invited him to come under the shade of the ruins, offering him a part of some little refreshment which he had prepared for his own dinner.

I shall not trouble my reader with the compliments which passed on this occasion between Florentin and the baron; suffice it to say, that after a while the youth consented to sit down at the door of the ruined chapel, while his cow grazed before him, and the baron regaled Lucie with such simple viands as he chanced to have brought with him for his dinner.

"You are of this country, my young friends," said the baron, as he turned from one to the other of his companions: "where do your parents reside?"

"We are orphans, monsieur," replied Florentin.

The baron changed colour, as his hopes were excited by this reply, and venturing another question, said;

"Were your parents of this country?"

"Our parents are no more," replied Florentin: "they were unfortunate."

The manner in which the youth made this answer was such as seemed to preclude further inquiry. The baron felt this, and changed the subject. He spoke of the natural beauties which surrounded them, and of the infinite variety of the works of the great Creator.

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The answers of Florentin to his remarks were not those of an untaught peasant; for as I have elsewhere observed, this youth had read and had acquired a taste for literature; and though his books had not been of a nature really to correct the natural depravity of his heart, or thoroughly to purify the taste, nevertheless, what he had read had given a certain grace to his expressions which astonished the baron, and rendered his interest in him every moment more lively; and he began to consider in what way he should introduce that which had occupied his whole thoughts for some years past, and in comparison with which he considered all other subjects of comparatively no importance.

While he was contemplating this matter, his eyes resting on the youth with a feeling of love and pity, such as he had never before experienced, Florentin himself, though unintentionally, led to the subject on which the baron was meditating, in a manner the most easy, by asking him what book it was which he held in his hand when he first accosted him. "I love to read," added the youth; "there is nothing I delight in more; but I have few books."

The baron looked at him with an expression of regard and pity. "You have few books!" he said; "and you love reading! Though I am a poor man, I perhaps may assist you with books, and may have it in my power to direct your studies." Florentin started on hearing this, and fixed his dark and expressive eyes on the baron.

"This book which you ask me about," said the baron, drawing the Bible respectfully from his bosom; "this book is the holy word of God."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Florentin, involuntarily stretching forth his hand to take it from the baron; "I have never seen a Bible."

The baron gave him the book, at the same time lifting up his eyes and heart to heaven in mental prayer, the subject of which was, that the Lord would open the path of heavenly knowledge to this unknown and interesting youth.

Florentin opened the Bible, and while he turned the leaves hastily over, Lucie got up, and coming close to him, looked eagerly on the sacred volume.

"I am an old man," said the baron to Florentin, "and was brought up (as too many are) in the utter ignorance of religion. I lived till I was more than forty

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years of age without God in the world, following the vain and wicked desires of my own evil heart. The Almighty at length sent bitter afflictions upon me. I was deprived of all I possessed, and obliged to fly from my country. In the foreign lands to which I fled in order to save my life, I endured extreme distress for a while from poverty and sickness, and more than all from the rebellion of my own spirit; for I could not submit to the will of Providence, but thought my God unjust in thus exercising me with affliction. And in this miserable state I remained for a long while, until I was so blessed as to become acquainted with some poor good people, who took me to their house; and, while they administered to my bodily wants, they showed me the way of life and happiness.

"These poor people," continued the baron, "made me to comprehend, what I never before understood, though now it appears to me clear as the rays of light which strike through yonder cloud—namely, that the nature of man on earth is utterly depraved and wicked—and they accounted to me for this depravity, by showing me from Scripture how the first man had been made originally innocent, and how he had fallen from that innocence by hearkening to the temptations of Satan, and swerving from obedience to God,—thus admitting the principles of sin into his nature, through which all the human race has been rendered utterly corrupt both in mind and body.

"They also pointed out to me," continued the baron, "that all the disorders and confusion which I saw or heard of in the world were the consequence of this depravity of man's nature; and they showed me that true religion—that is, the religion of Jesus Christ—such as we find it in the Bible, affords the only remedy for all the evils of life. They finished by putting this holy book into my hand; and from that time," proceeded the baron, "it has been my constant companion, my friend and comforter; insomuch that, when I have my Bible, I never appear alone and friendless; and, in solitary places like this, I enjoy pleasures superior to those which the courts of kings could supply."

The young Florentin hearkened to the baron with that expression of eager curiosity which we see in a fine countenance on occasions of the utmost interest·

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and when he had finished his short narrative, he began to ply him with questions much to this purpose:—

"Whence originates the Bible?"

"By whom was it written?"

"What is its age?"

"In what language was it first composed?"

"In whose hands has it been from the time it was first put together, till it was spread abroad in the world?"

"On what subjects does it treat?"

"How can it make us better?"

To all these questions the baron answered methodically.

"The Bible," said he, "consists of a number of volumes, written in different ages of the world by holy men; the words and matter of each book having been inspired into the minds of these persons by the Holy Spirit of God.

"Some of these books were written by men who lived above 3000 years ago, and others at different times, until the last was completed by St. John, who had been the beloved companion of our Saviour on earth, and survived him about fifty years.

"The several books of the Bible are divided into two parts, namely, the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament was written in one of the most ancient of languages, namely, Hebrew; and the New in a language spoken at that time over a great part of the earth, called Greek. The Bible has been translated into all languages; and thus has been in the hands of almost every civilized nation under the sun, from the time of our Saviour to the present day.

"The Bible also gives us a history of the creation of the world; of the destruction of the world by the flood; and of the church of God, from the beginning of time until the coming of our Lord. It also gives us an account of the birth, the life, and the death of our Lord, and of his resurrection from the grave, and ascension into heaven.

"It is also full of wonderful prophecies, some as old almost as the world itself; some of which are already fulfilled, some are daily fulfilling in the view of the faithful at the present time, and others remain to be fulfilled in the last days.

"Moreover, the Bible teaches us all that is needful

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for us to know of the nature of God, and of all that he has done for our salvation. It shows us, what we never could understand by mere human reason, how we are lost and undone by sin, and how we may be saved and recovered from our lost estate through the death and merits of the Lord our Christ, and be restored to our original holiness by the power of the Lord the Spirit.

"In short, this holy book contains the sum of all divine and human wisdom, and from beginning to end abounds with proofs of the love of God for his creatures."

The baron having thus answered all the queries of his grandson, ceased to speak; and Florentin, looking upon the sacred volume, which he still held in his hand, said; "Would it be possible, monsieur, do you think, for me to obtain a copy of this book?" at the same moment he put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a small leathern bag, containing a crown and a few coppers, being his whole stock of money. He perhaps had some idea, by this action, that the person whom he took for a peasant might be tempted to sell his Bible; yet he was evidently afraid to make the proposal, though he held his bag for a while in his hand.

The baron saw all this, and, having considered a moment how to procure for the young man that which he saw he so earnestly desired, said to him; "I think it will be in my power, my young friend, to procure you a copy of the Scriptures in a few days, if you desire to possess it."

Florentin thanked the stranger with strong marks of gratitude; and now no longer scrupled to offer his bag and its contents.

The stranger refused the bag, saying, it would at least be time enough to think of payment when the book was procured.

The sun was now beginning to dip his golden beams behind the western skirts of the forest. Florentin arose, and, taking Lucie by the hand, invited the stranger to accompany them to their cottage; offering him such a supper and such a lodging as the place would afford.

The baron hesitated: he was unwilling to lose sight of this interesting brother and sister before he had ascertained who they were; and he at the same time feared lest they should take him to some place where he might be recognised before he wished to be so; for

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until he had received the answer of his friend, he did not know whether he was to be considered as a criminal in his native country, or be allowed to repossess some parts of the estates and honours of his ancestors.

"Is your cottage far from this place?" said the baron.

"A very little way," replied Florentin; "near the head of yonder brook."

The baron recollected the place: it was the little banqueting-house which he had often visited with his guests in the days of youthful gayety: he remembered, also, that Agnace du Bois had occupied it when he left the country; and he judged that it would be best for him to decline the invitation.

He therefore told Florentin that he must now part from them: "To-morrow," he said, "I go to a neighbouring town, and shall have an opportunity to procure you the book you require; but in two days more I shall return, and you shall hear of me in this place or at your cottage.

"But in the mean time," he added, "grant me this favour: do not mention the stranger whom you have seen to-day, to any one, till you see me again."

Florentin instantly made the promise the baron required, and also undertook to guaranty the silence of Lucie: which being done, they parted; Lucie and Florentin leading the cow down the steep bank and over the wooden bridge, while the baron stood gazing on them with eyes not free from tears, till the little group was lost in the shade of the dark woods.

Florentin and Lucie being no longer within view of the baron, he lifted up his eyes and heart in prayer. Nature worked powerfully within him, and his feelings induced him to exclaim, "Oh that I might find these to be my children, and that I might have a home to offer them!" But religion, still more powerful than nature in the breast of the baron, enabled him also to add these words. "O Lord! thy will be done. Do with me, O my God, that which thou thinkest best."

The baron returned to his humble lodging, which was in a village at some small distance from the forest of L——, and in a line of the country in which he had been but little known. He there slept as usual; and in the morning walking on foot till he met with a diligence, in which he procured a place, he proceeded to the post-town, where he hoped to receive the long-expected letters. The

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first day he was disappointed with respect to these letters; but he was enabled, though with some difficulty, to procure the Bible for Florentin.

The second day, while waiting near the place where the letters from Paris are received, he saw a chaise and post-horses drive into the town, and in a few moments the very friend from whom he expected letters sprang from the carriage and pressed him in his embraces.

"I have obtained all for you which you could possibly desire," said this gentleman: "you are restored, my friend, to your titles, and to the greater part of your estates. You are at liberty to return to your château, and to make your tenantry happy by the presence of their ancient lord."

The baron was for some moments unable to speak or to reflect after having received this joyful news. For a moment he seemed abstracted from the present scene, his heart being lifted up in gratitude to God, and drawn out in secret prayer for that same direction and assistance which had supported and comforted him through the long years of trial which he had endured.

The baron's friend was not a man of like sentiments with himself: he therefore could not understand his emotions on the occasion; but, following the dictates of his own feelings, he ordered four horses to be put to his carriage, and making his companion step in with him, they drove with the utmost rapidity to the forest of L——.

This was the day on which the baron had appointed to meet Florentin and his sister; and now that he had the prospect of recovering his patrimony, his anxiety to have his doubts removed with respect to Florentin and his sister would have been utterly overwhelming had not that strength of mind which religion only can give enabled him to preserve a degree of calmness and resignation of which irreligious persons, unless possessed of much natural coldness and apathy, seldom give an example on occasions of strong trial.

During the drive from the town to the forest, the baron had leisure to express his gratitude to his friend for the proofs he had given him of his zeal and kindness, which he did in a manner the most warm and affectionate.

He also made him acquainted with his adventure in the wood, and his extreme anxiety to ascertain whether

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his daughter's son was living, or whether he must give up all hope of being blessed in such a son as Florentin; it was however apparent that all his desires were under such subservience to the Divine will, that he would soon be reconciled to whatever the Almighty chose to ordain.

The pious sentiments of the baron were however little understood by his companion, who having carried a point on which he felt himself much interested, was resolved to enjoy his triumph in a way more suited to the ordinary feelings of mankind than that which his more pious companion would have chosen.

It was the day of the village fête, and the hour was about five in the afternoon, when the chaise containing the baron and his friend entered the forest of L——. They passed for some time beneath the shade of the woods uninterrupted; but coming nearer the village, which is near the centre of the wood, they saw the peasants assembled in groups, and preparing to dance, while fruit and cakes, and a variety of such ware as country people use, were displayed in booths and stalls beneath the trees.

The baron would have gladly passed on to the cottage of Agnace du Bois, but his friend was by no means so disposed. He ordered the carriage to stop in the midst of the crowd: he caused the door to be opened, and, springing out upon the ground, he called upon the peasants to behold and receive their ancient lord.

For a moment amazement seemed to fix every person to the spot on which he stood, and to tie every tongue in silence; but when, after a short explanation, the friend of the baron repeated the call upon the peasants to receive and acknowledge their former lord, loud shouts burst from the multitude. The name of Florentin, Baron de L——, resounded from every mouth. All hailed his return, and invoked blessings upon him; and many of the old people, who remembered him best, thronged round him, welcoming him again to his home. The scene was affecting. The baron wiped his eyes, and said aloud,—"My old friends, may the Almighty grant that my return may really be blessed to you! But tell me where are Agnace du Bois, and the young peasants Florentin and Lucie?"

Scarcely had the words passed the mouth of the baron, when a cry was heard of, "Make way, make way! let me pass to my lord" At the same moment,

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the people, dividing to the right and the left, formed an avenue, through which the faithful Agnace made her way, leaning on the arm of the young Florentin, and leading Lucie by the hand.

She drew near: every eye was upon her; and the peasants, who had hitherto had no idea of the family of the orphans whom Agnace had reared, heard her with astonishment utter these words, as she presented the children to her lord:—

"These, my lord, are the children of your daughter: they were entrusted to me at the hour of her death, and I have reared them till now in the best way I was able. My ability indeed was small, but my affection was strong. I now deliver them to you, as to their natural parent and protector, and I desire only to be permitted to witness your happiness at a distance."

While Agnace spoke, Florentin and Lucie fell on their knees before their grandfather; and the baron, utterly overcome by the excess of his joy in finding his best hopes thus confirmed, sank almost senseless on the necks of his children.

It was some minutes before the baron recovered himself. His first motion was to lift up his eyes and united hands in expression of his gratitude to God; and it was to be remarked, that, in his address to Heaven, he particularly professed his sense of his own unworthiness, and of the free and unmerited favour of God towards him.

Having thus offered his thanks where they were first due, he turned to Agnace. He gave her his hand, and would have spoken; but his voice was interrupted, and his eyes overrunning with tears.

He then looked at his children, and broke out in the following exclamation: "Oh, my children," he said, "my Florentin and my little Lucie, what was it but nature which spoke so eloquently for you when we first met in the forest? Why did the voice of this beloved infant," he added, laying his hand on the head of the little girl, "strike to my heart, when in her infantine distress she made the woods resound with the name of Florentin?" He could say no more for a moment; his tears prevented him: neither was there any one present who was not almost equally affected.

The baron, however, was the first to recover him-

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self: he looked up, and having requested the attention of those around him, he thus spoke:—

"My friends and my children, I take this first moment of my restoration to you and to the dwelling of my fathers, to entreat you to unite with me in humble thanks to that God whose peculiar mercies followed me through all my days of trial and affliction.

"When I formerly resided among you, I was proud, insolent, vindictive, living without God in the world; neither respecting that mode of Christian worship in which I was brought up, nor seeking to know another. In this state of mind I lived, and in this I should have assuredly died, had not the Lord met me in my mad career of sin and infidelity. He first brought me down by affliction heaped on affliction; and then, gradually dispersing the dark clouds of misery with which he had covered my whole horizon, he gradually revealed his mercies unto me.

"Through the power of his Holy Spirit, and by the instrumentality of certain poor pious persons with whom I became acquainted in my banishment, he first made me sensible of the depravity of my nature, and especially convinced me of the heinous sin of unbelief, in which I had dwelt from early infancy.

"I had been accustomed from infancy to see the visible resemblance of the Saviour hanging upon the cross. I had met this object on every occasion, and had been taught to bend my knees to it by my nurse; but it was not till the Almighty began himself to deal with me in my affliction, that I spiritually beheld the Saviour, or formed the slightest conception of what we owe to him

"As soon, however, as our crucified Redeemer was shown to me by the power of the blessed Spirit of God, a marvellous light broke in upon my soul, and I was compelled to see all that God has done for sinful man.

"I was then made to feel my own extreme depravity, helplessness, and insufficiency, and the wonderful condescension of God the Son, who is one with God, and equal with God, in assuming man's nature, in order to become the representative of our fallen race.

"My own ingratitude to the Almighty, and that of my country and my father's house, next struck to my heart; and I earnestly prayed, that if it should please the Lord ever to restore me to that beloved country, and once again to place me in the seat of my fathers, I might do all that in me lay to lead my countrymen to that light

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and joy which rendered my days of banishment and poverty a period of sweeter peace and contentment than the hours of youth and prosperity.

"O my friends," continued the baron, "it is now my most ardent desire for you, that whereas we have now found peace from our enemies, we may devote the time of rest which the Lord has given us, to seek that peace of the soul which passeth all understanding.

"And thou, my Florentin, my son," continued the venerable father, "receive this my first and best gift; receive this Bible, which I procured for you before I knew that I should have the happiness of calling you my son." Thus speaking, he held out the Bible he had brought for his grandson; and the young Florentin received it with gratitude and respect, at the same time kissing the venerable hand which offered it.

And now the cries and shouts of the people filled the air, and they led the way towards the château; the friend of the baron having thrown a purse among them, and ordered them to bring such viands as they had in hand, in order to prepare a hasty feast for the whole assembly in the ancient hall.

It is not in the nature of the people of this country to spend their joy without a song, a dance, or a fête in the open air.

Agreeably to this national humour, the woods of L—— resounded for some days after the return of the baron with the voice of merriment, with the song and the violin, and the young peasants appeared with their high caps and long lappets, their short jackets and full petticoats, mixing in the dance with a grace which the court dames of another country might imitate in vain.

The baron allowed this paroxysm of gayety to pass; and then, when all things had settled in their usual routine, he set himself earnestly to consult and promote the real good of all who depended upon him.

Having recovered a considerable part of his property, he repaired his château, and furnished it in a plain and neat fashion. He established Agnace du Bois in a convenient apartment, as director of his female servants, having supplied her with such a wardrobe as suited the superintendent of an ancient family. He procured a tutor, such as a pious and intelligent Christian would desire for his grandson, and a governess of the same description for his little Lucie; and himself devoted his

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time to the establishment and promotion of such works of charity and piety as he thought would tend to the improvement and happiness of those who depended upon him.

Through the interest of his friend with the government he obtained permission to adopt his grandson as the heir of his titles and estates; and he labours to direct the mind of that promising youth into those holy and blessed ways which will render him a blessing to all with whom he may hereafter have connexion.

Lucie has laid aside her blue petticoat, her coarse jacket, and her peasant's cap; but with her robe of levantin and necklace of pearls, she still retains the sweet simplicity of the little peasant of Normandy. Neither do we anticipate the loss of that simplicity, inasmuch as the lessons of piety given her by her grandfather, have, by the Divine blessing, sunk deeply into her heart.

END OF THE ORPHANS OF NORMANDY.

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THE

LATTER DAYS.

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PREFACE

TO

"THE LATTER DAYS."

In introducing "The Latter Times" to the attention of the public, it may, perhaps, be as well to say something of the motives which induced the author to undertake a work of so peculiar a nature.

Being two summers ago in the library of a friend, the author was surprised to see the table covered with a variety of new publications, all referring to the signs of the times, and showing how various passages of prophecy are fulfilled in the present state of society. That many of these small volumes displayed much learning, piety, and beauty of composition, was generally allowed; but the inquiry being made, who will read them? it was almost unanimously agreed, by a large circle then present, that they would be perused only by persons already impressed with the importance of the subjects on which they treated; and that they were not calculated to attract any description of readers not already interested in that which ought to be equally interesting to all,—namely, those awful symptoms of the dissolution of society; those "wars and rumours of wars;" and other appalling tokens which are continually occurring in these days, to admonish us to look to the end, and be prepared for that which may arrive.

It was then suggested that if some of the leading prophecies which had been brought forward in these graver treatises could be arranged in a more popular

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and attractive form, there might perhaps be a hope, under the divine blessing, of drawing the attention of some persons who would not easily be tempted to forego amusement for edification; and the author being requested by the whole assembled party to direct the requisite attention to the subject, she lost no time in preparing the present volume; wherein, under an allegory sanctioned by Scripture, she has endeavoured to show that it behooves the members of the visible church to consider whether they are prepared for that hour in which the Master of the family will return "as a thief in the night."

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THE LATTER DAYS.

ALTHOUGH I at one time supposed that it never could be possible for me to put pen to paper with the view of writing my own history, or of making myself the hero of a narrative—yet the circumstance of having found myself engaged in adventures, the recapitulation of which may be the means of conveying deep instruction to the present generation, viz. to those living in the latter times, has induced me to emerge from the obscurity in which my little worth and mean parentage seemed to have involved me.

My name is NICODEMUS; I am of an ordinary family, and my birthplace was in a far country; my age is now about twenty-five; and all the events which I mean to enlarge upon took place when I was in my twenty-fourth year.

I earned my living in my own country until the period spoken of above, under several masters, but not in subordinate situations, having received the best education which the place could afford, and being ready as a writer, and well acquainted with ancient tongues. Nevertheless, finding my services unprofitable, and not clearly seeing how in the long run I should be bettered by them, for my wages were such only as provided for my present wants—perishing as it were in the use of them,* I began to be uneasy, and to cast about, as it were, for a master who would take care of me in case of the failure of health, or any other accident; and not seeing anywhere in all that country a master of this description, I remained a while in an uneasy, unsettled state, in consequence of which I found my affairs falling from bad to worse from day to day.

It was just about this time, while feeling myself as it were without friend or means of support, that I received

* "Which all of them are to perish with the using." Col. ii. 22.

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a letter from an uncle whom I had never seen, inasmuch as he had left his own family years before, having been called to the service of a Master, of whom our people spoke lightly—and therefore we had been in the habit of considering this our relation, in the light of a branch cut from a tree, and as it were thrown to the burning. I was therefore not a little surprised when the letter, sent by a careful messenger, was put into my hands, together with that which was to defray the expense of my journey.*

Now the terms in which this letter was couched were those of exceeding kindness, so that while I read it, my heart warmed to the writer, and I instantly resolved to do that which he so earnestly recommended; for this letter was to invite, nay, to entreat, to supplicate me, as I valued my future happiness, to leave all that I had behind me, and to come forthwith to take part with him. The words of the letter were to this effect:—

"My Master is the best of masters, his service is easy beyond that of all other masters, and his wages, with one privilege and another, are past all count, and beyond all calculation:—but lest you should be anxious concerning your reception, my nephew, I give you my word that, as long as I have lived in his blessed service, and that has been (through his goodness and through no merit of my own) from my youth up, until now, I have never seen any one who was brought to seek his service, whom he in anywise cast out."†

Such was my uncle's letter; and I being like the prodigal son in the Scriptures, feeding with the swine, and knowing not where to lay my head, it was not for me to decline such an offer as this; therefore, having made what inquiry I could respecting the way, and being little encumbered with worldly goods, I set out upon my journey.

I do not intend to trouble my reader with the history of my travels, but shall begin to tell my adventures with some particularity only just where I came in sight of the lands which belonged more especially to my uncle's Master, whom henceforward I shall designate by the title

* "Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provisions for the way, and thus did he unto them." Gen. xlii. 25.

† "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." John vi. 37.

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of the Lord,—or my Lord,—or our Lord; for although there were other great men and people in authority dwelling in those parts, there were none, as I afterward found, worthy to be called Lord or Master, but the one into whose service I had been invited to enter; for though the call to me had been through the medium of my uncle, he was, as I afterward learned, but the instrument in the hand of the Master with whom the invitation had originated, and to whom in fact I owed my promotion. Hence, therefore, although I was indebted to my uncle for the readiness with which he had obeyed his Master's orders in sending for me, yet as my worthy kinsman took great pains to prove to me, I was not by any means to consider him as my benefactor or patron;* seeing that the servants of the Master are, at the best, but as the moon shining with a borrowed light, and liable to variations and total eclipses, while the Master is as the sun shining in his strength, and shedding his glory through all creation. But although I have said that it is not my intention to give much account of my journey, yet I must not forget to say that I made it my business as I went along, to inquire what might be known respecting the Lord, in the countries through which I passed: I could however hear little of what I wanted to know. Many told me that they had never so much as heard of his name; others told me again, that they had indeed heard of him, but that he was much like others, an honourable man indeed, but not more than another, although in my uncle's letter he was described as "one of a thousand;"† and another sort laughed in my face, saying, that there never was such a person as I described; but as these last seemed to speak without understanding, I paid little regard to them,‡ and so went on. At length I came, still following my uncle's direction, who had in his letter given me such marks for my road as I could not mistake,§ to the borders of my Lord's territory, or rather to the borders of that portion thereof which he had set apart for his own peculiar pleasure

* "Call no man your Father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters, for one is your Master, even Christ." Matt. xxiii. 9, 10.

† "My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand." Cant. v. 10.

‡ "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Psalm iv. 1

§ "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Isaiah xxxv. 8.

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and service:* and truly, when I first obtained the prospect thereof, I could almost have felt that I was like Moses viewing the land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, so fair and ravishing was the sight; for there was nothing to be seen to the right and left, and as far away as the eye could reach, but mountains and hills rising one above another, until those which were most remote, and which lay in the quarter of the east, were so high as to be covered with eternal snow, some of the sparkling summits of which were seen above the clouds, and seemed as if unattainable by the foot of man;† but the nearer hills being lower, were covered with fine trees, and were running down with brooks and fountains of waters. It was indeed a land of brooks gushing forth in the valleys;‡ and there were rivers wandering among the meadows, and large pastures abounding with flocks and herds,§ and fragrant brakes, and copses filled with multitudes of birds, whose thrilling notes of joy‖ filled the ear, and orchards of fruit trees, and fields rich with all manner of grain; and all these things burst upon my sight, as I might say, at once, as I emerged from a narrow strait, or pass of the road. Surely, I cried, I am come to a fair land, and fallen into a goodly heritage; and if in the countries which are very far off, they deny the existence of the Lord of this land, or mock at his name, there will be none here but such as will be ready to speak well of him, seeing how plenty is spread through all his domains, and how every man might dwell here under his own vine, and his own fig-tree, and enjoy a peace which the servants of other masters can but ill conceive. So I hastened onward, and in measure as I proceeded, other objects opened to my view. I saw many pretty cottages and little dwellings perched here and there on the sides of the hills, alone and single, or in groups and clusters, and soon afterward the towers of the castle or principal seat opened unto me, being, as I saw on a nearer approach, an edifice composed of strong timbers curiously wrought and fashioned, having

* "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill. Isaiah v. 1.

† "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." Psalm cxxv. 2.

‡ "A land of brooks." Deut. viii. 7.

§ "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." Psalm l. 10.

‖ "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of

many windows and various galleries of lattice* work, the foundations being of stone, for the house stood upon a platform of rock-work,† and behold the sun was shining on some parts of this mansion, which I shall henceforth call the castle, and it looked exceedingly handsome, set as it was in beautiful gardens, with trees of lign-aloe, and cedar; but between me and the castle was a sort of little town or village, and I must needs pass through this town, for it lay directly in the road; there was, however, an air of comfort shed over the place as I saw it from the distance; so my spirits were high, and I thought all was smooth before me, and all troubles at an end;‡ and in this temper I walked on, full of anticipations of the comfortable life I was to lead with my uncle, in the service of the best of masters; nevertheless, as I went on, I was struck with one or two circumstances which indicated less attention to order in the management of the estate than I had expected to find in the domain of such a one as the Lord. I had, indeed, built my expectations very high, and had filled myself with the notion, that as soon as I should set my foot on my Lord's land, I should find every thing arranged and ordered in such a way as that the most fastidious person should have no fault to find. Yet I cannot now say whereon I built my expectations; surely not from any expressions used in my uncle's letter, but (as he made it to appear afterward to me) from notions of my own hastily taken up. I have often since considered, it is surprising how apt we are when first meditating upon any new plan of life, to go beyond what we have grounds for, and thus very often to prepare stumbling-blocks for our own feet:§ accord-

birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Cant. ii. 12.

* "He looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattices." Cant. ii. 9.

† "Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded. Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner." 1 Peter ii. 6.

‡ "And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." Psalm xxx. 6, 7.

§ "But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by-and by he is offended." Matt. xiii. 20, 21.

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ingly, when my uncle had in his letter invited me to enter into the service of the Lord, assuring me that he was indeed the best of masters, and one whose wages were beyond all price, ensuring in the long run the promotion of his servants beyond their most warm and sanguine expectations, for this was the very sense of his words, what must my busy fancy add to these promises, but a variety of present advantages and privileges, of which never a word had been spoken in the letter, for my uncle had made no promises whatever of any thing to be enjoyed just then, unless it were that sort of enjoyment which a man may derive from the assurance that his future concerns will be well looked to;* a sort of enjoyment which after all cannot well be too highly rated: however, as I before said, my imagination had made itself very busy, and I was expecting things incompatible with the present state of man on earth; neither had I then discovered that which afterward appeared, viz. that an enemy had invaded the Lord's territory, and like a wild bear of the wood, had broken down the fences, and brought confusion where order should have reigned; but more of this hereafter.

So I proceeded along the way, and passing between certain little farms and tenements ranged on this side and on that side of the road, I was continually offended with the unskilfulness of many things I saw,† and truly I could not help thinking, that much more would be owing to the natural fertility of the land, if the people were not altogether starved, than to any great wisdom of the farmers; and they were slovenly too, letting the fences all run to ruin, and permitting the corn-fields to be choked with weeds, and, as far as I could judge, paying little heed to the signs of the sky; for although the morning was hot, and many of the fruits ready for gathering, I saw few labourers at work,‡ though there were several lounging at the cottage-doors.

Nay, I was so much surprised at this, that I called across a slip of a field to a man who was walking up

* "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." John xiv. 27.

† "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Luke xvi. 8.

‡ "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few" Matt ix. 37.

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and down with his hand in his bosom,* saying, "Friend, why are not you at work this fine morning, gathering in of your good things?" but he took no heed of my question, only bidding me mind my own affairs; and so far he was right; I had matters enough of my own to attend to, and had no need to meddle with other people's concerns. So I went on, and came into the precincts of the village, which was without wall, and where I was not a little astonished by all I saw; for instead of the neat and orderly appearance which, as I before said, might have been expected within the domains of such a one as my Lord, there was not only a general appearance of slovenliness about some dwellings, but of much sordid poverty about others; and again there was as great a pretension to show and ostentation in one or two more, as if all the resources of the place had been spent on two or three homesteads, to the manifest diminution of the comforts of the rest. I had seen things of this kind in foreign lands, and I was well aware that while the world lasted in its present state, there must be different grades in society;† yet I had expected, I must confess, to find things better ordered under the rule of such a man as I wished to find my future Lord. But I had worse things than these to encounter, for as I went on farther into the village, I fell in with many of the inhabitants, and also heard strange talk, for one was abusing another; one was endeavouring to overreach another; a third was cursing and swearing, and many were jeering and scoffing, just as one might have expected in any other place where any ordinary master was at the head of affairs; or, as I was going to say, where there was no master at all in the case; but there I should have been wrong, for a society cannot hold together at all without some sort of law, and if there were not a sort of method in men's madness, there would be no such thing as living at any rate, for creatures constructed as we are could not exist in a state of absolute chaos.

Well, but, thought I, as I walked sadly forwards, along the village street, having the houses on my right

* "The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom, it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth: the sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." Prov. xxvi. 15, 16.

† "The poor will never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." Deut. xv. 11

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and my left, and the castle-gate right before me at the end of a long avenue, How does all this agree with my uncle's account of things? Did he not talk of a good master, and a wise master, and of a powerful master, and of one who is able and willing to serve and protect his faithful followers? How comes it then that he should allow of such disorders in his domains, and that he should permit his vassals to brawl in the streets, and to scoff at that which every man must know to be decent and proper? But, added I, speaking to myself, I will presently know the rights of this, and forthwith I turned in at the gate of a house of entertainment, which stood on the way-side, and seeing a parcel of men sitting on a bench, I stepped up to them and said, "My friends, will you please to tell me to whom does this castle belong which I see just beyond?"—"Are you come so far, and don't you know?" replied a man, who seemed to be the chief on the bench, and forthwith he began to laugh, and the laugh went round, whereat I was wellnigh thrown off my guard; however, I repeated my question, on which one of the company answered and said, that the castle and all the neighbouring domain, nay, for all he knew, many a good acre beyond what the naked eye of any man could reach unto, was said to belong to a person whom I knew to be the same mentioned by my uncle.

"Well," I replied, "what may the character of your Lord be; does it answer to what I have heard?"

"You must first tell us what that may be," replied the man, looking at his fellows under his eyelids, with a sort of side-glance which I by no means liked, "before I can answer the question."

"Why," replied I, boldly, for I was nettled at the manners of the man, "I have heard that he is one of ten thousand."

This brought a laugh, which ran round the bench again; and then the landlord coming out across the yard with a fresh tankard, what had passed was repeated to him, whereupon he called up a grave face, and turning to me, asked, "What my business might be at the castle?"

I mentioned my uncle's name, and said whence I had come in search of him, and how I had been invited to enter into the service of the Lord.

"Ay!" returned the landlord, with a look which I could not understand, "so, it seems, you have had a call, and there is no question but you will find your profit in

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obeying it; your uncle has a good berth there, no doubt and may speak well of the bridge which carries him over."

"Meaning his Lord," I replied; "I hear that he is the best of masters."

"Some find their interest in serving him," replied the landlord; "and I have no doubt but that your uncle has turned his services to good account."

"There is no question of that," replied the first speaker, i. e. the man at the head of the bench, "for things are not carried on now as in times past, when it was as much as a man's life was worth to declare himself on the side of him that some call Master."

He was going on when the host began to whistle, which was a token, I supposed, that enough had been said. *Then*, turning again to me, he remarked, "Well, my friend, if your credentials are true, you have nothing to do but to walk on, and you will come to the castle ere long; but you will not find your Lord, as you call him, in the way, he has been gone from here I don't know how many years, and those must be wiser than I who can say when he will come back again."*

"Gone," I said; "gone!" for I was all amazement, "and shall I not see him at the castle?"

"Ay," replied the first speaker, "that is what doctors differ upon: that he is not there now is certain enough; but there are some who will tell you that he will be there anon—to-morrow—perhaps to-day—perhaps the next moment;—is it not so, landlord? But, for my part, I am not one of those who look for prodigies."

"Well," replied the host, "time will show."

"The Master gone!" I repeated, for I was sadly put out with this news, "and no certainty respecting the time of his return; this is bad for me; but no doubt he has left those behind him who will see his orders executed." And then I proceeded to ask concerning the persons who were in command during the Master's absence.

The host replied, "There were those at the head of affairs who were quite as capable of managing matters

* "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter iii.

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as the Master himself;" and as he spoke he winked at the person at the head of the bench, as much as to say, You understand what I mean; but still continuing to address me, he went on as follows:—"'The present head of the household is Mr. Fitz-Adam, the steward, or intendant as some call him; he has been master here time out of mind, and the people for the most part desire no better than that he should continue to rule to the end of the chapter. And then, in the female department, there is Madame le Monde; she is a foreigner,* they say, and therefore keeps her foreign title; she is housekeeper, and carries the keys, as you will see, hanging by a golden hook at her girdle; and to my mind, she is as comely a woman, and as agreeable withal, as any my eyes ever chanced to light upon. Then there are two principal chaplains in the house, that is, Father Peter and the doctor; some say that the father is got childish and in his dotage, though he is not so old as the doctor but be that as it may, he is not the man just now for such a one as you, young master, who no doubt wish to get on in the house, to be paying your court to, for he is losing ground fast; and few of the good things which are to be got by serving him you call Master, are now at his command. On the other hand, the doctor is rising, they say, as fast as the old chaplain falls; and though he is no favourite of mine, yet I am much mistaken if he does not know on which side of the haunch the fat lies, as well as any man in the whole household. Well, but to return to the steward and housekeeper—I promise you that every thing is well and handsomely managed under their direction; and I do not see why your uncle, and some others in his train (for he is a sort of leader among one set) should be always peering and spying and looking up towards the hills, from whence, as he pretends, his Master will come."†

"I cannot understand all this," I replied; "if my uncle loves his Master, surely it is no wonder if he should wish to see him; and although those that rule under him may be very worthy, yet after all the true owner

* "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." John i. 10.

† "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Psalm cxxi. 1.

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of the land, and true Lord* of the people, must have more interest in it and them, than strangers can have."

"Well, well," returned the host, somewhat peevishly, "one man may have one opinion, and another another, thoughts are free; but if you are bound for the castle, young man, I have shown you the way, and you had as good be going forward; when you get there you will see how the land lies; and as the old saying is, Least said is soonest mended."

Thus we parted; and I went straight along the street towards the castle gates, which fronted me as I stepped out from the inn-yard.

The little discourse, however, which I had heard by the way had put many perplexing thoughts in my head; neither could I make out any thing either from what I heard, or from what I continued to see as I proceeded, for there was this peculiarity in all which I observed as I went on, viz.—that as every thing looked fair and well at a distance, whether it were a thatched cottage with its rustic porch projecting into the street from beneath the shade of a tree,—or a garden set with flowers and fruit trees,—or it might be a group of children playing on a bank, or what not; whenever I drew near to any of these things, I saw something I did not like in them:—either the house was ruinous,—the garden slovenly,—or the persons ill-conditioned. Nothing that I saw seemed to give evidence of care, or order, or cleanliness; in short, there seemed a sort of blight, natural or moral, on every thing that met the eye.† Neither was the ear more satisfied in this place than the other senses, for as I passed along, I was addressed by many harsh voices;—the children calling rudely after me and inquiring what brought me there, and the women mocking at me from the door-steads, because the cut of my coat varied from that commonly worn in those parts. Such, indeed, as I afterward found, had

* "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep." John x. 11, 12.

† "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—For we that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened." 2 Cor. v. 1, 4.

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been prescribed by the housekeeper to the servants for this same housekeeper is, as I afterward had reason to know to my cost, one who looks into every thing with a minuteness and activity which would do her credit if her cause were better: but of this more in the sequel. So I passed on through this village, and soon came to the gate at the end of the avenue, and found myself within the more immediate domain of the castle, and then I had again occasion to observe, that although the place abounded with all which might make a residence desirable, there wanted not the same tokens of waste, destruction, and carelessness of the good things which the soil produced, which I had observed elsewhere.

Coming at length near to the castle, and seeing two ways, one of which led to the front of the house, and the other into the outer courts or offices, I thought it behooved me to take the latter, and soon found myself among the stables; and I promise you that they were uncommonly spacious and handsome, being prepared for the convenience of many horses: for as I afterward learned, the steward, who, like most of his description, is a person of no small consequence in his own eyes, affects much state in his horses and equipages.* Moreover, there were many grooms, as might be expected, in the stable-yards,—some being busied in one way, and some in another, while a third sort were lounging and basking themselves as if they had nothing to do but to look on upon what others were about: but all I saw wore a sort of livery, as belonging to one master, and I, being a sort of Johnny Newcome among them, took it for granted that the livery they wore was that of my uncle's master, even of him of whom I had heard so inviting a report, viz. the true Lord and proprietor of the place.

Now it was not to be supposed that I should be allowed to pass without comments; accordingly, one or two of the young men called out to me as I was proceeding quietly forward, and bringing me to a stand, would have it that I should answer the questions usually put to strangers, viz.—Whence I came? Whither I was going? And what might be my business?

* "With the hoofs of his horses he shall tread down all thy streets." Ezek. xxvi. 11.

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"I am come," I replied, "from a distant country; my place of destination is the castle before me; and my business is with such-a-one, naming my uncle."

I saw the smile go round as I spoke; and one of the young men replied—"And so you are our old secretary's nephew (my uncle, as I should have said before, held the place of scribe or secretary in his master's family), and I suppose you are come to lend him a hand in his profitable labours. He is a faithful and godly person—that uncle of yours, young man, though some of us perhaps do not give him all the credit for his meritorious conduct which he deserves. You are a happy lad to have such a patron!"

I did not then understand, that irony was a very favourite figure of speech in the castle, and therefore took all this fine oration in favour of my uncle in the very letter, rather than in the spirit, and in consequence replied in all simplicity,—"I was delighted to hear that my venerable kinsman bore so excellent a character, and was held in such high estimation in his Lord's family." I almost wonder that this was permitted to pass as it did by the saucy grooms, and that it did not provoke any thing more than a renewal of merriment; but my uncle was so much and so universally respected in the family, that scarcely any one dared to speak openly of him with irreverence, and thus I was permitted to pass on,—one of the young men pointing out to me the way I should take to the servants' hall. So I went my way, my mind being by this time in a strange state of confusion, yet I did not observe any thing very particular as I got more in among the offices, excepting a number of dogs which came baying and barking unhospitably enough upon me, and several groups of boys playing at pitch and toss, and a loud objurgatory and ranting noise, which proceeded from a kitchen near to which I passed, and where I saw a company of women busy with culinary occupations.* So I came to the door of a great hall which opened into the inner court, and there I perceived several serving-men sitting at a long table, regaling themselves with bacon and flagons. At this door I stood till I was seen by the company within; and then an elderly man, whom I afterward knew to

* "Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool; ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock." Ezek. xxxiv. 3.

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be a sort of bailiff, or under-steward, called to me, and asked my business.

"My business, sir," I replied, "is with the secretary; —Is he within? might he be spoken with?"

I observed a sort of sneer again on the face of these men as I spoke, for dull as I was in understanding the true state of things, it was not possible for me, after so many experiences of the same kind, not to remark that the mention of my uncle's name had excited a sneer on the lip of every one before whom I had spoken it.* However, before the bailiff could reply, a young man of a very pleasing appearance, came forward and undertook to lead me whither I wished to go; whereupon all the others were silent, and I was led through the hall along several passages, such as are commonly seen in large houses, to a door, which, being opened, I saw before me my venerable uncle, seated at a table, with his pen in his hand, writing with much assiduity, and as one deeply interested in his work. As I pronounced my name, and advanced towards him, he hastened to meet and embrace me, calling me his son, and congratulating me on my entrance into the service of the best of masters. "The best of masters!" thought I; "what am I to make of this? who is to be my master here, and what sort of fellow-servants am I to have?" My uncle then gave orders that water should be brought in order that I might be washed,† serving me with his own hand; and this being done, he caused refreshment to be set before me by the young man spoken of above, for I afterward found this young man, although he had other business in the house, loved my uncle, and had a delight in doing him service; and my uncle encouraged this regard of the young man towards him, often taking occasion to say to him, "Well, my son, when will your mind be brought to leave your present employments for a better service?" By which I was made to understand that this youth was in the condition of one who is "halting between two opinions," but I shall have occasion to speak more largely of him hereafter. So we dined,—

* "Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us." Psalm xliv. 13.

† "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." 1 Peter iii. 21.

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after which my uncle fell into a discourse which lasted till bed-time, for I was to have a little chamber within the parlour,* near to another thus situated, which was occupied by the old gentleman himself, and it was my uncle's saying to me, "You may rest there, Nicodemus, with little interruption from the noise of the family," that brought me to the point where I needed satisfaction. "My good sir," I said, "you speak of the noise of the family, and in truth, what I have seen of this household, as I passed through the offices, but ill accords with what you say of the Master and Lord of these lands; if the Lord is such as you declare him to be, why does he not rule his people with more diligence, and make his law more effective in producing order?" And then I went on to say how disappointed I had been in finding things so different in my Lord's heritage from what I had been led to suppose from his letter.

"And what, my nephew," replied the old gentleman, "what did I lead you to believe in the letter of invitation which I sent you? Did I promise you present enjoyment, or a deliverance from present trouble? I held out to you, indeed, the assurance that your future welfare should be secured for you, and that in the long run the privilege of this service should be past all count or calculation, for 'faithful is he that has called you;' but I promised no present exemption from pain. Reconsider the letter," he added, "if you have it with you, and if the master seems to fail in aught that he hath already promised, then count me a liar and unfaithful, and one who has not rightly interpreted the message which he gave me to deliver; for I am only as a hinge or joint in this affair, and if the door turneth not well on the hinge, then is the hinge rusty, and good only to be cast away. Yet I trust I have not so done my Lord's errand, as to have led you into an error, Nicodemus. I rather fear that the desires of your heart have deceived you, and that you have not yet been brought to consider all things of little importance in comparison with your well-being at a future period; but such are not the true servants of the lord, for they count the present things of little value, and desire only to be prepared to meet him with joy when he shall return to his house."†

* "Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Psalm xxxi. 20.

† "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excel

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While my uncle thus spake to me, I turned to the letter in question, and conned every word of it, and wondered how I had been led to see the promise of present prosperity and advancement in any part thereof; and no doubt my altered looks betrayed my feelings on this second perusal, for as I closed the letter, and put it back into my breast, my uncle remarked, "You see, nephew, that I have said nothing in that epistle respecting present enjoyment, any further than as proceeding from that peace of mind which every man must experience when he feels that his future concerns are provided for, by one that is wiser than himself, and one in whom he may have perfect dependence. Such is my master; I have lived in his service these many years, and never have I seen one confounded who has put his trust in him."* "But, sir," I said, "you only perplex me the more by what you say. Is not this fair estate, with this castle, and its parks, and fields, and all that appertain thereunto, belonging to your master? and if so, why can he not, and does he not, provide for the present, as well as the future comfort of his people? for I am told that he is not here, and has not been here this many a day, and that those whom he has left in charge lord it over his possessions, and manage every thing their own way. Now pardon me, my esteemed uncle, but the truth is this, that I do not understand how it can be consistent with a good master to act thus towards his people; for thus much have I gathered on my way, that the steward who rules here under the master is more thought of than the master himself; and that everybody thinks it right to pay court to the housekeeper, although she is not even a country-woman of my Lord."

"Neither have you heard one word more than the truth," replied my uncle, "as it respects the assumption of the intendant, and the honour paid to the house-

lency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." Phil. iii. 8.

* "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire into his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock." Psalm xxvii. 3, 5.

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keeper; for I can tell you much more than what you have heard: and yet with all this, you have not got the right end of the clew." And then my uncle went on to state how the matter really lay. "This estate," said he, "from time immemorial, has been the property of the Lord; the letters of my Lord, which you have been called into this service to copy and disseminate among the people, speak in language most beautiful of the early times in which our Lord ruled with undisturbed sway in these lands. This place was at that time as a garden of delights: there was nothing therein but what was very good;* and the Lord was as a brother and a friend to the inhabitants of the land, walking with them in the shade of their woods, and speaking with them face to face. But they rebelled against him, and admitted one into their hearts and affections who had been his enemy from the beginning;† and he beguiled them with lies and deceit, for he is a liar, and the father of lies; and they rebelled against the Lord, and sold themselves to the enemy, and were as persons lost and undone for ever; and thus time went on, and their case appeared to be without hope, and there is no doubt but that the enemy triumphed and counted on this land and the people residing thereon as his own for ever. Nevertheless the Lord had not forgotten them, neither had the King who is the Father of the Lord; for our Lord is a King's son, nay a King himself, and the King of kings, being one in power, authority, and majesty with his Father, although, according to the old feudal laws, it behooved him to do his Father homage, nay, and himself homage too, for this his inferior principality which he purchased from the enemy under this charter, to wit, that he was to become a servant, and, as it were, a vassal to his own princely authority. But, as I was saying," continued my uncle, "the Father of our Lord, viz. the King of kings, as we find in the letters of which I spoke before, had ever borne in mind the afflictions of the miserable people of this land, and had prepared a ransom for them which was to be paid by his Son; and in order for the payment of which, it behooved

* "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." Gen. i. 31.

† "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John iii. 8.

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this last to leave his glorious state, and become as one of us,* and in that lowly estate being as a servant† rather than a prince among us, he paid our ransom and set us free, and thus we are his possession, first by right, and next by conquest, and anon we shall be his in his visible presence, by a union as close as that of the members of one body to the head.‡ Nevertheless, for the trial of our faith and patience, and that we may all by experience know what the thraldom is from which he has redeemed us, he has judged it right in his great wisdom to leave us for a time under the visible government of the prince, his enemy; for, as he has said, My people have made to themselves another Lord; let them bear his yoke awhile, and bend to his dominion—let them bend till their shoulders are galled—let them wear his livery till it fall in rags from their backs; and then perhaps they will hearken unto my call, for 'my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

"But," added my uncle, "I should tell you that although the government in this place is not carried on according to the Lord's principles, and though the rule is not in the hands of his servants, yet since the coming of the Lord to redeem the people, there has been always in this house a sort of imperium in imperio, or kingdom within kingdom; or I should say, a party which, although seldom having any of its members placed in a seat of government, has always exercised so strong an influence that the adverse party are obliged more or less to accommodate themselves to what they call their prejudices; hence this castle is always called by the name of the Lord, and all the public deeds and papers are made out in that name. The steward, as yet, has never dared to do other than call him Master, and make some sort of reference to his authority, even when doing the things which he knows to be most contrary to his will. Formerly, that is before the Lord

* "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

† "Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." John ii. 17.

‡ "For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Ephes. v. 30

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paid the price of our redemption, this was not the case with us, for then the enemy was more openly acknowledged; but since that time, the followers of the Master have always had more or less influence in the house; though as to making a head and obtaining any thing like rule or power in this place, we have not attempted it, or if we have attempted it, we have always failed,* —and for this reason, that it is not the time for the revelation of the Master's kingdom. It is to be a hidden and a secret one for the present, and we are commanded in the letters to be patient and submissive to the powers that be;† being content with that we have, and waiting quietly for the glory and happiness which is promised to us when the Master comes,‡ for we know that our Master lives and reigns, and that we shall see him and stand before him even in these our servants' garbs.§ And you, my nephew," he added, "you will then be among the number of those blessed ones, since you have been called to the service of the Lord, and have been set down in the Master's roll of his servants; hence I fear not but that you will be helped to do that which is pleasing in his sight."‖

My uncle then proceeded to inform me, that although the Lord's party had no visible head in the house, yet they were not without a friend who secretly comforted and directed them in all cases of trial. "This person," said he, "whom we call the interpreter, is one of whom I dare not lightly speak, inasmuch as his power, his glory, and his honour are equal with those of the King of kings. He knows all things belonging to the Lord, and is ready to explain the written will of the Master, to all who are willing to be instructed.¶ But," con-

* "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds." 2 Cor. x. 4.

† "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." Rom. xiii. 1.

‡ "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Peter v. 4.

§ "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Job xix. 25.

‖ "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Eph. i. 4.

¶ "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide

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tinued my worthy relation, "inasmuch as this holy person is spoken of in my Lord's letters, I refer you to these for a further account of him, lest by using my own words I should darken counsel without knowledge. Nevertheless, I wish to tell you that this sacred interpreter is shy of the pomp or assemblies of men, and seldom mingles his counsels where there is a display of human wisdom."

My uncle then proceeded to speak of the manner in which the Lord had been treated, when he had last appeared among the people, telling me they abused him, and covered him with injuries;* and having dwelled on this subject till the tears had gushed from his eyes, he suddenly, as it were, changed his strain, and spoke of that which was his hope and consolation, viz. the return of the blessed Lord in the latter days; "and these," continued he, "are the latter days which are come upon us; and these are the signs which are given to the faithful by which they may know them: for, whereas in old age the natural body gives evidence of speedy dissolution, the various members refusing to perform their offices; so in the old age of the body politic, the signs of dissolution are equally apparent, and the members no longer holding to the head, the whole body begins to fall to pieces, and to dissolve into distinct and separate atoms; then is corruption engendered, and the political death is completed: and see we not all these things at hand? men begin with denying the Lord that bought them, and next they rebel against delegated authorities, and these things being come, we see the signs of the end of the present dispensation."†

"Then," replied I, "it is to be understood, that the Lord has in some sort resigned his authority in this place to his enemy for a while, in order that his own

with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." John xiv. 15–17.

* "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." John. i. 10, 11, 12.

† "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." 1 Tim. iv. 1.

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servants may learn to know the difference between his dominion, which is that of love and kindness; and that of the enemy, which is the reverse."

"Understand," replied my uncle, "that it was the deliberate act and deed of the vassals to sell themselves to another master; and that it was also by the free will and pleasure of the Lord that the means were provided for their salvation from the final and terrible consequences of their rebellion; but, inasmuch as if he that is the Lord had chosen immediately to remove every inconvenience consequent upon our rebellion, for we have all been partakers therein, we should not only not have known by experience the nature of the slavery from which we have been rescued, but should also have wanted that exercise of faith and patience which is one means used by superior wisdom to prepare us for the glory and happiness which is to come."

"But," said I, "I do not understand wherefore I, who have been called to the service of the Master in these latter days, am to suffer for offences committed before I was born."

"Because," replied my uncle, "you are a descendant of those who rejected the Lord; you are of that rebellious race, and when you know yourself, you will understand, that if it depended on you only, you would be as forgetful of the Lord, and as prone to all evil from henceforward even unto the end, as you have been from the period of your birth until the moment in which you received the call to his service."

"This is what I cannot understand," I replied.

"Which proves," returned my uncle, "that those exercises of faith and patience to which you will be called in this house are necessary, in order to bring you to a knowledge of yourself, and to a proper sense of what the Lord has done for you. Moreover, I tell you that the Lord will not return to take things into his own hands, until every individual who shall be called into his service has endured such exercise under the present state of things as shall be thought right by the Master; and until then, that is, until the last of these is brought into a state of preparation for the glorious appearance which we are admonished to expect, we must remain in a sort of bondage under our present rulers;* and then, and not

* "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Romans viii. 22.

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till then, will the Master come. Though the day and the hour are not known to any one,* yet we are assured, that whenever it does come, it will be a day of rejoicing to all those among us who have been brought to place our trust in him, and in him only. We know that we are his, and that our redemption has been paid, and that we shall be accepted through him; and therefore we wait in hope, and trouble ourselves no further with the concerns of this household than as they retard or promote, as far as we can see, the advancement of his kingdom in the hearts of his servants."†

I was not in a state of mind to receive all these things at that time. I was chafed and angry, because I was not to have my good things immediately, and I replied with irritation, "And so, while the Lord delayeth his coming, we are to submit to those who are his enemies, who have usurped an authority not their own, and whom we cannot respect because they are usurpers." "Those," replied my uncle, "viz. the intendant‡ and the housekeeper, with others whom you will know by-and-by, originally ruled with an authority usurped; but inasmuch as the Master does not choose to exercise his power to displace them, but permits them to keep their seats of authority, we may understand that those among us who really love our Lord and look for his coming

* "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Matt. xxv. 13.

† "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do." 1 Thess. v. 1–11.

‡ "Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." John xviii. 36.

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may consider it our duty (being admonished to that effect) to behave ourselves quietly, and to submit in all things lawful to the powers that be,* having a better hope for the future, and knowing that all will be set right when our Master comes:" and thus speaking, he took from a shelf which was near at hand a curious old volume, fastened with silver clasps, and he informed me that this volume included his Master's letters, and communications to his servants, sent from time to time by different hands, which letters, as he said, contained every thing that was necessary for the comfort and admonition of his servants under every possible circumstance f life; every word included in the volume being perfectly true, and more precious than much fine gold: and turning over the leaves, he showed me certain passages in which the Master directed his servants to submit to all such as were actually at the head of affairs, in all things not contrary to his commands.† He then presented me with a small copy of this volume, bidding me to carry it with me, and make it the rule of my life;‡ after which he proceeded to let me into something of the private history of the household.

"This place," said he, "has been set apart as it were for the especial residence of the Master's people from time immemorial, although it has undergone many

* "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Rom. xiii. 1, 2.

† "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king. Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously; who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Pet. ii. 17–25.

‡ "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word." Psalm cxix. 9.

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changes. Neither has the building ever been completed according to the Lord's plan; but some added to it, and some have pulled down; and some have defaced it, and some have new painted and varnished it, and so changed and altered it that scarcely any of the original building is now visible, being as it were entirely encircled by the additions which have been made to it; but inasmuch as these additions are chiefly of dried lath and untempered mortar,* they require constant repair, and are liable to fail continually, and more so especially because they do not stand upon the foundation which is of rock, but rather on the sand,† which is on the side of the rock."

The gardens too which surround the house were laid out by the Lord, and were exceedingly beautiful at the first, till the other party cut down to the root many of the trees‡ of the Lord's planting, and introduced others of a different nature, and thus the heritage of the Lord was spoiled.§ Moreover, Madame le Monde caused the fountain which watered the garden to be directed otherwise than the Lord had ordered, and so mismanaged matters that it is now muddy and foul, and of little benefit to the plants.‖ Now it seems that it was quite contrary to all expectations that Mr. Fitz-Adam¶ should seize on the castle after it had been erected in its original form, by the Master's orders, to be a strong-hold for his peculiar servants at the time he last left them; but Mr. Fitz-Adam spoke the servants fair, when they alone had possession of the castle, and they let him in, and from that time he has ruled within its walls, hitherto making use of the Master's name, whenever his authority has been disputed. And with him came Madame le Monde, and

* "Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar." Ezekiel xiii. 10.

† "And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand." Matt. vii. 26.

‡ "Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Isaiah lxi. 3.

§ "They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage." Psalm xciv. 5.

‖ "Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but you must foul the residue with your feet?" Ezekiel xxxiv. 18.

¶ "That ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." Ephes. iv. 22.

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her three daughters,* and Father Peter was also in their train, and so they got the dominion within the walls, and we, that is, those who hold to the true Master, were driven into the corners, which we have occupied ever since, and which we shall continue to occupy till the Master comes, at which time all will be set right."† "But," added my uncle, "you will know more of these things hereafter, though I advise you, as you value your peace, not to make any acquaintance with the rulers of the house and their people, beyond what is absolutely necessary, as with persons living under the same roof:—but," continued he, "we have on our side, though not altogether holding with me in all points, a worthy man, who occupies the reading-desk in the old chapel, and who at this time has great weight in the family. The time was indeed when this old chapel was nearly deserted for the newer chapel which Father Peter occupied; but because Father Peter refused to read the Master's letters to the people, and because a spirit of inquiry respecting those letters has for some months past risen among us, Father Peter has been deserted, and is losing ground, and the old chaplain gaining ground, in proportion: so that the one is left comparatively to himself, while the other is followed by crowds. I had a little time since," continued my uncle, "very great hopes that the doctor, by whom I mean our rightful chaplain, would be rendered very useful to many of the servants in leading them to the knowledge of the true Master, and in thus being an in-

* "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 John ii. 16, 17.

† "Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty. Therefore shall all hands be faint, and every man's heart shall melt: and they shall be afraid: pangs and sorrow shall take hold of them; they shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth; they shall be amazed one at another; their faces shall be as flames. Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate; and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven, and the constellations thereof, shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogance of the proud to cease, and I will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. Isaiah xiii. 6–11.

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strument for preparing them for a joyful reception of the Lord at his appearing; but Madame le Monde, with whom no good ever commences, fearing no doubt the same result of his faithful services—for what is a cause of hope to me is that of fear to her,—took it into her head to tamper with him, and thus to mar his usefulness, as she has done that of many other of the most hopeful servants of the Lord: and the way she took was as I shall tell you."

"Calculating his character, and judging him as she had judged too many others of the weak and feeble servants of our Master (for we are like silly sheep, and when we have gone astray know not how to return), she immediately set to work to assail him where she thought she had found a weak side; and because he had filled himself up with the notion, that the blessed change to ensue in this place in the latter times was to be effected, not by the Master in person, but by the servants under the guide and direction of the Master (an error into which too many of the true servants have fallen, and to which at one time my own mind somewhat leaned, I must confess, till convinced of the gross arrogancy thereof by the Lord—the Interpreter), she attacked him in that quarter; and affecting to be herself one of those whom he had in some measure convinced by his eloquence, she so puffed him up, and won him over, that now he scarcely ever addresses the people without consulting her upon the fit, and the suitable, and the convenient time, and the proper measure, &c. &c.; in consequence of which his discourses have dwindled down to a mere nothing, having in them just so much of the truth as Madame le Monde can put up with; and when you know her, you will have some idea how little that is. And yet I do believe with all this the doctor has the root of the matter in him, though I much doubt whether his ministry will produce any fruit till it has been cut and lopped to the very stump. Thus you see, my nephew, that this man, who was enabled to bear a faithful witness to the truth, in times when, through the influence of Father Peter, it was as much as his life was worth to proclaim his Lord's will, has been unable to withstand the blandishments of Madame le Monde; and now that the rough wind has ceased to blow upon his person, is ready to part with his garment-

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and walk naked* in the sunshine of worldly favour. Truly we have need to pray that we may not be led into temptation."

My uncle then finished this long discourse, pointing out to me that whereas the rulers of the house had formerly persecuted the Lord's people under various pretexts, even unto depriving them of all they held precious on earth, they had of late taken up a new system, which in many instances seems to work more effectually to the destruction of the party, than any hitherto had recourse to, and this was the cant or affectation of general philanthropy; by which right and wrong, good and evil, were utterly confounded, and any thing like firmness, branded with the name of superstition, obstinacy, and narrow-mindedness. "Such is the present order of things," continued my uncle, "as you will see by-and-by. And now, my nephew, I think that I have given you as much insight into the state of affairs in the castle as can be done by word of mouth; and nothing farther remains to be said but what relates to my position in the family, who am one of the least worthy of my Lord's servants, having made less than many another would have done in my situation, of the peculiar favours and benefits bestowed upon me.

"My place and my business have been appointed to me by my Lord. I am the keeper of my Lord's letters: it is my service to transcribe them, and disperse the copies, and it is more than I am sufficient for, and therefore I rejoice in the hope of your assistance; this is the service which is required of me, and my charge is this,† that I should neither take from nor add one word to that

* "And unto the angels of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." Rev. iii. 14-18.

† "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall you diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you." Deut. iv. 2.

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which hath been written. I have little to do with the rest of the family, and although the time was when my life was threatened by those who hated my Lord, yet at present I have nothing more to fear than those petty mockeries and expressions of contempt, which some might think hard to endure, but which at my time of life and with the bright assurance which I enjoy, I find no great difficulty in bearing. But with you young men the thing is different, and therefore if you will take my counsel, you will strive to keep yourself quiet —to stand to your post,* and meddle not with the business of those with whom you have no concern, so that you stand in your place when thy Lord comes."† Thus my uncle admonished and instructed me, and when we had sat awhile I retired to rest, being weary with a long and painful journey.

But, as I was afterward told, by one who was well acquainted with these things, there was a great stir in the offices, when it was told the intendant that the nephew of the secretary was come. It happened that he was taking his wine, as was his custom, with Madame le Monde after his dinner, in the hall; for I promise you that the steward and the housekeeper fare of the best, and that all at my Lord's expense, and by his sufferance, for the reason given above. Now it seems that Madame le Monde had seen me as I passed through the offices, and having remarked that my coat was not precisely of the cut worn in the house, she had made inquiries concerning me, and had been told that I was the secretary's nephew, and had come by invitation to assist my uncle in his duties.

Accordingly, when seated, as I before said, with the steward, she entered upon the subject to the following effect. "And so," said she, "we are like, I find, to have an addition to the family; or rather, I should say, we have already an addition thereunto, of which no doubt you must be aware, for I can scarcely suppose that a measure of this kind should be resorted to and carried into effect without your approbation."

"You speak paradoxes, madam," replied the intendant. "I have not the smallest conception respecting that to which you refer." The housekeeper then went

* "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." 1 Thess. v. 21.

† "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in the lot at the end of the days." Dan. xii. 13.

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on, with a peculiar smile about the mouth, which she commonly used on occasions of this kind, to inform him of all the particulars concerning me with which she had acquainted herself. Whereon the steward became extremely angry, saying, he knew not how any person in the house could dare to take the liberty to engage a servant or any assistant without consulting him; and he was for ringing the bell that moment, and sending for me, in order, as he said, to show me the outside of the house with as little ceremony as I had used to make myself acquainted with the inside, when the housekeeper thought it best to put in a word, and stroking and smoothing him down as she well knew how to do, she said, "Now, my good sir, permit me, I pray you, to put in my word; I coincide with you altogether in your opinion as to what this young man deserves, and the time has been when I should have recommended a night's lodgings in the stocks as being too good for him; nevertheless, the measure would not now be seasonable, for experience has taught us that more may be done with persons of this description by kind words than by harsh ones. By severity we only confirm the hatred of our enemies, and strengthen the hands of those who are impatient of our government; whereas by a little address we may make a friend of an enemy; and although this young man comes of an evil stock, there are many of as little promise as he is whom we have won over to our side by a show of kindness, and a proper application of little temptations, such as I know how to throw in their paths. Every dog has his bait, and every man his price. Is not the doctor an encouraging example of what may be done with a little address; for, whereas when we were at open war with him, he was as stiff and unmanageable as an unbroken steed, when we bethought ourselves of speaking smoothly to him, of complimenting him upon his oratory, of professing ourselves instructed by it, and of inviting him to come kindly among us and partake with us in the same dish, throwing all unfriendly feelings into the background; did not we find him as ready to come as we could wish? Yes, and have we not brought him to sit down side by side with those he used to hold in the greatest abhorrence, and sip with them out of the same bowl, and fall into their talk, and into their plans, and all because forsooth he would not be thought illiberal, or narrow-

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minded, or unfriendly; and thus you see that he is become as it were a cipher as it regards his own party; just a nothing at all, and worse in truth than nothing, as it affects them, and all the while thinking himself the most loyal of all his master's servants."

"True, very true, what you say is only the very truth," answered the steward; "and no doubt this new freak of liberality, or whatever else you may please to call it, is the very best decree our master ever invented, and surely his brain is fertile in decrees, and his mind full of wisdom. It quite vanquishes the other party, and that with their own weapons too, for if they vaunt themselves as they are fond to do of their charity, we beat them out and out at that work, for while they are willing to help all who come to them in the name of their Master, we profess to love, and patronise, and assist those that come to us in no name at all, their very want of merit rendering them more deserving of our benevolence. And the best is that all these fools are deceived with our seeming, while the wise ones laugh in their sleeves to see the enemy thus vanquished by their own weapons. And should not those laugh that win! and who can deny that we are the winners now; for how many of the servants in this house who were once ready in the time of persecution, and when you were for trying harsh measures with them, were ready as I say to lay down their lives for him they call their Lord, now that this liberality has been rung awhile in their ears, would take the fiercest enemy of their Master by the hand, saying, *Worthy brother, well met, welcome to my heart;* let us join hands for the present work, and let us cover all past disagreements with an earthen pot, and let them lie there till we have finished the business, or have enjoyed the entertainment for which we are come together."

"Well," continued the housekeeper, "such being the case, see you not the thing at which I would aim, with respect to this young man?"—"And so," said the steward, "you would have us try a show of kindness towards him. Well,—be it so, I will leave the affair in your hands, and from me it shall receive no hinderance."

Mr. Fitz-Adam then, as he that heard all this afterward informed me, entered upon a somewhat long and grave discussion on the politics of the family; wherein he stated that his master (that is, the enemy of the Lord),

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having lately been made aware that the adverse party was growing in strength, and that open opposition tended rather to augment the spirit than to break it, had suggested a change of measures, and had in consequence directed his own friends to assume the sheep's clothing, and to pretend a sort of conversion to the principles of the opposite side, at least to such parts of their creed and opinions as might not too greatly shock those on their own side who were not to be entirely trusted with the whole of their plans on this account, and with this view they had lately affected to adopt those feelings of the enemy, which were generally popular among the lower classes; for example, humility towards inferiors, benevolence towards our fellow-creatures, toleration as it regarded opinions, and universal love towards all mankind. And as they did not at the same time even affect to adopt those principles by which these kindly feelings are kept in purity, and directed into their proper channels, all of which tended to augment the glory of the Master, they presently succeeded in their object, which was to convert humility into baseness, benevolence into profusion, toleration into a total neglect of all law, and universal love into profligacy, thus breaking down all boundaries of good and evil,* and by their fair seeming, doing more injury apparently to the cause of the Master, than fire and sword, and open warfare could ever have effected. The steward having finished this statement, concluded to the following purpose, at the same time sipping his wine with that air of satisfaction which he always wore when congratulating himself on his own shrewdness. "Since we have," said he, "at the suggestion of our master, sported the enemy's colours, and cried *peace*, *brotherhood*, *liberality*, and *good fellowship*, encouraging what offends the enemy under the pretext of charity, and talking treason under the cloak of liberality, we have gained many a point, which by our old course of severity we should never have obtained. Why should we now hold back or change our policy?"

"And then," added he, "to observe how the foolish ones swallow the bait, and while we are playing fast

* "Wo unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" Isaiah v. 20.

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and loose with them in the stream, with our hooks in their mouths, to hear them talk of their loyalty to their old Master, and their services, and their merits, and their good works, and the reward which awaits them, would excite mirth in the very dead." The intendant now filled his glass again, and having drank to the prosperity of his master, walked out of the room, commending the young stranger (meaning me) to the especial care of his companion. All this I was afterward told by the young man who was waiting in the room, viz. the same who had shown me to my uncle's apartment; and he also told me more, for he said that the steward was scarcely gone out, before the housekeeper directed him to set the room to rights, and put out her tea-table, with cakes and other dainty morsels, such as she always kept by her in her closets in the wall; which being accomplished, she bade him go to the chaplain, saying "that she hoped to have the honour of his company to take tea with her that afternoon;" which message being duly carried, the doctor only staid to change his dress before he obeyed the summons, for, as he was accustomed to say, "who knows but that my conversation may be beneficial to the housekeeper, and that I may be made the means of bringing her to a more proper way of thinking respecting the real Master of this family!"

Now by the time that the chaplain had arrived, Madame le Monde had gathered her daughters about her, and they were all sitting round the fire, the tea-table being in the midst of them, and they being tutored by their mother, were ready to receive the doctor with their best smiles, and with many honeyed speeches, such as few men can listen unto, and keep that sobriety of mind which is needful in the guidance of life.* Nevertheless they knew perfectly well how far to go, and where to forbear; for their object was not to make the doctor believe that they were altogether what they were not, that is, faithful servants of the true Lord, but to bring him to bear with them, he knowing them not to be as yet among the faithful, by the show of such qualities as

* "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil." Prov. v. 3.
"It is not good to eat much honey; so for men to search their own glory is not glory." Prov. xxv. 27.

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were pleasing in those that were so. Hence when he had taken his seat among them, they began to insinuate certain flatteries relating to those parts of his character and conduct, whereon they knew from experience that he prided himself, viz. his attention to the children of the servants, his care in catechizing them, and providing for their wants, and the earnestness with which he endeavoured to bring all parties together, to the promotion, as they chose to say, of kindness and brotherly-love, and of universal good: and thus while these young people were gratifying his feelings in one way, the mother was carefully administering to them in another. She well knew that he loved the velvet chair, with its downy cushion, which was always placed for him in the corner of the fireplace; and it was in that therefore that she caused him to sit, while she sweetened his beverage precisely to his taste, and took care that he should have the very choicest morsels; and when she found that he was in the highest state of enjoyment, stretching his legs before the fire, and regaling himself with that which she gave him, until the sweet liquor ran out of the corners of his mouth, she began to turn to the subject for which she had sought his company; and having informed him of my arrival, and spoken of me with some commendation, as of one who might, in good hands, be an acquisition in the family, she proceeded to the following effect—for the young man who was handing about the tea afterward related every word to me.

"Now, my worthy doctor," said she, "you and I know that there are some subjects in which we do not entirely agree; but again there others in which we wholly coincide; and certain I am, if all your party were as judicious, and candid, and benevolent as you are, and as ready to hold out the right hand of philanthropy to a fellow-servant, although he may not think with him in every point, there would not be the discords and differences in the family which now there are, to the great detriment of the household, and the injury of the Master's property; but inasmuch as that worthy man, the secretary," continued she (for it seems that this Madame le Monde has the custom, when it serves her purpose, to give the most respectful epithets to those she least likes), "this good secretary of ours is perhaps one of the most wrong-headed guides a young

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man can have on entering first into life. I am very anxious that you, my excellent sir, should endeavour to form an acquaintance with the youth, and obtain his confidence as soon as possible, in order that you may guard him against the absurd notions with which his uncle will certainly inspire him, if he is not prevented. There is no need, I suppose," continued the housekeeper, "to point out to you, my dear sir, what those unsocial and very peculiar notions are to which I allude, neither can I doubt but that you are thoroughly acquainted with them already."

"Assuredly so, undoubtedly so, madam," replied the doctor, "I perfectly know that very peculiar notion to which you chiefly allude, viz. that extraordinary and inconceivable idea, pretended to be gathered from our Master's letters, respecting his intention to return to this place, and to take the management of all affairs into his own hands, with the further singular notion built upon the former, viz. that none of those disorders of which we all complain, can be, or ever will be regulated until the Master comes; thus diverting the attention of the servants from their respective duties, and paralyzing the efforts of all parties, by endeavouring to convince each individual that none of his efforts will ever prove effectual in producing that reform of manners and morals which we all desire so ardently, and to which we are undoubtedly approaching."

"Dear sir," added Madame Le Monde, "let the enemy say what he will, it surely cannot be possible that your labours, and exhortations, and instructions can be without their effect: not to speak of those of many others, who have been exerting their influence, and using their talents in every possible line, to improve the place, and add to the comfort of the family. What was this house, I ask, a few years since? and what is it now? and if we look out of doors, has not every thing taken almost a new form? and yet these people pretend that nothing can be done till their Master comes among us, and takes things into his own hands: but I have no patience whatever even to think of such absurdities. Has not every thing gone on* in the old course for years past, with the

* "And saying, where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter iii. 4.

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exception of the improvements spoken of above? and what ground then have we for their new whims? As I before said, I have not patience even to think of the folly of these people; but their drift is easily seen. They are jealous of those who are in authority; they are envious of the good works of such as you, my worthy sir; and so they cry us all down together, and say that they expect no good until the Master comes in person to set all things to rights; and pray, my good sir, will you have the kindness to tell me whereupon they build these fancies?"

"On certain passages in our Lord's letters, madam," replied the doctor, "which passages they wrest to their own purposes. For my own part, I certainly do see in these writings a promise or promises, of certain privileges to be granted in the course of time to these estates whereby much prosperity and peace is to be secured to the people: and also a sort of propheecy, of great peace and happiness to be enjoyed by the servants, through the medium of the labours and care of the heads of this household: which heads, or rulers, under the direction of Mr. Interpreter, will be enabled to govern with more wisdom than they have hitherto done, and to correct old errors, and to introduce a new order of things. But as to any farther inference to be drawn from these passages, touching the return of the Master in person, to live with us, and be with us, it is what I cannot see nor understand; and truly, madam, I entirely agree with you, in thinking the idea to be one of the most mischievous which possibly can be broached, for to what in effect does this suggestion tend but to render the servants dissatisfied with their present rulers, and lead them from the performance of their present duties to pursue speculations which have no foundation?"

"Well, well," said the housekeeper, "we have had enough of this for the present, my excellent sir; and I have said enough, no doubt, to lead you to have an eye upon the young stranger, and to keep him, if possible, from falling into the follies of that pragmatical old fellow his uncle; and now, if you please, let us call another question." So she caused the cups and saucers to be removed, and because the doctor was not one who ever meddled with games of chance, which he counted unholy and unprofitable, the company had nothing for it till supper-time but conversation; but as the young

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man who told me all this, had done his work in the room, he could tell me no more of what passed at that season, nor indeed was it till long after that I was made acquainted with so much as I have already related: for, while all this was going forward, I was shut up within my uncle's apartments, in a little chamber left in the thickness of the wall, having a casement and a lattice opening out upon a garden, where were all manner of pleasant trees, and a fountain which, at times, that is, at the period of the former and latter rains, and the melting of the snows, jetted forth in a wonderfully pleasant manner, often soothing me to rest with its agreeable murmurs, when I was fatigued and harassed with the troubles of my station. On the night I speak of, these waters playing in the moonbeam, soon contributed with my weariness to put me into a very sound sleep, which held me till morning; at which time, whether sleeping or waking, in a dream or otherwise, I thought that some one was speaking softly in my ears, and the words which this person spoke were so extraordinary, that if I were to live for ever, I should never forget them: they were to this effect, that I should be up and doing, for that the time was short, and my Master would accept my services,* and that I ought to account this acceptation as the greatest of favours; but before I could tell who it was that thus whispered in my ear, behold, a sound of cursing and altercation rose to my window, and opening my eyes suddenly, I saw no one by my bed, but some of my fellow-servants were under the window abusing each other, and using such ill language as I had little expected to hear in such a place as I then was in. There were two of them young lads, and they were contending with a fierceness which had caused the blood to mount to their very brows, while their eyes shot fire at each other. What the cause of their dispute might be I know not, neither did I inquire, for it was no business of mine, I thought; but I was offended and displeased to think, that even my retirements were to be thus disturbed; and as I dressed

* "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Rom. xiii. 12.

"For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee; behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. vi. 2.

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myself (for I found in my apartment a chest well provided with all things necessary for me, and suitable to my condition,* which provision, so much beyond what I had any right to expect, ought to have made me thankful), yet, as I was saying, even while I was putting these things on, I could not help thinking, where is the peace to come from which has been promised me, if the sound of brawls like these is to come into my very bedchamber? However, being dressed, and in somewhat better humour, from finding my figure much improved from what it had been the day before, by the various accommodations of clean linen and a new coat, I stepped out of my room into my uncle's parlour, where I found the old gentleman busy at his desk doing his Master's work, while waiting my appearance for breakfast; and behold, the breakfast was set out in the room, and consisted of what was wholesome and agreeable.

While we were refreshing ourselves, my uncle failed not presently to fall upon that subject which was ever uppermost in his mind, viz. the return of his Master. "To-day, nephew," he said, "I hope that you will commence that work for which you have been called to this blessed service. We are, as it were, waiting for the coming of the best of masters,† and if we are here long enough, we shall assuredly have the pleasure not only of witnessing his approach, which will, as his let

* "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. vi. 27–34.

† "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God, which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. i. 4–7.

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ters assure me, be such a sight as never yet blessed the eyes of man; or, in case we are not permitted to remain here till that period, we shall be allowed to make a part of his glorious train,* when he comes to take possession of his own, so that turn the matter which way you please, nephew, we are to be the gainers by his coming, and to be the partakers of his triumph over that enemy who has lorded it so long over his inheritance."

Here I interrupted my uncle, to ask what he meant by that expression which he had used, to wit, if we are not permitted to remain here.

"Nephew," he replied, "you must understand that the servants of this house, and the tenants of this estate are often changed. The Master calling one and another from time to time into his presence in some place far distant, where he keeps his court, but of which we," continued my uncle, "have but little account, inasmuch as none of those who have visited it have ever returned to give us the description of it.† Yet we are assured by my Master's letters that they who love him are there entertained in a very agreeable manner; although no such hopes are held out for those‡ servants who have been unfaithful. But while we feel that perfect assurance that our Master (who, as I have often before said, is one of ten thousand), being altogether without fault,§ will assuredly provide for those whom he hath loved and redeemed from the slavery to which his enemy had subjected them, yet we have many fears (and those well grounded, for the case of such as have refused his service. But, nephew, to return to that from which I set out, and that is your peculiar case, which I desire especially to explain to you, and that more largely than I could by letter. You were a

* "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. iv. 16-18.

† "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more." Job vii. 9, 10.

‡ "And if the tree falleth toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Eccles. xi. 3.

§ "The Lamb without blemish, and without spot." 1 Peter i. 19

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wanderer in a strange land, hungry, and clothed in rags, when the call came to you through my instrumentality, but through the suggestion of the Lord, to turn your steps hitherward; not that you were accounted worthier than others, for truly, nephew, there is no good in you, nor excellence of any kind, to render you acceptable in sight of our Master; nevertheless, it has pleased him to call you, and thus to reveal his love to you: and be it remembered by you, that the Master who thus exhibited his love for you, in your filthy* and destitute situation, will never forsake you, for he is a man of his word, and he is able to do all which he purposes; and now, even now, at this time, you may be assured that he will preserve you, promote you, and raise you from the dunghill, to a place of high honour in his service, and all independent of any desert of your own,† as I before said. Nevertheless, the love which he has testified towards you will have a constraining power upon you, and will compel you to do his work; and what is his work which he has given you to do, but to copy the letters which he has sent us, and to disperse them among his servants! This has been the work for which he has employed these feeble hands; and I have found such delight in the employment, that I may truly say it brings its reward with it."‡ The good man then took down the volume which I had seen in his hand the evening before, and having given me a desk, with the implements for writing, he appointed me my work. As soon as we were refreshed, and being himself set in his place, the windows being open to admit the air, we pursued our work in a stillness§ which was most pleasing to me, who had experienced much fatigue from the labour and turmoil of a long and wearisome journey But before I began to write, I turned over the letters, and examined their contents. Their subjects were

* "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." Rom. v. 10.

† "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?" 1 Cor. iv. 7.

‡ "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works." Eccles. ix. 7.

§ "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." Isaiah xxxii. 17.

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various; they contained the account, first, of our Master's title to the estate, of the establishment of the people therein, and of the beauty of its first condition, when it was a garden planted by a Divine hand,*—then of the rebellion of the people, who being desirous to become their own masters, fell under the thraldom of their Lord's enemy, the consequence of which, every one must feel.† Then these letters spoke of a visit made by the Master to this place with the purport of reclaiming his servants from the enemy to whom they had sold themselves, with a long and most distressing account of the manner in which these unfaithful ones had rejected him, driving him from them with every species of contumely;‡ and finally, it contained multitudes of promises of his second coming to establish his rights, and to exterminate the enemy.

But as I perused these letters rapidly, I could not be said to comprehend them in any other way than very imperfectly; however I consoled myself by thinking that this knowledge would come in its course, not knowing that it never could be obtained by human reason.§

And thus the forenoon wore away, when suddenly we heard a tapping at the door, and my uncle crying, "If you come in the Master's name, walk in," who should enter but the doctor, who, stepping forward with much politeness, said that he was come to pay his respects to me, having been apprized of my arrival.

"My nephew is obliged to you," replied my uncle, taking the word out of my mouth, and at the same time directing me to set a chair for the visiter.

Now this gentleman, as I before said, was the chaplain of the household; a man of a pleasant and comely appearance, and of a serious manner, though somewhat pompous and sententious, laying down the law as it were in his discourse, and more given to talk than to listen,—a habit, as my uncle told me, which he had acquired from his station in the family, as reader and expounder of his Master's letters; for the duty which his

* Genesis ii.

† See the fall of man, as related in Gen. iii.

‡ Isaiah liii.

§ "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

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Master had given him to do when he left the house was to instruct the servants in their Lord's will, as laid down in these letters: and to explain such parts of them as might be difficult to understand, the interpreter being supposed to be his guide in these duties. How far he performed this duty faithfully at all times will hereafter appear. In the eyes of some indeed, he had always done all things well; yet as my uncle afterward made me understand, he had in some degree of late fallen into the error of Father Peter, in having his reservations also, and in maintaining that there were certain portions of these letters not fit for the ear of the lower servants, or of those of the higher ranks who were not instructed; he did not indeed go the lengths of the father, who held that the letters ought never to be given to any one who could not have the advantage of his own comments thereon; but he still maintained that there were some parts and portions of these writings which ought not to be dwelt upon in his public discourses. Nay, he went so far as to say, that very dangerous consequences might ensue to the servants, by giving them too clear a view of the extent of the Lord's love for them, and by leading them to see that that love is independent of their own merits, not considering that the Lord had himself made no exceptions or distinctions of the persons for whom these letters were intended,* but had addressed them alike to all his servants, high and low, and of every degree, enjoining the same on those to whom he had left the ministry of his word.† But I am falling into so many digressions, that I am in danger of losing myself and my reader also; it will be well, therefore, to return from whence I sat out, to wit, the visit of the chaplain in my uncle's room.

After the first compliments had passed, the visiter looking towards the desk from which I had just risen, and taking as it were his text from the book and writing apparatus which were spread thereon, began to congratulate me on the agreeable situation, and pleasant and profitable occupation into which I had fallen; adding,

* "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Acts x. 34.

† "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." Acts xx. 28.

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happy are those who, from their youth up, are engaged in the service of such a Master as ours, who are called upon in the days of their strength to devote themselves to his work, and who may hope to live to see their exertions crowned with success in the advancement of the good of the people, and the restoration of peace and order to the heritage of our dear Lord. All this sounded mighty fine in my ears, insomuch that I looked from the speaker to my uncle, and from my uncle to the speaker, as if I would have said, "Speak for me, uncle, and express for me how agreeable these expressions are to me." However, my uncle neither returned my looks, nor spoke a word, but sat playing with the pen with which he had been writing, like one either absent, or determined not to speak. I was, therefore, left to make as good an answer as I could; though I do not rightly remember what it was, yet I think it was something to the following effect, to wit, "that I trusted that I should be found faithful and useful, and that my services would prove to be profitable to my Master."

"They can be no further profitable, my young friend," replied the chaplain, "than as our good Master chooses to account them such; for we are after all poor creatures,* and can scarcely be said to earn our salt by our labours, for think of the charge and the cost we are and have been to our Master." And then he began and went on a long time on that theme, on which he often delighted to descant, as my uncle had informed me, viz. on what had passed when the Master had been last at the house, and the shameful treatment he had then met with, at the very time when his errand was that of the most tender love, viz. the redemption of his people from the bondage to which they had sold themselves; drawing this conclusion from thence, that we must ever remain debtors for kindness like this, and never count ourselves as profitable servants: to all which my uncle heartily agreed, but, as I observed, relapsed again into silence, when the chaplain went on to speak in the way I shall show.

"Well," said he, "and we have suffered, and deserve to suffer for our misconduct, and are hourly made to see and to feel what poor sinful creatures we are, and how severe the bondage of the enemy of our Lord is; but we

* Unprofitable servants.—"So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." Luke xvii 10.

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have a promise, and a promise which will stand fast for ever, for our Master never departs from his word, that peace and order shall be restored through all his dominions, and that things shall be with us, as they were in the beginning, before the enemy and his agents had found admittance in this place. And it is to this happier state of things to which all our conjoint labours are tending, my young friend," he continued, "and have been tending for some months past. The present," he added, raising his tone, "is the period of brotherly love; our house, which was once the seat of jarring interests and furious factions may now be called Philadelphia;* and although my friend there sits silent, yet I must be pardoned if I assert, that it is through the measures I have been led to adopt, and by endeavouring to be all things to all men,† with the view of benefiting some, that this happier order of things is so far advanced. It is not for me to speak, and yet, though your worthy uncle there shakes his head, as not approving my measures, I am myself astonished at the things which I have been able to bring to pass by pursuing a moderate course, and insinuating, rather than violently enforcing, the truths contained in the letters of our Lord. In the first instance, I have rendered these letters acceptable to many who formerly entertained the most violent prejudices against them. I have been enabled to establish a seminary, upon a very liberal plan, for the instruction of the little ones of the family, and have brought many together in harmony, who were before at variance; and only to speak of Madame le Monde, and the young ladies her daughters, all who have been any time in the house know how bitter these ladies used to be against the party which professed particular respect for our Master. Whereas now, through my persuasions, Madame is to the full as obliging to those whom she used to call enemies as to her friends: and then what kindness does she exercise towards the sick, be they of what party they may; and how liberally does she speak of those who are against her; and truly it is pleasant to see her daughters occupying themselves about the poor, and assisting me in my schools, taking the little ones in their arms, and providing them with garments. While our

* "Philadelphia, the sixth state of the visible church."

† "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." 1 Cor. ix. 22.

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old fellow-servant, the librarian, who, as you may well know, Mr. Secretary, was one of our bitterest enemies, has been so won over by the kindness I have used towards him, that it depends only on you to make him your fellow-labourer in the important work you have in hand, viz.—the distribution of our Master's letters."

My uncle changed his position on being thus addressed, but spoke not a word. Yet I observed that his lip trembled, as if he were inwardly agitated.

"Thus," continued the doctor, "we are advancing towards that state which is spoken of in our Master's letters, wherein his will shall be so fully attended to, and the minds of the people so thoroughly instructed, that we shall be in a state of happiness and prosperity, such as it would now be difficult even to conceive, unless through the light given in the Master's letters."

"And all this," said my uncle, speaking at last, "to be effected by you and your fellow-servants, a great proportion of whom are decided and declared enemies of the Master."

"Yes," returned the other, "through the instrumentality of our Lord's faithful servants will this great and blessed revolution be effected; together with, or rather in consequence of, the teaching of the interpreter, whose influence will then become more decided."

"The influence of the interpreter cannot be more decided than it now is with the faithful servants of our Master," replied my uncle; "he is present now with them in all their secret counsels; he directs them in all their public measures; he instructs them that the day of the Lord is not yet arrived;* and that the Mas-

* "For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished: but the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of

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ter has not yet thought fit to take upon himself the command;* that his rule is now a secret one; and that those who now govern openly must pass away, before that glorious state shall arrive, in which those who are now driven into a corner shall be brought into the light, and sit in the high places of this house.† But I find no where in these letters a promise given of the conversion of the powers of this world to the service of the Master, nor of any authority to be given to the servants to rule in the absence of him from whom alone they can derive any right. On the contrary, we are made to understand that the enemy will manage every thing relative to public affairs till the end of the present order of things; and in such wise, that when the Lord comes, he will not find faith in the household;‡ and moreover we are made to understand that the enemy is permitted to manage these matters, in order that the patience and fidelity of the true servants of the best of Masters may be exercised; hence we are afraid that these same faithful servants, although secretly supported and consoled by the interpreter, will never be able to make a head to fight and to conquer until the Master himself is present to avenge his own cause."

"Beshrew your interpretations," replied the doctor, growing very warm; "from whom have you received them, and from what passages do you derive these conceits, which are to my mind calculated to unnerve every arm, and to make every man faint in the midst of his labours? If things must remain as they are,—if the enemy's agents must rule till the Master comes,—if his substance must be wasted in riot,—if his name must be held in contempt in his own halls,—if the owls, and the bats, and the canker, and the moth, are always to occupy our towers, till our Lord appears, bearing with him the

God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?" 2 Peter iii. 5–12.

* "Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." John xiv. 30.

† "But the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and to destroy it unto the end. And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Dan. vii. 26, 27.

‡ "Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Luke xviii. 8.

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besom which is to brush them all down, what then, I say, is the need of our working? Wherefore are we to strive and to labour, and to endeavour to restore order, if our Master when he comes will count all our labours naught, and will take all into his own hands, to order and to arrange every thing anew? I say your doctrine, take it from whence you will, is discouraging in the extreme, and would unnerve every member, and nullify every desire for exertion."

"We work and perform the duties which our master left us to do," replied my uncle, calmly, "not because we ever hope to be the means of setting that right, which an enemy, infinitely more powerful than ourselves, and one who still rules, and will rule till our Master in his own presence has asserted his own rights, is constantly setting wrong; but because, in the first place it behooves us to do our Master's bidding, and in the second place, inasmuch as we hope and trust to be made the instruments of inspiring a spirit of fidelity and love in the hearts of many individuals, who, at his second coming, may go to meet him with joy and rejoicing.* And whereas you would know of me what are the passages of my Lord's communications, whereon I build my assurance of his coming to take the rule into his own hands, I am ready to give you as many as you please; for I take it for granted that you do not doubt the authenticity of our Lord's letters."

"Am not I a servant of the Master," replied the doctor, "how then should I doubt his word?"

"I trust that you are," returned my uncle, "and therefore I take it for granted that you believe every word of these letters, and that you will not deny the passage which I am about to bring forward. When last our Lord left this place, and disappeared from the eyes of his servants, he sent messengers to them to console them with this promise, that as he had left them, in like manner he would return to them.† He did not say, or

* "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah xxxv. 10.

† "And while they looked steadfastly towards heaven, as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i 10, 11.

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cause to be said, that he would send to them, or be with them in the person of another, or by substitutes, but that he would return as he went, in his own proper person."

"I grant it, I grant it," replied the doctor; "I know that he will come back in his own proper person, and that he will take unto himself at that time, all those among us his servants who shall be found faithful and attached, in order that where he is, we may be also.* I do not dispute this point, for herein is my hope and consolation, under all the troubles of my present situation; but I do not understand how you derive from the expression above cited, any corroboration of the opinion which you so pertinaciously hold forth;—to wit, that the Master has promised to come, and live with us, and take unto himself, in his own proper person, the management of his own affairs in this place:—an opinion which I hold to be at once ill-founded and extremely detrimental, in weakening the hands of those who are faithful to him in the present time: for if, as you say, there is nothing which we can do to set things to rights, what needs our striving any further? what avail all our labours, and our efforts, and all our early risings and late takings of rest, or our endeavours to lead those in authority into a proper way of thinking and of acting?"

"Our present inquiry," replied my uncle, "is not what the influence of my opinions may be, in depriving us of our high notions of our own good deeds; or how they may act upon the minds of the servants, to divert them from their duties, or to strengthen them in the performance of them; though by the way the question is a new one, for who ever before thought needful to ask how the expectation of the speedy return of a father, or of a master, would act upon a son or a servant? Nevertheless, as I was saying, the present question is not how my opinions may act upon the minds of our fellow-servants, if they were generally allowed; but, whether there are any intimations in the letters respecting this return; and not only respecting the simple return of the Master in person, as in person he went, but as respects his assumption of authority in this house, and his residence

* "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." John xiv 2.

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with us for a period according to his pleasure. This I say is the present question, and from this, my brother, we will not depart."

"Well then to the point," said the doctor; "what may you have to allege?"

"Where," said my uncle, as he turned over the leaves of the volume which lay before him, viz. the volume which contains the written communications of the Master; "where, my good sir, do you say that our Master now is?"

"At court," replied the doctor.

"Ay," returned my uncle, "in the seat of government. Well, listen then, and hear what this volume says, in speaking of a future time: it says, a messenger shall come from the seat of government, having the power of casting into the dungeon; and he shall lay hold of our Master's enemy, and bind him for many days, and shut him up, and seal him with a seal, that he shall deceive the people no more; and after that he shall have his liberty for a short time; and then the royal seats shall be set in our judgment-halls, and those who love the Master, and do not wear the livery of the enemy, shall live and rule with him for many days."*

"All this," replied the doctor, "is figurative; and its signification is totally different from the interpretation you choose to put upon it."

"What other interpretation could you possibly put on words so plain?" asked my uncle.

The doctor shuffled in his seat, and then said, "Can

* "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set his seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season. And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Rev. xx. 1–6.

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you believe that the Master would lower himself and descend so far from his dignity, accustomed as he is to a royal seat, to come among such as we are? It is an absurdity, Mr. Secretary, which I never will admit."

"But the letter, the words of the letter?" returned my uncle; "what do you make of them, doctor?"

"Why," replied the doctor, "is it not all as one and the same thing, whether we go to him, or he comes to us? and is not one and another from time to time called into his presence, and to be with him where he is? What matters it, whether his faithful servants are with him here, or with him where he now may be?"

"Little," returned my uncle, "I conceive, as it regards our present views, and plans, and prospects: therefore, as long as words have a fixed and certain meaning, I will not allow that, if he who never speaks a falsehood says he will come to us,*—it can be possibly understood to mean that he will call us to himself, that is, speaking of us collectively as men living in a place specified, and not as individuals. Moreover, he elsewhere says, that when he comes he will bring those of us with him who are already gone to him.† What do you make of this, especially when he farther states, that such of us as shall be still here when he comes shall go forth to meet him; that is, speaking of us as of a household, and not as of individuals?"

"But what," said the doctor, "is all this turmoil about? Whether we are to go to him, or he to come to us, I say how can it affect our present views and purposes? Has he not promised that if we are found faithful, we shall be with him? Why then need we be so anxious to know where we are to meet and be blessed in his presence?"

* "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, 'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.'" Jude 14, 15.

† "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. iv 16–18.

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"See you not," replied my uncle, "where it affects our views and our plans, and that so decidedly and so completely as to change the object almost of every action of our lives? We both agree in one point, that there is a promise that there shall be a time in which the confusion and disorder which now reign in this our Master's domain, shall be thoroughly set right—a time in which all our little ones shall be instructed in what is right,* in which our garden shall bring forth fruit in abundance, and our rocks shall drop with honey;† in short, a period of universal prosperity, in which all our evil rulers shall be driven from the land.‡ Now in this we both agree; but you say that this blessed state will be brought about by your instrumentality, and that of your faithful fellow-servants, under the direction of the interpreter. Whereas I say that what we can do will never bring this desirable state of things to pass, and that this never will, and never can be effected but by the Master himself, when he comes to take the rule into his own hand."§

"Well," returned the other, "and this is much what I have heard before."

"And is unsavoury to many," returned my uncle, "because it reduces us all, as it were, to some standard counting our boasted efforts and exertions to be a nought, as to the production of the great general reformation of which we speak (for the enemy rules and will rule till the Master comes), although they may be rendered of some use for the guidance and persuasion of individuals among our fellow-servants, and for the consolation and strengthening of others: but remember, doctor, that I say individually, and as it were secretly; for our Master's party here have little to do at the public tables, and at the chief seats in our halls."

"Well,"—returned the doctor, turning to me, as it were

* "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isaiah liv. 13.

† "He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." Psalm lxxxi. 16.

‡ "And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them: but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid." Ezek. xxxiv. 28.

§ "And I will set up one Shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd." Ezek. xxxiv. 23.

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to shake off the irritation of his feelings, which he felt no doubt to be great impediments in his way towards performing the wishes of the housekeeper, inasmuch as he was not come to call out my uncle to a declaration of his sentiments, but rather to gain me over in such sort, that I might be less liable to be influenced by them,—"but I am thinking, young sir, that I am not acting the part which civility should dictate, when I came expressly to pay my respects to the nephew, to be tilting and jousting with your venerable relation, but you must know and believe, that after all, your good uncle and I are the best of friends: we have known each other many years, we have served one good Master, I trust, from our youth up; and though we always renew our combats when we meet, yet as the points on which we argue are minor matters comparatively, our arguments have no tendency to weaken friendship."

My uncle was going to speak in this place, but the doctor, raising his tone, though not angrily, said, "Come, come, no more of this to day, my old friend, let us rather seek the points in which we agree, than argue about those in which we disagree." My uncle bowed, as if he would have said, be it so; and then the doctor went on to speak of things and occurrences of smaller moment, and such as I hardly conceived to be worthy of his serious attention; but so it will ever be when two persons meet who are conscious that their opinions on important points are dissimilar; they are naturally driven to trifle in discourse, and because they fear the rock in the centre of the lake, to keep beating up and down in the shallows near the bank. So after a while the chaplain took his leave, and we being left to ourselves, my uncle said, "I would willingly, my nephew, for a week or two to come, that you should keep yourself as quiet as possible in this family, associating only with me, and endeavouring to acquire information respecting our Master's affairs; you will probably be called out to more active duties by-and-by," he added, "and the time will be little enough for strengthening and establishing you in the proper performance of these duties."

I had nothing to urge against this decision, yet I would rather have been busy and about, than be always at my uncle's side, for the ways of young and old are different, and I wanted to get acquainted with my fellow-servants, and to see the housekeeper and her daughters, of whom

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I frequently heard much from the young man whom I have mentioned several times before.

This young man had been brought up under Madame le Monde, and had at one time been an especial favourite of hers, but having of late taken a disgust to her service through the suggestions of the interpreter, he seemed almost ready to come over to the other side. My uncle had great hopes of him, notwithstanding he yet wavered, but being assured that the chains in which his mistress held him would speedily be broken for him; he called him Theophilus, as a sort of token that he felt assured he was an object of the Master's love. It was from this young man, however, that I heard most of the gossip of the family, and was most strongly led to desire to see more of what was passing without. My mind being in that sort of perverted state, that his very dispraise of the housekeeper and of her daughters awakened my curiosity. I had a mind, too, to see the library, and to get acquainted with the librarian, who was accounted an uncommonly learned man in the house; also to see some of the state apartments and pictures, for there are many of these also; but my uncle kept me close by his side, and put me off whenever I wanted to break bounds, but he did it so gently, that I could not find it in my heart to rebel against him. In the mean time I was kept close to my work, that is, to make fresh copies of the Master's letters, wherein I found many things which excited my wonder, and opened my mind, confirming all that my uncle had said to me respecting the character of the Master, and his right to the possession of the estate whereon we dwelt; also his reasons for his leaving the house for a while in other hands; neither did I fail to see proof convincing of the return of the Lord, to take the charge of all things, and never again to separate himself from his faithful servants, whose redemption he had purchased, before either they or their parents had known their right-hand from their left.

And thus passed several weeks; I thought them long, ungrateful and thankless wretch that I was; yet what would I many times since have given for some of those opportunities, then so lightly thought of, of conversing with my uncle, who was altogether the person best instructed in the Master's will, of any one I ever met with? But it too often happens that graceless children thus despise the blessing and consolation of a wise

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parent's society, until that blessing and consolation is removed; and so it was with me. I knew not my uncle's value till I had lost him; therefore I make no doubt but that I showed impatience of his company, and of the quiet life we led; for after some weeks he said to me,—"Nephew, you are perhaps weary of the retired life we lead, and desire to see more of the household: it is true that your experience with us has hitherto been small, and your knowledge of our ways all taken from hearsay; you have hitherto been as a young eagle* in a nest, but the time is now come that you must try your wings. It was the Lord's pleasure, who cares for you, though you think little of him,† that you should have time for study and reflection before you are initiated into the more difficult parts of your business, which consists not only in preparing copies of these letters, but in dispersing them among our fellow-servants, in which work you will find much that is discouraging, and that from some whom you would not expect; but you shall accompany me this evening, and we will take a circuit through the house, and you will then be able to form some notion of those with whom for the present our lot is cast."

I was glad to hear this proposition, for as I before said, I was tired of the quiet life I led, my heart not being altogether, I fear, in the work I had to do: accordingly, being led by my uncle, I followed him willingly from the long passage, at the end of which was his apartment, into the principal hall. This was a magnificent room, wide and high, its windows being of crystal of various colours,‡ calculated to give a beautiful glow to the rays of light which shot through them; but, as I instantly discerned, much embrowned with a thick coat of dust which lay upon them, and farther darkened by tawdry curtains which hung over them in remnants, much tattered and defaced, though originally of a fine sort of tapestry. The flooring of the hall was, I saw,

* "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings. So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

† "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter v. 7.

‡ "And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." Isa. liv. 12.

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not equal, but raised at one end, like a divan or throne; this had been, I understand, a change effected by Mr. Fitz-Adam, to please Madame le Monde, who disapproved of sitting to dinner, as it were, on a level with those whom she accounted inferior.* The chairs on this divan were, I saw, of ivory,† with blue and scarlet; whereas the seats occupied by the inferior servants, or those who sat below the divan, were of ordinary construction, being only benches without ornament. Now down the centre of this hall, between the chairs and benches, was a long table, whereupon, as my uncle informed me, the family dined. There were also on the same floor sundry parlours and withdrawing rooms, all of them set forth with costly furniture, bedizzened with burnish and gilding. Nevertheless, the rooms looked dark and dusty, exhibiting tokens of moth and rust, and apparently standing much in need of repair and of brushing. "Methinks," said I, "our housemaids are not the most brisk and orderly, nor our housekeeper the most thrifty; that is, if I may judge by the condition of these chambers."

"All will be set right by-and-by," replied my uncle, using a very common expression of his, "but our governors do not approve of those who would awake the sleeping housewives, and rouse them to work; and indeed some pretend that this old furniture would not bear the scouring, but would tumble to pieces under the brush."

So saying, my uncle led me up a fine flight of stairs, though one which seemed somewhat crazy, as if the stays had given way in some places in the wall, for the steps cracked and creaked hugely under our feet as we ascended.

"'Tis no safe mounting here," said my uncle, "a man would be best below, but we will just take a look at the first floor, and leave those who will to mount to the towers."

So we went on and came to the library;—a noble

* "For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment. And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts." James ii. 2–4.

† "Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Asshurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim." Ezek. xxvii. 6.

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sized room it was, though so dark that, although it was broad day without, we should not have seen an inch before us, had it not been for the lamp which hung from the ceiling; and this darkness, as I afterward found, was owing to the multitude of volumes which were reared up against the windows, to the utter exclusion of the light of heaven.* In the midst of this apartment sat the librarian, a young looking man, meagre, and with a very keen piercing eye, which rolled restlessly, seldom fixing, even for a moment, on the face of the person to whom he spoke, or indeed long on any other object. On our opening the door, this young man arose, and coming short up to my uncle, began, as I found was the way with him, to pursue the subject which happened to be uppermost in his mind, viz. the new system which had just been taken up in the family, according to the suggestion of the Master's enemy.

"I had been thinking," said he, "to call in your rooms, Mr. Secretary, but am happily prevented by your visit to me. I have been lately much engaged in examining, with a candid and liberal eye, the volume which contains the letters of him you call Master. I see much to admire in them, though I do not see that they tend to establish his sovereign claim to this house and estate; nevertheless, there is so much that is excellent in them, with respect to morality, that I should most gladly lend my assistance in copying and distributing them, and thus join with you and the chaplain in your work of kindness towards the lower order of the servants; for it is a favourite object of mine, to go hand in hand with the rulers and principal heads of this family, in every attempt which they may think it right to make for the improvement of our people in the lower offices. We have long wanted that sort of brotherly love, which ought to unite one family, and in the exercise of which the prosperity of a household must chiefly consist; for, as the old proverb says, 'a house divided against itself can never stand,' so am I convinced that the want of prosperity, and peace, and general improvement, which every one must lament in this family, originates in the differences of opinion which have ever existed among us, and which, I have no doubt, will entirely disappear,

* "And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Eccles. xii. 12.

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when knowledge prevails to the extent we wish, and when every leading individual is willing to yield a small degree of his ancient prejudices. And," proceeded the young man, with a volubility of expression which made me (inexperienced as I was) to stare with wonder,—"I am happy to say that this, which has for a long time since been the desideratum of every philosophic mind, advances rapidly to its completion. All parties are, as it were, mutually approaching from the circumference to the centre, every one sees the necessity of mutual accommodation, and of that spirit of moderation and liberality by which universal benevolence is engendered, and every mind, however originally discordant, is brought into that state of harmony with the rest, by which all impediments to the improvement of the family are removed, and every facility made to administer to the introduction of that pure order of things, by which the golden age will be restored, and man will attain that perfection for which nature originally prepared him."

During this long speech, which was run off with surprising rapidity, I stood perfectly amazed, and my uncle as perfectly unmoved, for there was nothing in all this which he had not heard frequently before; but the orator, whom by-the-by I saw very imperfectly, owing to the obscurity of the apartment, had hardly finished his exordium, so abruptly commenced and so glibly carried on, when my uncle answered, I thought, somewhat dryly, that he preferred doing the work which his Master had given him to do, according to his own plans rather than those of another; "and to be plain with you, Mr. Librarian," he added, "I should not wish either to borrow or receive the help of one who entertains doubts respecting the right of the Master to call himself Master, though I pretend not to investigate the motives which may have induced him to make such tenders of his services: for truly," continued my venerable friend, "if you, Mr. Librarian, do not entirely believe the words of those letters, or the truth of him who wrote them, I see not how you, as an honest man, can busy yourself in distributing them among your fellow-servants."

"Although," returned the librarian, with a seeming mildness, which I thought spoke much in his favour, who was, as you know, my reader, but new to these scenes—"although I may not agree with you, Mr. Secretary, in all you think touching these epistles, I

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may, nevertheless, have that sort of respect for them, or for parts and portions of them, which may lead me to think that, upon the whole, the distribution of them may be beneficial to my fellow-servants. I may also have a respect for your opinions, and those of that worthy man, the doctor; and I may be willing to coalesce, and go hand in hand with you in any plan you may form which shall have the smallest chance of benefiting our fellow-men. I may think that any thing which tends to bring brethren together into one bond of union, is an object to be desired; and I may think that if we wait for such an object as shall be wholly and entirely unexceptionable, we may wait for ever, and never meet at all. And, is the promotion of love, of liberality, of general benevolence, and utility to be despised; and am I to be rejected from this philanthropic coalescence, because in some small matter I may not entirely acquiesce with every individual of the family?"

"Small matter!" replied my uncle, "and do you call it a small matter in a household, to disagree respecting the rights and person of the Master? if this be a small matter, I know not what is a great one. You tell me that you question the right of him I call Master to the possession of this domain; and you expect me to coalesce with you, and give you the right-hand of fellowship, while you acknowledge this doubt; and you do more,—you ask me to permit you to assist me in the service of the very Master whose rights you question. Truly, Mr. Librarian, I can have no communion with you.* I wish you well, and would be glad to see you delivered from your error; but I can have nothing to do with you in the way of accepting your services."

Thus speaking, my uncle walked out of the library, shaking as it were the dust of the apartment from the soles of his feet;† and what had I to do but to go after him, though I must confess that I thought he might have selected less offensive words wherewith to express his sentiments. However, it was not for me to call him to account; I therefore followed him silently as he pro-

* "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." 2 Cor. vi. 17.

† "Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you: notwithstanding, be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Luke x. 11.

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ceeded towards an open gallery which runs along the first floor on the outside of one front of the house,—a gallery enclosed in lattice work, which was in its time, as I afterward found, a favourite place of the Master's, where he used to show himself in time past, when he sometimes visited his people.* It had been in its day a very fair and beautiful place, and still indeed, though long forsaken, and as it were encumbered and spoiled by the rubbish which had fallen from the loose stones above, showed what it had once been, being adorned with flowering shrubs and odoriferous creepers, winding in and out through the interstices of the lattice. At the end of the gallery he turned into a noble old apartment, which he informed me was the place in which the family met to hear the Lord's letters read aloud and explained. The roof of this apartment was supported by twelve pillars,† and there was to the east one noble window, the frame of which was set with precious stones, and a running pattern of bells and pomegranates, exceedingly beautiful; but it seems that Madame le Monde, who is an enemy everywhere to broad daylight,‡ had persuaded the doctor to allow certain old tablets, curiously gilt and varnished, to be fixed up as a screen to the window, thus excluding the direct rays of light, and shedding a universal gloom over the apartment. My uncle failed not to point out this abomination, as he called it; at the same time causing me to observe what was graven on these tablets, viz. certain ancient laws which are not now in force§ in the family, inasmuch as they have been superseded by such as were more agreeable to the present state of the Lord's servants. In this apartment, as in the hall, I observed a distinction of seats; the chairs which were set for the steward and

* "Behold he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice." Sol. Song ii. 9.

† "And Moses wrote all the words of the Lord, and rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel." Exod. xxiv. 4.

‡ "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." John iii. 19.

§ "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." Col. ii. 13, 14.

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housekeeper being covered with velvet, and studded and embossed with gold, while the benches, nay, and the very walls in the remoter parts of the apartment were sordid in the extreme, being covered with dust and cobwebs.

Having remarked this to my uncle, he replied, "that it was the Lord's will that there should be different orders of men in the household, and also that every man should receive the honour due to him.* Nevertheless," he added, "it should be the desire of every ruler to provide all things convenient in the sight of all men."†

So we left the chapel, and passed by several small chambers, occupied, as my uncle informed me, chiefly by the more sober part of the household, and those principally attached to the doctor and to himself. These galleries were still, and had an orderly appearance; and because they opened upon the balcony mentioned before, a sweet and fresh air ran along them, and here also I heard the notes of certain birds which harboured among the lattice work. "This is the old part of the house," remarked my uncle, "and connects with our apartments, but the library stands not on the old foundation." So we passed on through the galleries, and came again into the more modern part of the building—into wide and gaudy chambers, decorated according to the taste of the housekeeper; and in some of these chambers we met with certain female servants who were in the charge of them. Now I had as yet had little intercourse with the members of the family, and had not seen any of the female servants, nor so much as heard one of them speak; neither was I now pleased with those I did see, for their dress was any thing but what I should have expected;‡ and they were passing along through the rooms idly, and as if, instead of following their business, they were seeking only how they should divert themselves, calling to their fellows, and laughing, as if life and all belonging to it were but an idle jest,

* "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour." Rom. xiii. 7.

† "Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." 2 Cor. viii. 21.

‡ "The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet." Isaiah iii. 16.

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rather than a serious reality. Now I know not whether my uncle would have passed them without speaking, had they let him alone; but it seems they were not so inclined, for he had scarcely come within hearing of them, when one of them calling to him, said, "So, Mr. Secretary, wherefore do we see you here? we wonder how you can find time from your serious employments to come so far as this. Well, how go the Master's letters, and when do you expect that he will come and look us all up?"

"Before you are ready for him, you thoughtless ones," answered my uncle: "what account could each of you give of your charge, were he to come to-morrow?"

"We are accountable to those who employ us," answered one of the most forward of these; "the housekeeper is satisfied with us, and gives us our victuals and our wages, and what more do we want, sir?"

"To be assured," replied my uncle, "that the housekeeper will always keep her own place, and always be in the same mind towards you that she now is, and that you may not be called away from hence, by one who is stronger than she is, to give an account of the things which you have done in this place."*

"And who may that be?" asked the same young woman.

"The Master whom you despise," replied my uncle; "hear what he says in his letters, 'Behold, I come quickly.'"†

With that there was a burst of laughter among them, but one said, "are you sure, sir, those words are in the letters?"

"Sure as I live," said my uncle; "and if you will take the trouble to look in the book, you may see them there." My uncle then offered her a copy of the book, but while she held out her hand to take it, her fellows took her by the arm, and pulled her away; however, my uncle said that he should bear her in mind, and take care that she should not hold out her hand in vain. So we went on, and as we were coming down the stairs, whom should

* "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Rev. xx. 12.

† "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Rev. iii. 11.

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we meet on the landing-place but the housekeeper, viz Madame le Monde herself. I was so all taken aback and astonished at the sight of her, that what should I do but make her a bow, and that as profound a one as I would have made to the king himself; and I have heard it said, that most persons who see her for the first time are affected in the same way as I was, for she is a most imposing person to strangers, being tall and majestic, seeming as it were to fill the whole eye with the consequentialness of her figure; and then she has a sort of smile, and a glance of the eye, which fixes the beholder, and such a smile of condescension, and so full of meaning, that it would be impossible to pass her for the first time, without being inclined to look after her. As to her dress, I know nothing of what it was then, or what it has been ever since, often as I have seen her, for she is always varying her fashion; but this I know, that she is very fond of changeable ribands and gowns, I mean such as look one thing in one light, and one in another, and that she always wears a huge bunch of keys at her girdle. But withal this, I do not mean to say that she is handsome; very far from it; nay, I have seen her look downright ugly; yet it is hard, very hard to say *No* to her, when she smiles upon you. However, as she had tried her courtesies with my uncle till she had ascertained that they were of no avail, seeing that he is upheld by one that is stronger than she is, it was but little that she said to him on this occasion; whereas she bent the full lustre of her eye upon me, and expressing much pleasure at seeing me, having, as she was pleased to say, heard many things to my advantage; she added, that she should have the greatest possible satisfaction in receiving me in her apartments, where her daughters would provide a variety of amusements for me, far more befitting my age than could be found in the society of my uncle's room. She was then proceeding to the detail of these amusements, and to state the various agreeable qualifications of her daughters, which she has a way of doing in common with some other mothers into whose company I have chanced to fall, when my uncle cut her somewhat short, saying, he was obliged to every one who intended any kindness to his nephew, although at present he could accept of no invitation for him which might interfere with the service he had accepted, viz. the service of the best of

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Masters; and so saying, he turned to descend the stairs, motioning to me to follow him; but as I was slipping by the housekeeper, being near her upon the stairs, she caught the lappet of my coat, and though in such a way that I might have extricated myself with the smallest effort, one would have thought, she brought me to a stand, and said in an under tone, "Remember, young sir, where you will be welcome;" which whisper threw me into such confusion, that I had not another word to say, but this, "I must needs ask my uncle, madam;" whereupon she smiled, and laid her finger on her lips, as much as to say, say no more at this time, and I was escaping as fast as I could, when I was almost driven to desire to sink into the floor with shame, to hear bursts of laughter over my head, mingled with tones of contemptuous pity, and expressions to this effect—"Well, we know who will be the loser," and then again another burst of merriment, though smothered as it were; for instead of following my uncle, I had stood still on the lower part of the stairs, to look to where the voices had come from, and had discerned in the gallery above the daughters of the housekeeper, all standing in a row against the ballustrades, amusing themselves with me; and truly, I thought I had never seen a more comely group of damsels, nor any more set off with the fashion of their attire, or the choice of their colours. But to describe how I was cut and confounded with the ridicule they were passing upon me would be very difficult; any one might have knocked me down with a feather just then. I have often since thought how like a fool I must have looked, standing there gaping and staring up at the maidens; neither can I tell how long I might have stood, had not the mother tapped me on the shoulder, saying, good-humouredly, as I then thought, "Hear you not your uncle call, young sir? make haste and follow him, and another time let me see how you can return raillery for raillery, and how you can overcome those young girls with their own weapons. Truly, I hope we shall have many pleasant hours together, when you are thought old enough to slip the collar." So I recollected myself at last, and running down what remained of the steps, I overtook my uncle, who had turned down a long arched cloister, where the light was scarcely that of twilight, the door of which was directly opposite to the stairs.

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"Young man," said he as I came up to him, "wherefore did you linger behind? Let me tell you, that if you give ear to that woman, you will lay up for yourself such a rod as you will find it no easy matter to bear;* for I tell you she has been the ruin of many a one, that is, so far as their present peace is concerned; for our master will not leave any of his own in her power.† Have I not cautioned you respecting her, and told you she can flatter with her lips, and drop honey from her tongue?"

I made no reply to these words of my uncle, not that my heart did not suggest many things, but that I did not dare to give utterance to them; for I was in fear of my uncle, and more than that I loved him, and I was moreover more than half assured that he was right, and that his Master is the only one in whose service there is peace and safety—I could not then have added, and joy, for my natural corruptions would have led me to seek enjoyments elsewhere, viz. in the housekeeper's room, and in the company of her daughters, and in the good things which she held under the keys hanging at her side; nevertheless, I did not speak, and as I walked silently after the old gentleman, the tumult of my mind began to subside, and presently, my thoughts were drawn away from the scene upon the stairs to other matters; for there is a lightness in young minds which leads them from dwelling long upon one set of ideas.

The cloisters were long, and, as I before said, very dark, the passage being defiled by bats and other unclean birds which inhabit the crannies and nooks of the old walls, and the air was dark and misty. And whereas in the chapel above described there wanted but the removal of the tablets, set there to please Madame le Monde, to admit the pure brightness of the open heavens, in this part of the house it seemed that the light had been altogether excluded from the beginning. Not that there were not some few slits in the wall, formed as it were for emitting arrows in case of attack (for this part of the building was evidently prepared both for offensive and defensive war), but as it happened these slits were of no use to those within, being choked up with rubbish and the litter of the obscene birds which haunted

* "Her feet goeth down to death; her steps take hold on hell." Prov. v. 5.

† "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. v 24.

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the place. But being entered into these dark passages, I said, "What place is this? it seems wholly forsaken of inhabitants."

"These are the haunts of Father Peter and his followers, and you judge hastily in supposing that they are forsaken; for fallen as the authority of the father is, yet were we to count numbers with the doctor, I verily believe that there would be found three to one of the household who hold to the former rather than the latter, though there are some who take little heed to either of them, and these are an increasing party.* But come on," continued the old gentleman, "you will presently see that this part of the mansion is not so forsaken as you imagine; and as we go quietly forward I shall explain to you who this Father Peter is, and whence arose his authority in the house. Now it appears that when our Lord took his departure to go into that far country, from whence we are daily looking for his return, he left unto his servants who had been with him when he was present in this place, this commission, —that they should speak of him to all their brethren throughout the world, promising at the same time that he would speedily send the interpreter to them, who should instruct and direct them in what they should teach: and so saying he departed.† Now it seems that the worthy doctor, and some others among us, took what our Lord said in simplicity, setting aside certain comparatively small misconceptions arising from human infirmity, for after all is said, we are but poor creatures, slow of comprehension, and weak of faith; but the times were against us, for the old enemy broke in furi-

* "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts." 2 Peter iii. 3.

† "When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel: which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i. 6–11.

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ously upon us, soon after our Lord left us, and I verily believe would not have left one stone upon another of this our house, had he had his way. This was however overruled, and we were looking for better times, when the enemy changed his politics, and spoke us fair, and then it was that Mr. Fitz-Adam and Madame le Monde got installed among us, and here they have been ever since. Well, these were scarcely set in their seats of temporary authority before Father Peter, who was a man of whom I had no suspicions at first, began to set up his pretensions, insisting that he was the man, and there was none beside him, and pretending from a certain passage in our Lord's letters,* which have no more to do with him than they have with me or any other man now in the house, that the Lord had given him the rule and dominion over the minds of all his servants. Now his credentials were false, inasmuch as he could not prove himself to be the person to whom the passage referred. Indeed it was well known that he was not the person, but a much younger man, although he had taken his name; however it suited the steward and housekeeper to uphold him, for he was the best friend they ever had during the time of his power; and if they found ease and security in their velvet cushions, it was as much owing to him as to any other cause, that is, in reference to second causes; for after all, it is only by the sufferance of our Master that they are where they are, and not in the dungeon prepared for such as shall be found rebels in the last day.† But you would hardly believe, my good nephew, were I to tell you, to what an extent this Father Peter carried his authority in the days of his exaltation. It was more then than a servant's life was worth to doubt his perfectibility, or to refuse any of his dogmas, or to neglect any of the forms or ceremonies which he instituted. At that period we who refused to submit to his decrees were thrust into holes and corners, from which, if we dared to come out, we were cast into dungeons, and made to eat corrupt food, and drink waters which had been fouled, or exposed to

* "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. xvi. 18.

† "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Rev. xx. 10.

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ordeals by fire, so that had we not enjoyed the assured hope of final happiness in our Lord, we should have been of all men the most miserable.* But our Lord be thanked, this tyranny of Father Peter has passed away from us, though it is still exercised over the minds of those who as yet have not been able to throw off his authority; but he cannot now as before-time subject us to the cruel bodily torments which he once inflicted. The time was when he had quite shut up the doctor's chapel, and when I was compelled to conceal my Lord's letters, lest he should destroy them; but this tyranny is overpast, and although other evils have arisen in the house, yet they are of a nature much more easily to be endured by one desiring to be quiet than those which have gone before. But," continued my uncle, "the error on which the father built his pretensions is one which is still entertained by too many among us, and is now at this very time held by the worthy doctor himself, though in a modified form; and it is this—that our Lord having in his letter promised to his faithful servants a glorious and triumphant season to be enjoyed in this place,† we have applied these promises to the present state of things, instead of referring them to the period of the second coming; as if it were possible for the bride to rejoice in the absence of the bridegroom, or for the wife to be glad when her husband is far away.‡ Are these things according to the order of nature? and argues it not a want of loyalty to suppose that a royal residence should be gay, when the king is absent? But our king is not only absent, but another king rules for a while in his place, and is permitted so to do by a superior power, for reasons which we can only partly

* "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. xv. 19.

† "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; We have a strong city: salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength." Isaiah xxvi. 1–4.

‡ "And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." Matt. ix. 15.

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understand, but which we shall know hereafter.* Hence, I often tell our good doctor, when he speaks of the superior order of things to be brought about by his efforts, and those of some other of the faithful servants of the Lord, in co-operation with the interpreter,—Beware of this opinion, for while you hold it, little as you suspect it, you are not altogether free from the error of Father Peter. You have changed the actors indeed, in the work which you and he are presuming on your ability to perform, but you are equally guilty of the same presumption, and err alike in exalting your fellow-servants, and derogating from the honour of the Master."

"And how does the doctor take these home pushes from you, sir?" I asked.

"Why he does not like them," he replied, turning towards me with a smile on his lips, "these home thrusts are not pleasing to flesh and blood; but the doctor is a true servant of the Master, and he will assuredly be brought to the truth in good time; for he does not reject the Master's letters, but acknowledges that they are the only guide by which any servant in this house should direct his steps."

We were walking slowly along the cloister, and there was before us a wide folding-door, which was closed, and from whence voices issued. My uncle stopped for a few moments, and said, "Before we enter there, permit me to explain one fact to you: you will be astonished at what you will see within; there is much to attract the eye and charm the senses in the services within the sphere of the Father's jurisdiction, and much which is arranged for the delight of the eye, and the fascination of the senses; but there is one thing, good nephew, which you must understand, viz. that many of our Lord's promises are couched in figurative terms, in order that under these figures we, whose trust is in him, may be able to understand that which the enemy will not comprehend.† These figures being selected by one who possesses all natural secrets,‡ are wonderfully beautiful

* "Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." John. xiii. 7.

† "And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand." Luke viii. 10.

‡ "For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite

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and skilful in their arrangement, and withal to those whose eyes are opened, contain not only an open and evident sense, but one which is also hidden; that which is evident, being infinitely inferior in value and importance to that which is concealed; the evident being suited to the natural capacity—the hidden, to that which is obtained through the teaching of the interpreter.* Now I would have you to observe, that it has been one of the principal arts of Father Peter, and one in which no doubt he has had no small help from the arch-enemy of the Master, to take of these fair figures and emblems, whereon to build his great system of deception;† and truly, he has arranged them with great art, as you will presently see—only, as I before said, excluding entirely the hidden import of these symbols, and sticking close to the natural one; thus darkening the promises, and shutting out as it were all future hope, by making men think that they are to have their good things now, and if they cannot obtain them in the present time, that they are shut out from them for ever."

My uncle having said so much, was going on, but I caught him by the sleeve, and besought him to explain somewhat more explicitly what it was that he would wish to say, for I was yet in the dark; he stopped at the first word, and repeated all he had said over again, but I was still in a state of ignorance. "Well," said he, "then I must change my manner of speaking. Our Lord has promised (to give you a few examples) a long and lasting peace to his household at some future time; but Father Peter has taken these promises in the first instance, to wit, the promises of peace, and honour, and glory, to be enjoyed by this household at some future period, and set them down to the present time, claiming, on the strength of them, obedience to his rule and

and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol: and his fame was in all nations round about. And he spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five. And he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." 1 Kings iv. 31–33.

* "But, as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. ii. 9.

† Ezekiel xvi.

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dominion, and anathematizing those who do not submit to his usurpation. Again, because the Lord has spoken under a figure of his trusty servants, as being his most precious jewels;* what must he do, but gather to himself all the rich jewels he can lay his hand on, with precious stones, and gold, and silver, and make himself images of such of the servants of the Master as suffered persecution, in the time I have spoken of before, of the breaking in of the enemy, and set them about his premises to be worshipped by his people;† and again, because our Lord has said, that the addresses of his trusty servants rise up to his throne, like the savour of sweet odours,‡ what must he do, but build an altar and burn incense before it, with a thousand other impertinences too long for recapitulation, but all of which he is enabled to uphold to his blinded people, by reference to the Master's letters; which, however, I should tell you, he will suffer none of them to hold in their own hands, lest the true light should shine upon them, and they should see things as they are. However, his day is passing away—and yet I almost fear that that which is arising in his place§ is but another exhibition of the deadly hatred which the enemy beareth the Master. If they are pulling down Peter from his seat, I fear that they will put no one better in his room; for those who are now rising are for no ruler at all:—and whereas the father exhibited false figures of the Lord, and described him altogether different to what he is, so the party which is now coming in affect to doubt whether we have any

* "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Mal. iii. 16, 17.

† "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." Matt. xxiii. 27.

‡ "And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints." Rev. v. 8.

§ "Rejoice not thou, whole Palestina, because the rod of him that smote thee is broken: for out of the serpent's root shall come forth a cockatrice, and his fruit shall be a fiery flying serpent." Isaiah xiv. 29

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Lord at all; but so it is to be, and we must be patient." With that my uncle opened a leaf of the folding-doors, before which we stood, and thereupon such a light burst upon my eyes, that I could not discern what was before me for some moments: my other senses were also assailed at the same time, for there was a strong odour of incense, and a sort of melancholy song issuing from many voices.

"It is here," said my uncle, "that Father Peter collects his people, not for instruction, for he gives them none in this place, but for certain forms and ceremonies, which he holds to be absolutely necessary, in order to please and propitiate the Master; the ceremonies, as I before said, being many of them built upon the figurative expressions which are found in the Master's letters, and others being added upon traditions, which the father pretends to have received and preserved from the time when the Master was* with us. But now," he added, "look about you, and tell me what you think." I did as desired, and was indeed dazzled with all I saw. We were in a superb hall, the roof of which was supported with magnificent pillars, all wrought and carved, and enriched with various ornaments, such as I had never seen the like for their splendour; and there were many statues and figures of men and women set in niches in the wall; and at the upper end of the hall was the representation of a woman, or rather a queen; and she was clad in a shining garment, and had a crown of twelve stars,† and this figure, as I afterward heard from my uncle, was to represent one whom Father Peter had adopted as his especial patroness. But it signifies little to fill up my volume with all the follies and fancies of this man, trusting as I do to have more interesting subjects for my pen; for when it is once understood that the basis of his system is a false one, and that the king-

* "Wherefore if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances. (Touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish with the using;) after the commandments and doctrines of men? which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh." Col. ii. 20–23.

† "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Rev. xii. 1.

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dom of our master is not of this world,* that is, of this world according to the present order of things, it cannot be necessary to spend much time in proving that what he has built upon this false basis must be false too; for although man may build that which is nought on a good foundation, I think it would be no easy matter to build that which is stable on a false basis.† Nevertheless, as I before said, I was much dazzled with what I saw in that place, for there were singing men in the hall, and persons in flowing robes and beautiful mitres, and veiled vestals ranged in long order behind an iron grate (for these mingle not with the rest), and persons throwing about incense from a smoking censer, and devotees on their knees, with other surprising things, which, had I not been forewarned and forearmed as it were, would assuredly have misled me, as they have done many others: but I had my uncle at hand to warn me, which he failed not to do from the first authority, viz. my Lord's letters.‡ However he did not seem inclined that

* "Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." John xviii. 36.

† "For we are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building. According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." 1 Cor. iii. 9–15.

‡ "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect to an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days. which is a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ. Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God. Wherefore if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances. (Touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish with the using;) after the commandments and doctrines of men? Which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will

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we should stay long in that place where offences abounded, for he remarked that it would not be pleasing in the sight of the Master that we would do so;* therefore he turned back, and went out at the door by which we had come in. Nevertheless he was willing that I should see one more apartment in this range, and to this intent he led me round another passage, and brought me into a second great hall, the walls of which were covered with an inconceivable and indescribable multitude of strange things, some being set on shelves, others being suspended on hooks, and others being set on the ground.

"What is all this?" I said: for the place was obscure and I went groping and stumbling about, though I saw not but that my uncle walked steadily enough, not meeting with any thing which caused him to stumble.† "You shall see presently," said my uncle; and with that he took out a small pocket-lantern, with which he was provided, and having struck a light, he applied it to the candle within the lantern, and so gave me the light which I desired.‡

"Well," said he, when this was effected, "do you see better now? tell me what you behold."

"I see much," I replied; "but to be plain with you, sir, not much which I count of any value."

"Be that as it may," replied my uncle, "this is Father Peter's treasure-house, where he amasses and ranges in order all things which he would have his people count valuable, and worthy of reverence and honour."

"Rather say the charnel-house," I replied, "for I see little else but effigies of death, and old rubbish, and lumber crumbling away, and mixing with the dust."

worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh." Col. ii. 16–23.

* "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." Rom. xvi. 17, 18.

† "Therefore is judgment far from us, neither doth justice overtake us: we wait for light, but behold obscurity: for brightness, but we walk in darkness. We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noon-day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men." Isaiah lix. 9, 10.

‡ "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Psalm cxix. 105.

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"That is as you and I think," replied my uncle, "but the father would count us as under the worst of condemnations for uttering such a sentiment." And he was going on to say more, when a very venerable looking person, clad in scarlet, with a sort of crown or mitre on his head, came forward to address us, and that with much blandness and courtesy of manner; and I was presently made to understand that this was Father Peter himself.

It seemed that he knew perfectly well who I was, though my uncle did not name me to him, and called me Mr. Nicodemus, as if he had known me all his life. So my uncle had no more trouble in showing off the collection, for the father seemed to have great delight in the work, and grew quite brisk in the idea of having a stranger to exhibit before;—and first he made me to remark certain long rows of shelves fixed in the wall, numbered to eighteen or thereabouts, on which were disposed in order varieties of dried birds, chiefly owls, the oldest of which (and these he pointed out to me as the most precious) were all tumbling to pieces, being worn and moth-eaten. These he would have me admire, although he did not like my uncle to lift up his lamp to help my discernment, but pushed it down with his hand, saying, "My brother, you do but perplex the young man's sight." These owls I found had been the inhabitants of the towers time immemorial; and as my uncle told me, there is scarcely an owl dies in the old building but the father has him stuffed and set in his place;* pretending that there is a virtue in the old skins, by the touch of which many grievous maladies have been cured.

When the father told me this I could not help laughing, thinking that he was jesting with me; at which he was very angry, saying something about want of faith, of which however I took no notice. He showed me also some others of his wonders; but as they all seemed to me to be about of equal value with the owls, I soon got tired of looking at them, and motioned to my uncle to take leave; but we were not to get off quite so easily,

* "The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow; there shall the vultures also be gathered every one with her mate." Isa. xxxiv. 14, 15.

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for I had no sooner betrayed a wish to be going, than he brought out a huge book, bound and fastened with clasps of brass, and saying at the same time, "This, Mr. Nicodemus, is the true copy of my Lord's letters, which he left to me, with the keys of this castle (which are and ought to be mine and mine only),* neither is there any other true copy than mine; hence you, Mr. Secretary, are doing the work of the Master's enemy, in spreading those copies abroad which are known to be spurious, and of which the tendency is to inculcate that which is contrary to truth."

"Well, be it so, for argument's sake," replied my uncle, "and let it be granted that the truth lies with you and you only, why therefore do you not labour to spread abroad that truth,† and to distribute copies of your book among the people? Or granting you yet more, according to what I know you would urge, were I to give you space so to do, that the mass of the people would not be able to make a good use of the volume, but would rather wrest it to their own injury, why not in that case, as an honest man, take this holy book, and make it the basis of your own public instructions, fairly and openly selecting those parts which you may judge most profitable, instead of teaching as you do the traditions of men,‡ and thus making our Lord's word of none effect? But you shut up this sacred book, and yet call it the word of truth, asserting that you only possess that truth.◊ What have you to answer for in thus doing?" With that my uncle turned away, being vehemently moved. Nevertheless, as he went out at the door he looked back, and spoke as one who regretted that he had been led to

* "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Matt. xvi. 19.

† "But wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." Matt. xxiii. 13.

‡ "Ye hypocrites! well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. xv. 7-9.

◊ "Wo unto you, lawyers! for you have taken away the key of knowledge: ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." Luke xi. 52.

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an expression of too great heat, for he wished the father a good day, adding a prayer that he might be led, ere it should be too late, from the error of his way. And so we passed out; but as we were returning, my uncle informed me that but little of that part of the house which Father Peter called his own was built on the old foundation, or within the old wall of the castle,* but that it had been added from time to time to the principal building, and though not by any means so large as it once was, it is yet of greater magnitude than the rest of the house.

When we were quite clear of the domains of Father Peter, I began to make my comments on what I had seen; and should, no doubt, have run to great length with them, had not my uncle rather repressed their exuberance, by bringing me, as his manner generally was, to first principles.

"Nicodemus," he said, "when the foundation of a house is bad, what is the use of arguing or commenting on the disposition of the chambers above? or again, if a worm has gotten to the root of a tree, what signifies lopping, or pruning, or graffing? I tell you, that the Father Peter is building on a false foundation; or rather, to put emblems aside, acting on a false principle. I fear that there are others, and I am sorry to name the good doctor among them, who in one point of view, that is, as it refers to things temporal, are quite as mistaken as the father himself. They err in this one point, and that is, they expect through their own exertions, and those of their followers, to establish a paramount rule on earth; and be it for their own aggrandizement, or for that of their master, as they would pretend (or, to judge them more kindly, as they would make themselves believe), the pretension is arrogant, contrary to the express written will of the Lord,† contrary to the experi-

* "And it came to pass, after all thy wickedness (wo, wo unto thee! saith the Lord God), that thou hast also built unto thee an eminent place, and hast made thee an high place in every street. Thou hast built thy high place at every head of the way, and hast made thy beauty to be abhorred, and hast opened thy feet to every one that passed by, and multiplied thy whoredoms." Ezek. xvi. 23-25.

† "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach. For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Heb. xiii. 12-14

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ence of those who have gone before,* and contrary to the hopes and expectations of all those who have been truly instructed by the Lord the Interpreter."

To all this I had nothing to say, for I was by no means convinced that my uncle was right; so I held my tongue. We passed next from out of the house into the inner courts, where we had many opportunities of observing the spirit of the rulers of the household—their system being that of pampering the superior servants, and indulging such even to excess, while the fare of the inferiors was scanty even to the extreme, their very countenances exhibiting the tokens of hard living and severe labour, at the same time that the surplus of the upper tables was cast rather to the dogs of the family, than to the beggar at the door.† Neither could it be questioned but that every species of dishonesty and pilfering was then, and is still, as much exercised by the oppressed odrers, as riot and profligacy are encouraged by those who oppress.‡ Hence I observed that in the lower offices of the house, the conveniences were bare and few, and in fact all I saw was so offensive and disgusting to me, that before I passed out from the courts, I broke out again in expressions of doubt and dissatisfaction: "And this," said I, "is the purchased possession of a Master, such as you, sir, say has not his equal anywhere. What then are the tokens of his love to his servants? I must not doubt your word, uncle; but I would simply inquire, if such persons exist in the house in any numbers, how is it that I should not yet have fallen in with any of them?"§

* "Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also." John xv. 20.

† "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Matt. vii. 6.

‡ "For in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken." 1 Cor. xi. 21.

§ "And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him,.... Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." 1 Kings xix. 14, 15, 18.

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"Simply," replied my uncle, "because they are the hidden ones."*

"I do not quite understand you, sir," I replied.

My uncle sighed, as if oppressed by my unbelief and slowness of comprehension, and then spoke—"I know not wherefore I should be impatient with you, Nicodemus, for not comprehending what no human wisdom could help you to understand, for these things can only be explained by the Interpreter himself; although we, the servants of the only true Lord, are commanded to teach, to exhort, to prove, humbly awaiting the kindling of that fire for which we can only prepare and collect the dead coal.† Nevertheless, I am inclined to say, Why are you so slow of comprehension? why must I repeat this truth so often to you, that the rule and dominion are not at this time in the hand of the Lord, but that he, for purposes which as yet we (even those who have been brought to place their whole confidence in the promises) cannot fully comprehend, has delivered this dominion into other hands,‡ viz. the hands of him who having been his enemy from the beginning, obtained his first footing in this place by subtilty and hellish craft,§ and hath ever since kept that place among us; insomuch that the faithful servants of the Lord have never yet been able to make head against him. Neither indeed can it be expected that they ever should during the absence of their Lord, inasmuch as we acknowledge no head but him, nor look for any perfect union of our members, but with the head;‖ and hence it has always

* "Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God. For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones." Psalm lxxxiii. 1-3.

† "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it." 2 Sam. xxii. 9.

‡ "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Matt. iv. 8, 9. "Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." John xiv. 30.

§ "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" Gen. iii. 1.

‖ "But I would have you know, that the head of every man is

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been found, that every attempt to muster and organize, as it were, the party of the faithful in this house, has always failed. In general, this failure has been occasioned by two circumstances, the first and most fatal of which has ever been the arrogance of some one or other of the members themselves; and the other, some trick of the enemy, by which he has found means to slide in some of his own party into their councils and assemblies."

"This," said I, "is a lamentable state of affairs: and is there no hope of a present amendment?"

"Things must remain as they are," replied my uncle, "as I have told you many times before, till the Master comes,—then all will be right."

"And what is required of us under these circumstances?" I asked, speaking somewhat fretfully.

"We must stand in our places, and do our own work, the interpreter being our guide and director, and not be quitting our own especial duties to set the world upon wheels, which will never go round. I tell you, nephew, there is enough for you and me and ten thousand more to do in the place which the Lord has appointed us; and remember that it will be time enough to muster and count numbers, when we see our Lord's ensign on the hill.* Do you not know, that the numbering of the people is no concern of ours, neither is it agreeable to the Lord† that we should meddle therewith? Cannot you credit our Lord's word, who asserts in his letters that his people are more in number than the sand of the sea?‡ And I much doubt whether this is a boast which the enemy will be able to make in the long run, although the odds seem to be much in his favour at present."

"Well," I replied, "to be plain with you, uncle, I do

Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God." 1 Cor. xi. 3.

* "And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from afar, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth: and, behold, they shall come with speed swiftly." Isaiah v. 26.

† "And David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done: and now, I beseech thee, O Lord take away the iniquity of thy servant; for I have done very foolishly." 2 Sam. xxiv. 10.

‡ "That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies." Gen. xxii. 17.

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not see the wisdom and the policy of all this; to be sure the Master ought to know his own affairs best, but why and wherefore he should give the enemy time to strengthen himself, and to increase his numbers, I cannot see. Why should the Lord delay his coming? Why does he not make speed and appear among us, and set all things right at once? Truly I cannot see the wisdom of this, nor the sound policy; in short, uncle, I do not understand it."

My uncle seemed to have some difficulty to restain himself to hear me out (for to be sure I was speaking with gross presumption), however, he so far commanded himself as to reprove me mildly, bidding me look to a certain clause in the Lord's letters,* and then adding, "You talk of wisdom, young sir, but you forget mercy; our Lord is merciful; and what, I ask, were he to come at this moment, what might you expect, who have dared thus to speak of the Master? See you not that it is in mercy that he delayeth his coming, in order that he may give space for such as you to be brought to a better way of thinking through the teaching of the interpreter."†

I was silenced by this remark, for it occurred to me then for the first time, that the Lord delayed his coming,‡ not from any disregard to the sufferings of his people, but to give the more time and space for the repentance of those who were disobedient; and I know not that any thought which was ever put into my mind worked more effectually with me than this in bringing me into the right way, though, as will be seen hereafter, it was very long before my stubborn will submitted itself to that of my Lord. All this time we had been sauntering through the outer court, and we had now come to the castle-gate.

* "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" Rom. ix. 20.

† "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." James v. 7.

‡ "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you." 2 Peter iii. 13–15.

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It was a strong, well-fenced gate, and there was a porter's lodge on the side of it, but the gate was swinging backward and forward, as if no one cared whether it were opened or shut;—so my uncle called to the porter,* but he did not appear either at the first or second call, and then came out stretching and gaping like one roused from sleep. Moreover, I saw that he was accompanied by several huge dogs, which came out with him from the lodge, but not a cur among them wagged his tongue, though I was as strange to them as to their master.

"The porter should watch, and the dogs should bark," said my uncle as he passed on, "but our watchman sleeps, and our dogs are dumb,† but it will all be set right when the Master comes." So we passed on, and presently we had left the house behind us, and come into the gardens, which were various, and in places very beautiful; though it struck me that nature had been strangely violated about the new parts of the castle, and opposite the principle windows of those parts,—every tree being cut and trained into artificial forms, different species being grafted on one stock, and the very earth being cut and carved into such shapes and forms, as left nothing but sharp angles and straight lines over all its surface. Then there was not a point of view in which some object of art, some statue, or flight of steps, or ballustrade, or obelisk, or artificial grotto, did not present itself to the eye; quite destroying the simplicity of natural scenery, and substituting the works and devices of man, for the beautiful images of nature. I observed also that an abundant stream of water, which ran from the mountains into the garden, was tortured, and twisted, and partitioned off into such a variety of ramifications as soon as it entered the pleasure-ground, that it wholly lost its freshness in traversing so many artificial mediums, and before it passed out into those portions of the gardens and parks which were less disturbed by the hand of man, its waters were so foul that they were unfit for drinking;‡ and

* "For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Mark xiii. 34.

† "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." Isaiah lvi. 10.

‡ "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee." Psalm lxxxvii 7

hence, as my uncle told me, the servants were obliged, if they wanted a draught of pure water, to send for it to the fountain itself. "And who," said I, as I looked around me upon all these fantastical distortions of nature, and ill-arranged productions of art, "whose whim has this been to spoil nature's works so effectually, and at such immense cost, as must have been used here?"

"Whose," replied my uncle, "but the housekeeper's, together with the Father Peter, when he was in his best, or rather I should say, his busiest days; for there are some people whose busiest days are not their best. Madame, as we call her, pretends to a fine taste, and it would be almost high treason in this house to question her pretensions of this kind; however, you shall judge and compare those parts of the domain where she has exercised her skill with those which have remained here as our Lord left them." So we passed on, and leaving the more public parts of the park and gardens behind us, we entered upon a more solitary portion of the domain, —a sort of wilderness,* indeed, it first appeared to me; but it was, nevertheless, uncommonly beautiful, and it was scattered with little cottages, which, as my uncle said when he pointed them out to me, were as the nests of doves in the holes of the living rocks.†

"This," said my uncle, looking around him with delight, when he found himself in the bosom as it were of this beautiful region, "was a favourite place of my Master's when he was last with us; and there are many of his servants scattered here and there in those quiet resting-places among the rocks;‡ though I do not say that all here are faithful to the Master, no more than I would say that all there (pointing to the castle, whose towers were seen beyond the groves, through which we had just passed), are unfaithful to him. Nowhere in the present state of affairs can we say that our Master's party is without a mingling of the other, any more than

* "And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." Rev. xii. 6.

† "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Solomon's Song ii. 14.

‡ "I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought." Hosea xiii. 5.

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we could assert that there is any place, chosen and favoured of the enemy wherein to set his seat, where there may not be a sprinkling of these before you, and on the right hand and the left, and above and below. See, how rich is that verdure of the valley at your feet: and see, how the torrent which comes tumbling over the heights carries fertility into the meadows, which extend themselves on the distance as far as the eye can reach beyond the opening of the hills. Then again, look at the rugged heights, those bulwarks of rock, scattered with every variety of beautiful tree,* affording shade and refreshment to the little cabins of the peasants; there are many in those cottages who love the Master, and who, though oppressed by their present rulers, and condemned to scanty fare, are content, nay, full of joy† in the hope of the speedy return of the Lord to comfort his people, and to establish his own dominion. It is this that the old people speak of to their children, teaching them the songs which will be sung when he appears, and pointing to the snowy mountains which you may see beyond the woods, not on the verge of the horizon, but as it were lifted above the clouds which rest upon the horizon; over which, we are informed by the Master's letters, he will appear at his second coming, and from whence we shall hear the rushing of his chariot wheels, sounding as the thunders of the heaven."‡

My uncle then directed my eye, and I saw for the first time a range of sparkling peaks, lifted above the clouds, yet distinguishable from the clouds which rolled over

* "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Psalm i. 1–3.

† "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Psalm cxxi. 1.

‡ "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: and he was seen upon the wings of the wind. And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. Through the brightness before him were coals of fire kindled. The Lord thundered from heaven, and the most High uttered his voice. And he sent out arrows, and scattered them; lightning and discomfited them." 2 Sam. xxii. 10–15.

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their bases, by their fixed and never-varying forms, and the more solid brilliancy of their appearance; and behold these mountains lay towards the east, from which quarter my uncle informed me that the Master was to come.*

My uncle then passed up a narrow winding path formed in the woods, beautiful from the variety of lovely flowers in its vicinity, harmonious with the song of doves,† and the rush of waters, and fragrant from the breath of May blossoms, which filled the air;—passing on, he took several cottages in his way, where he stopped to give a word of comfort to one, a word of exhortation to a second, and a volume of his Master's letters to a third. In all these he was greeted with love and joy, and I perceived that the coming of the Master seemed to supply the subject of many discourses, all agreeing in speaking of it as a thing earnestly to be desired.

"Well," said my uncle, as he left the last of these, "are you satisfied, nephew? are you convinced that the Master has many people where you thought that he had none? But now," he added, "our affairs call us home, and we must not lose time, for I have business to do at a greater distance than this: I must be up in the morning and away; I may be absent several days, and must leave you, but I have endeavoured to convince you, that there are many here on our side, and I have shown you also whom you would do well to avoid. I farther advise you to keep in your own place, and on your own post when I am gone; and I shall leave you without fear, knowing him to whom I have entrusted you, and that he is faithful, and will preserve you unto the end."‡ He then spoke of the interpreter, and of the sacred intercourse with the Lord's people; I told him of my dream, or vision, or whatever it might be, which I had had when I first came to the house; whereupon he smiled, and said, "It is well: he will not leave the work he has com-

* "And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east; and his voice was like a noise of many waters: and the earth shined with his glory." Ezekiel xliii. 2.

† "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Solomon's Song ii. 12 13.

‡ "The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate." Psalm xxxiv. 22.

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menced unfinished till he has you confirmed in the r . t way,"* and thus discoursing, we reached our apartments.

My worthy uncle took his leave of me at daybreak on the following morning. I perceived that he had a wallet on his back when he came to my bedside to say good-by, and I asked him what he had therein: he soon made me to understand that the scrip contained copies of his Lord's letters, which he was about to dispose of in the remote parts of his Master's territory: so he blessed me, and departed; and I, turning myself in my bed, thought that there would be no harm in availing myself of his absence to take more rest than he would have permitted me, had he been present, for he had the way of constantly saying, "The time is short, the time is short, up and be doing, for we know not the day nor the hour in which the Master may come."† So I slept long and late. While I was sitting at breakfast, behold there was a gentle tap at the door, and who should enter when it was opened but the doctor, inquiring after my uncle.

When I made him understand that my uncle was gone out, and explained the motive of his journey, "That," said the chaplain, "leads me at once to explain the motive of my visit," and so saying, he came in and sat down, adding, "that he was glad of the oportunity of speaking to me, before he delivered his message to his venerable friend."

"And first, my young sir, I would say to you, that I am, and long have been, extremely hurt and concerned to see your worthy relative spending himself in a service which is too much for him; the people on this estate have greatly increased within these few years, and many of them are sadly ignorant of their Master's will, as declared in his letters. I have indeed laboured for years to make them acquainted by word of mouth with his will, and have exerted myself (though it becomes not me to say so) beyond the example of the present times, but still with the feeling, the depressing feeling, that it is impossible for me to do all, nay, half that is required; at the

* "For whom did he foreknow, he did also predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Rom. viii. 29, 30.

† "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Matt. xxv. 13.

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same time I have felt that, in days so enlightened in all other respects as the present, it is a shame and a disgrace to every ruler of this family, to permit such ignorance of the will of our Lord to continue to exist.

"I have therefore, Mr. Nicodemus," he added (for by this time he had learned my name), "after much and deep consideration matured a plan in my mind, which if I am duly supported, where I have the best right to expect support, will be effectual to disperse the clouds of darkness and error which hang upon many of our dwellings. I have already consulted many of our friends upon it, and have been encouraged in quarters where I expected nothing but a contrary conduct; for I have so far prospered in my poor endeavours as to be enabled to engage Madame le Monde on my side, and not only Madame le Monde (who really possesses many excellent qualities when she can be induced to lay aside some unfortunate prejudices which she possesses in common with too many other persons of her way of thinking), but also that worthy, though mistaken old man, Father Peter, and that highly intellectual character the librarian,—which last person enters most warmly into my plans, complimenting me on the idea, which he calls a novel one, and giving me credit for exercising an influence beyond what has ever been exercised before in the household, auguring from this unhappy dawn the full blaze of a day in which a spirit of brotherly love will become universal among us, and in consequence such a rapid advance in the intellectual progress of our little society, as has never yet been experienced in the history of the family."

The chaplain was proceeding, when I begged him to have the great kindness just to inform me, before he went on, to speak of the other people's opinion of his plans, what these plans were, and what they had to do with my uncle?

"My plan," replied the doctor, "is to form a sort of association among ourselves, that is, among us the rulers of the family, including Mr. Fitz-Adam, Madame le Monde, myself, the librarian, Father Peter, and your uncle, for the instruction and improvement of the inferior servants, and the first step we wish to make is, to relieve your uncle from the very heavy weight which has hitherto, to a certain degree, hung solely upon him, of copying and dispersing the Lord's letters. Not that every

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person has not at present the liberty of doing this to any extent he may please; yet your uncle has always been considered as the person authorized by our rulers for this purpose; and as it is impossible for him to do the work to the extent of the present demands, I have been led to consider,—whether it might not be possible to form a company, to use a mercantile phrase, whose object should be, to facilitate the multiplication and dispersion of these precious documents, at the same time promoting by this proposed union, in which all our united efforts will tend to one point, the spirit of brotherly love and concord which every lover of our Lord must earnestly desire to witness. Such is my plan, and I must inform you, that the housekeeper told me herself but yesterday, when I entreated her to give me her company with that of her daughters, at a meeting which we are about to have on the subject which is so near my heart, that I had so clearly stated the effect such a combination of all parties in one object would have in promoting brotherly love, that she could not refuse her countenance to my plan; hinting at the same time that I had obtained so much influence over her, that I could persuade her to any measure I thought right, and she was pleased to say that a subject treated and handled by me was altogether a different thing from the same subject handled by another. And now, my young man," continued the chaplain, "I am come with the hope of inducing your excellent uncle to fall into our views; and although I was at first somewhat disappointed in finding him from home, yet on second thoughts I believe that it is for the best that it is so; for though one of the first and most excellent of men, he is, as you must have perceived, a man *of* singular and peculiar notions, stiff in his opinions, and any thing but accomodating to those of others.

"Had it not been for him, Mr. Nicodemus," added the doctor, growing somewhat warm as he continued to declaim, "for him, I say, and such as *he*, we should have brought many plans to bear which would have added much to the peace of the family, months and months ago. Father Peter was formerly a great hindrance to us, and being in great favour with the housekeeper and the intendant, he was as firm to the full in his way, as your uncle and his party are now in their way, and we were torn to pieces by contentions. One room, nay one house, was at one time too small to hold us all, and

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your uncle being determined, the weakest was well nigh driven to the wall; but Father Peter is now entirely changed, and, as he told me himself but yesterday, ready to fall into any thing for the promotion of the Master's interests which I might suggest; and the librarian on his part is all anxiety for the good of the family; and the steward does not interfere, nor will not, so long as we have the housekeeper on our side;—so that, if your uncle, who is a sort of leader of a certain party, would but accommodate a little, we should be a family of brotherly love, and have little else to do than to promote the welfare of our poor fellow-servants, and to correct all those disorders which have arisen from ignorance of, and inattention to, the Master's wishes, as expressed in his letters."

"My good sir," I replied, "I do not quite understand all these matters, nor do I exactly know what you are aiming at."

"Not know what I am aiming at, my young friend!" replied the doctor: "why, in one word, what I am aiming at is neither more nor less than such a general reformation of the manners and morals of this house as may be pleasing to the Master when he comes, not to abide with us here, but to judge us."

"But, sir," I replied, "I understand from my uncle that no such general reformation can be expected while the persons now in command shall continue to rule."

"Then," said the doctor, "if our rulers are of a spirit which cannot be reformed (which by-the-by is, I think, a very uncharitable supposition), we have nothing to hope but that the government may pass into other hands."

"Into the hands of the Master himself, when he comes, perhaps, sir," I said.

"Pshaw," retorted the doctor, "there speaks Mr. Secretary, by the organs of his nephew. What! have you in this short time imbibed the idea that the Master will actually, after such treatment as he has received in this place, degrade himself so far as to come and live with us, in order that he may set all things to rights in his own proper person? Let me tell you, sir, that there is no foundation whatever for this absurd notion; though there is every reason to believe that a very superior order of things will be established hereafter in this place, but not by the personal interference of the Master; and

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it is for the promotion and advancement of this happy state that I am now labouring and have laboured for many months, and as Mr. Librarian said but yesterday, not without my reward; for see we not already the dawn of a better spirit in the house, of a spirit of love, of union, and of concord, the result of which, when perfected, will be the establishment of peace and the promotion of all those beautiful feelings of charity, tenderness, and kindness, by which the inevitable evils of life are soothed and smoothed down, and that state of blessedness restored of which we read in the earlier communications of the Master."

"And my uncle," I replied, "will, you fear, prevent all this good, by his pertinacity in his own opinions. I am very sure, sir, that he will have nothing whatever to do with the librarian or Father Peter, beyond the common interchanges of civility and neighbourly kindness I have heard him say that they are neither of them stanch to the Master; and that is a point in the character of any one, which is a sine qua non with my uncle."

"And you think that he is right in displaying a stiffness which may keep a wanderer out of the fold, when he might be tempted to return, young man?" asked the doctor.

"I am not defending him; I am only stating a fact, sir," I replied.

"And you do not agree with your uncle in all his peculiar opinions?" he asked.

"I believe," I replied, "that there is but one legal and lawful Lord and Master of this house, and that this Master is he who called me to his service, and that all who set up another master are liars and deceivers."

"Heaven forbid," replied the doctor, "that I should have a disloyal thought respecting our Lord and our Redeemer," and the poor man looked about him like one scared at the bare suggestion that it was possible for him to have uttered a word of disrespect, as it regarded the Master, "He that knows my heart, knows that I love my Master, and look with hope to meeting him again; and have a delight in his service; and am anxious to advance his kingdom: but, as I said before, I cannot go hand in hand in all your uncle's opinions, and I must say that I least like that harsh and illiberal spirit which he betrays when he would rather spend his last breath in labours to

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which he is not equal, than accept the assistance of one whose opinions do not entirely acquiesce with his own But come," he added "enough of this; I am departing from my own principles in speaking thus harshly of an uncle to a nephew After all, I believe the secretary to be a truly upright man."

So saying, he rose to go away, yet not till he had invited me to return his visit at any hour which might suit me best. Now when the chaplain was gone, I was left alone, musing on many things, and as it were, considering who was right and who was wrong in the points so forcibly contended between the doctor and my uncle, or rather so violently and angrily upheld on the part of the doctor. And behold, as I sat musing, my eye being upon a sheet of paper on which I had begun to write a portion of the Master's letters, I thought that some one read aloud in my ears, and with a force and emphasis which I had scarcely ever heard used before, a certain passage which I had just written, and the passage was to this effect—"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." I have no doubt, as I have since thought, that this was the interpretor who spoke those words in my ears; though when I turned round to see if any one was near me I saw no one; but had I obeyed the voice, come from whence it might, it would have been well for me: nevertheless I was not inclined so to do; my uncle was out, and I was not disposed to work, and I had wasted the first hours of the morning in sloth, and this was but a poor preparation for an active day. So I endeavoured to think that I had been mistaken in supposing I had heard a voice; and taking up a flute which I had brought with me from that far country in which I had formerly dwelt, I began to amuse myself with some idle measure, such as I had learned in my former services: and having pressed a few notes was about to change my strain, when I heard, or thought I heard, a musical instrument at some distance carrying on the same air. I soon put down my flute, and listened, and felt assured that I was not mistaken; so what must I do but spring up from the desk where I was seated, and run out at the door into the passage, where I heard the music so distinctly, that it seemed but a step before me. Nevertheless, as the passage turned and winded among the offices, I could not see the person who was playing upon the instrument; so, without waiting to

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consider what I was going to do, I hastened to follow the musician, who still passing on, though unseen, led me quite away from my own place, into that part of the house occupied by the housekeeper. There, coming into a sort of centre place into which many of the offices opened, I was standing as it were at fault, knowing not which way to turn, when the housekeeper opened the door of her room; and seeing me, she affected a sort of wonder, which I verily believe she did not feel, and addressing me as if I were the dearest friend she had had on earth, nothing would satisfy her but I must step into her apartments and give her some of my good company. I felt, as she took me by the arm to draw me towards her, like a silly bird caught in a net; and yet I know not how it was, I had no more power to resist her persuasions than if I had had only the sense and strength of an infant: hence, from my own experience, I would advise every young man who values his peace to avoid the very sight of these smooth-tongued and honey-lipped personages; for many have fallen down and been ruined by such.* However, as the saying is, I was in for it, fairly or foully I know not which to say; and the next minute I found myself seated on a sort of sofa at the side of this woman. There was no other person in th room but Father Peter, who was dressed as I had seen him before, and looking as if in a state of perfect contentment, being ensconced in a downy chair and talking at his ease. He knew me immediately, and addressed me courteously, asking after my uncle, calling him a worthy man, and falling immediately upon ordinary topics.

The housekeeper seemed to be pleased to see us on such good terms, and paid some handsome compliments to each of us, the tendency of which was to recommend us, as both being worthy, to each other's friendship; after which she added, "But, Mr. Nicodemus, this being your first visit, you must not refuse to taste of what I

* "My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee."—"That they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words."—"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend unto the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she has cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Prov. vii. 1, 5, 24–27.

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shall set before you." So saying, she arose without heeding my protestations that I wanted nothing, and selecting a key from the large bunch which always hung at her girdle, she went to one of those many repositories of good things with which her apartment is lined, and taking from thence a silver cup, she filled it with some sort of wine, which was very sweet to the senses, but which had, as I afterward found, a strange effect on the head.* And when she had set it before me, with certain spiced† biscuits of a very agreeable flavour, she proceeded to lead me on to enjoy myself by the sprightly turn which she gave to her discourse; for I promise you that she has a most wonderful command of the tongue, for while she appears to abandon herself to the most unreserved and free discussion on every subject which is brought forward either by herself or another, she measures and weighs every word so seriously, that there is not a monosyllable that proceeds from her lips that does not fall on the side she would have it. Nay, when she wishes it, she can make her very words of praise fall into the scale of condemnation, and her expressions of disparagement into that of justification; so that her enemies have as much reason, or perhaps more, to dread her praises than her censures: and then there is a sort of magic as it were in her tongue, and in her manner, which makes her auditor to forget her age, which is certainly on the decline, although her dress is very artificially arranged, so as to conceal those defects of her person, which she would not desire to be noticed. Some say indeed that she was never handsome when seen in broad daylight; but her apartments are to the north, and the windows so constructed that the full glare of day never glances upon them. So when I had taken one sip by her persuasion, I found myself more inclined to take another and another; and when I had well drank until my head became confused, why then she opened an inner door of her apartment, and taking me by the hand, led me into the room where her daughters were sitting, saying, that as other avoca-

* "With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." Rev. xvii. 2.

† "The merchants of Sheba and Raamah, they were thy merchants: they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones, and gold." Ezek. xxvii. 22.

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tions demanded her attention, she would turn me over to her young ones, for, added she, "We claim you for our own this day. The worthy man,* your uncle, is from home, and if he has left you a task to perform, you must rise the earlier and work the harder to-morrow." Now to-morrow is a great word, I afterward found, with the housekeper, when the Master's business is to be done, as to-day is the word she selects when her own affairs are to be attended to. So saying, she shut the door upon me, and I found myself in the apartment of the young ladies,† to wit, the housekeeper's daughters.

And I promise you that I thought it a delicious place, for the multitude of delights that were gathered together, such as hangings of silk, sofas of down and velvet, fragrant odours, pictures and statues, and all sorts of musical instruments. But to speak of the three damsels;—the eldest was remarkable for her gracious and winning manners, for she came forward and took me by the hand, and led me to the best seat, assuring me of my welcome, and giving me to understand that it was she who had enticed me from my hermit's cell, as she was pleased to call my uncle's room, by the sweet tones of her lyre. The second was no less remarkable for her beauty and the richness of her dress; and the third, for her commanding and majestic figure, although at the first sight she did not take with me as did the other two. After a while, however, she won much upon me, I must acknowledge, to my reproach; for before I had heard her talk for half an hour, she made me quite ashamed of

* "So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning: let us solace ourselves with loves. For the good man is not at home, he is gone a long journey. He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Prov. vii. 13–23.

† "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." 1 John ii. xvi.

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my service with my uncle—saying, that a fine young man, such as I was, ought to seek a situation more befitting for him; and adding, that if I were but so inclined, she would speak a word for me to Mr. Fitz-Adam, and he would make me one of his own particular attendants, to ride out with him, and to accompany him in his field sports, of which he is particularly fond, and to be, as it were, his companion in those exercises, which suit a young man better by far than being nailed to the desk, driving a quill through all the labyrinths of such dry insipid speculations, as old and dull heads only have a taste for. And then the second sister described the accoutrements and appointments which I should exchange for my suit of russet gray, and the gallant steed which would be given me; while the elder spoke with a sort of loathing of the joyless life to which my uncle condemned me, comparing my dull hours with the gay progress of each day spent in the service of the steward.

Now I expect that my reader will think I had travelled pretty smartly along the wrong path during the few short hours of this morning, but every traveller knows that the downward road is easy enough. Ask any one who has been labouring up a lofty mountain with many a weary, and mayhap, many a sore footstep, panting and striving, and being ready to give up the toil as not to be endured, how he feels himself when the downward path lies steep before him, and he has naught else to do but to jog cheerily forward, with the fair valley before him, where he hopes for ease and refreshment, and perchance the company of such as he likes, and perhaps on afterthought, it might be proved that I had not made such a vast progress in the evil way all at once as at first appears; for whoever has read the former part of my memorandums with any thing like attention, must have seen that I was very well prepared for closing in with the temptations which those who did not love my Lord had prepared for me. I had been out of humour, and dissatisfied with the restraints which my uncle had put me under, and I know not any state of mind better prepared for the reception of an evil impression, than that of dissatisfaction with a man's outward circumstances, more especially when that dissatisfaction has no rational ground or foundation. So I wore out the forenoon, nay, and for that matter, most of the after-

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noon, in talking with these three daughters of the housekeeper; and when it was getting towards dark, who should come but Mr. Fitz-Adam, the steward, knocking at the door, and asking in a sort of jocose way, such as he often was in the habit of using, if there was room for him in the company.

I had heard so much of Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I started when the young ladies called to him by name, bidding him come in, as one who always made himself agreeable; nor was I altogether at my ease when I saw him enter, eying me as it were askance, as he stepped forward to pay his compliments to my companions; and I am sensible that my manner betrayed the awe which I felt, though I did not mean it should do so, for the young ladies laughed, and the eldest said, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, here is one who is under no small agitation at your presence, not having as yet had the honour of being introduced to you;" whereupon he smiled, and gave me his hand. But I must remember that I have not yet described the steward, a negligence which, if not amended, may justly displease my reader.

Mr. Fitz-Adam is by no means young; nay, if what is said of him by those who don't like him, and yet would scorn speaking an untruth of him, is worthy of credit, he is as old as any man in the house;* neither has he any right, they say, to add the Fitz to his name, being come of a spurious branch of a family, which was indeed of exalted origin, and still in the elder branch eminent above all others,† but having for his immediate parents a rebel on the father's side, and one broken off or disowned on that of the mother,‡ whereas the Fitz or Fidz in heraldry, ought to designate a distinguished birth, although, in imitation perhaps of our steward, it has too often been used where it ought not to be. However this may be, this Mr. Fitz-Adam, by some called old Adam, is in fact very far from young, although he carries his years so remarkably well, that he has not a sign of age

* "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." Eph. iv. 22.

† "Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Luke iii. 38.

‡ "And say, Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem; Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother an Hittite." Ezek. xvi. 3.

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about him: his hair is black as a raven, and he stands as firm as a rock, and the strength of his arm is what no one can withstand that is unassisted. Nevertheless, as I have heard some say who know him best, Mr. Fitz-Adam owes much of his comeliness (for some think him an exceedingly comely person) to his dress, which is always much studied and very neatly arranged, and to the smoothness and complaisance of his manner; for unless he is quite put beyond himself, he is particularly complaisant, more especially in the presence of ladies, and as it was in their company that I first met him, I saw him to the best advantage, that is, in his most gracious mood. Now when I was introduced to him, he at first made as if he did not understand who I was; but seeming presently to recollect me, he inquired politely after my uncle, and asked me for what reason I had kept myself so close since I had been in the house? I gave for my reason for so doing, my uncle's wish that I should keep to my desk. In reply to which, he smiled and said, "Come, come, young sir, that wont do; you know better. Your uncle is said to be a worthy man, and our Master has not a more faithful servant than he is thought to be; but he has his prejudices. Yes, Mr. Nicodemus (for he was pleased to call me Mr. who am no Mr. or Master), he has his prejudices, and among some others of less consequence, he cannot be made to believe that there are any persons in this house, but himself, and two or three more of his particular intimates, who hold firm to the Master; and if we have not the Master's name always between our lips, which I for my part consider to be taking a great liberty with that noble name, then we are unfaithful servants, and care more for our advancement than our Master's good, and I know not what, all which has no manner of foundation, in truth or common sense." He was, as his way is, beginning to chafe himself with his own words, when one of the young ladies pulling him by the sleeve, made him mindful of her presence, whereupon he changed his tone, and having taken a place on the sofa, was beginning a sort of idle discourse, such as some ladies love, when Madame le Monde came in to say that the dinner was ready in the hall. Upon hearing this, I was starting away, on which I had every one upon me, and the housekeeper would not hear of my going away, nor would any thing else serve her, but I must take the hand

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of her eldest daughter, and lead her into the hall after herself and the steward, the rest of the company following in the rear.

I do not know that I ever felt myself more out of my place in my life, than I did as I led the lady, or rather as I should say, was led by her (for she rather took my hand than I did hers) into the great hall, the bell in the tower tinkling away all the time, to let the people know who was going to dinner; and when at length I came to the hall, and saw all the superior servants of the house gathered round the long board, and the serving-men, in their blue coats and badges, standing in order against the wall, ready to fetch and carry as required, I was fairly out of countenance; especially when I saw among them the young man who waited on my uncle, and who, as I thought, looked somewhat comically at me, as much as to say—"So you are taking advantage of the first day of the old one's absence, to make a holy-day, and to follow your own inclinations: now we shall know of what stuff you are made, Mr. Nicodemus." Thus I thought that the looks of Theophilus said all this, and much more, and this conceit put me out more than ever; and no doubt I made an awkward figure enough, when desired to take a seat near the head of the table, in a chair of velvet well padded and cushioned, and one in which a much larger man than I am could turn about and loll at his ease. I suppose my looks said, What have I to do here! for the steward turned to me, and smiling with his lips only, as he has a way of doing, "Mr. Nicodemus," he said, "we have given you your uncle's seat, which I am sorry to say he never occupies, for as Madame le Monde could tell you, he is very sparing of his visits, and"—He was going on to say more, when the housekeeper took him up, saying, in her ready way, which is very taking in general to strangers, "Well, Mr. Fitz-Adam, now that the chair is so well and so handsomely filled, we will say nothing of its having been so long left vacant." What could I do in return for this compliment but bow my head; whereupon the three young ladies smiled, and looked me hard in the face, which made me blush, though I hardly knew wherefore, and so, what with one thing and what with another, I was so thoroughly put out, though pleased enough all the while to find myself so handsomely treated, that I could think of nothing to do for a minute or two, but to

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fumble with the napkin which lay upon my plate, turning it about and about, and then spreading it upon my knees as I observed the doctor and others doing with theirs, in order that they might be ready to receive any crumbs or drops of gravy which might chance to fall while they were feeding themselves. In the mean time, that is, while I was thus employed, there was a great stirring and tramping about me, and when next I looked up, all the persons who were to dine were seated in their places, and in the order I shall describe. Those persons who have read histories of ancient customs will understand what I mean when I say that one part of the long table stood upon a dais, or in other words, on a part of the floor of the hall which was raised as much as a foot from the other part. This dais was covered with a carpet, while the lower end of the table stood upon the bare stone pavement; and whereas at the upper end of the hall there were chairs set for the company, well quilted and lined according to the dignity of those for whom they were set, there were long benches without backs at the lower end; and moreover the dishes were all set at the upper end, from which the messes for each person were sent down,—their measure and quality being adapted by Mr. Fitz-Adam and the housekeeper, according to their situation in the household, or to the favour in which those, for whom they were intended, were held by the ruling powers, and I promise you that few of those who sat below the dais knew more of the dainties served up at the higher table than what they could gather from the odours which were emitted by them. Now I should say that all the principal servants and officers of the household, with all such as were in favour with the steward and housekeeper, had their places at the upper table; whereas the lower servants, and those who were not thought much of by the great people, sat below the salt, for just at the division between the upper and lower table, stood a huge salt-cellar; hence it was, and is to this day, a common saying in the house, "Such a one is below the salt, and such a one is above the salt."

Now, as I have before said, they had put me in my seat (for although the great people in the hall hated my uncle, and had tried often to deprive him of all honour and respect, yet, because the Master had given him his

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seat was near the top of the table, and because the hall was long, I did not discern much of those who sat below the dais; but I knew most of those who sat in the places of honour. At the head of these was Mr. Fitz-Adam, with Madame Le Monde at his right hand; then came the doctor, Father Peter, the housekeeper's daughters, and the librarian, and some others, of whom it is not necessary to speak; for it seems that this was a particular day, and that many were present that day in the hall, who were absent at other times: the doctor having expressed a wish that the servants might be thus assembled in order that he might have an opportunity of inviting them to a meeting which was to be held the next morning. There was one person, however, who sat above the salt, whom I had not seen before; neither did I know her station in the house at that time, though I have known her well since, and she is one of the most worthy of the household, that is, speaking as men speak, for we are all unprofitable servants, if we speak with reference to the Master. This female, however, of whom I was speaking, I thought, looked as if she had been brought where she was by compulsion, or as if led there rather by a sense of duty than by her own free will; and accordingly, she had an uneasy mannner, and appeared as if she felt that she was not looked upon with an eye of favour by those at the head of the table. They called her Grace, giving her the title of mistress, but she, as I observed, sat uneasy, nor did she speak until called upon so to do. But I had almost forgotten to remark, that independent of those persons at the table who might be actually said to be servants of the family,† though nominally, servants of the Lord, there were several persons who were there by the favour of Mr. Fitz-Adam and the housekeeper,—friends and relations of theirs, and for the most part inconsiderate, light sort of looking gentry, who did little else than applaud those who gave them their loaves and fishes; the places of these were between the superior and inferior servants:—but to return to myself, such was the company

* "The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground." Psalm cxlvii. 6.

† "And the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men." Micah v. 7.

which I saw around me when I had gathered courage to look up. And if the company were large and various, I surely had never seen more excellent dishes than those which were set upon the board, all smoking hot, and emitting each a most savoury odour; there was some sort of huge joint set before the steward, who, as he sharpened his knife on a steel placed before him for the purpose, sucked in his lips, and asked the doctor where he would please to have a slice, calling upon him at the same time to agree with him in saying, that a finer haunch had seldom invited a hungry appetite.

"True," replied the doctor, "and we must not forget our remembrance of that indulgent Master, at whose expense we are to enjoy this feast."

"Very good, Mr. Chaplain," said the librarian, "every man for his own trade; the shoemaker praises his leather—the blacksmith his iron—the cook his good dishes—the author his books—and the chaplain his patron:—all is as it should be; is not it so, Mr. Fitz-Adam?" and he gave a nod, or rather a knowing wink at the steward, who, having returned the wink on that side of his face not seen by the doctor, said, "Very true—all very right, Mr. Librarian, to be sure, the doctor should not forget his patron; but I have some notion, nevertheless, that some of you would sing somewhat small, if our good things depended wholly on the person to whom the worthy chaplain has alluded; and if I had left the noble animal from whom this limb has been lopped, to range the forest unprovided with fodder, our venison to-day would, I suppose, have been less juicy and savoury than it now promises to be; therefore, I venture to hint, now that thanks and commendations are afloat, that some of them ought justly to rest upon the shoulders of Adam Fitz-Adam, my Lord's steward." So saying, he drew his knife across the haunch with a practised hand, and laid open several inches of delicate fat. The doctor looked aghast at the steward's speech, but recollecting, perhaps, that the present was a sort of feast of charity, and fearing to destroy the work already so far advanced, and one from which he anticipated much good to the family, he seemed at a loss what to say: but looking around him with an expression of real distress, he was reproved by the female mentioned above, who in a low, though decided tone, said, "And ought we to sit here enjoying the good things which the Lord has provided,

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and suffer our fellow-servants to deduct in the smallest degree from the honour due to the giver of all our good things? What have we, which we have not received? and what merit of any kind can we call our own?* Does it become us to take credit to ourselves, as if we are, or ever could be any thing?"†

"What is that you are saying there, Mistress Grace?" said the steward, "let it be spoken aloud for the good of the company."

Surely, thought I, she will not have the courage to do as was requested of her; but I was mistaken, for being thus called upon, she spoke aloud that which she had before said, as it were, aside to the doctor. On hearing this, the steward's colour rose from its usual ruddy hue almost to purple, and setting his teeth, he was about to issue his commands, that the offender should leave the hall, when Madame Le Monde interfered; and, laying her hand on his arm, she whispered to him something which I did not hear; on which he turned to the doctor, and, with a laugh which I thought sounded hollow and unnatural, as all laughter must do which does not proceed from a merry heart, he said something about women's tongues as being licensed, and hence incapable of giving serious offence, and begged the worthy chaplain to pledge him in a glass of wine, adding these words, "There are indeed some things, doctor, in which you and I do not think exactly alike, and yet I verily believe that our opinions are more in unison than may at first appear; at any rate, there is one thing in which we entirely coincide, and that is, in our wish to see every member of this household united in one bond of fellowship."

Many persons present echoed this sentiment, and the doctor himself was not behind in so doing; yet he seemed to sit uneasy, and wriggled in his seat as if his velvet cushion were set with thorns. However, had he been so inclined, he had no leisure given him to speak, for the librarian was addressing Mrs. Grace, and because no person at the table ever ventured to speak so freely as he did on certain subjects, Mr. Fitz-Adam

* "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." Psalm l. 10.

† "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it." 1 Cor iv. 7.

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seemed to be mighty well pleased to see his enemy in such hands.

Now I had often heard my uncle speak with horror of the librarian, as being a man who entertained the most false and mischievous opinions of any person in the house, with the exception of Mr. Fitz-Adam himself, and one who even went beyond the steward in his open avowal of these sentiments; being a character which could not blush, and could not be moved, or be put out of countenance, and whose delight it was to do mischief for mischief's sake, without other fee or reward, or the hope of either; but it had never as yet happened to me to see this man in his true colours, and verily I was shocked and amazed at the questions he put to Mistress Grace.

"And do you really believe, madam," said he, "that the person you call Master takes any account of what is going on here? how is he to know what we say or do? or what power would he have to revenge himself, if he were offended, seeing that he is gone from hence, and is to us as one dead? I know," added he, raising his voice at the same time, "what you would answer to all this, I have heard the arguments you would use a thousand times before, but I would ask you this simple question—If this man you call Master is such as you say he is, why does he not come, and take the power into his own hands, and set down all those who presume to question his authority, placing you wise ones at the head of affairs? We should then see how nicely every thing would be managed: but let me beg of you to answer me one question,—Have not things gone on just in the same way as long as any of us can remember, and what reason have we to think that they will not continue to go on in the same train, that is, without any other changes than may be produced by superior light and knowledge, until the end of the chapter?"*

Here the librarian seemed to have run himself out of breath, for he had said much, much more than I have put down, and Mistress Grace had just opened her mouth to answer him when Mr. Fitz-Adam struck the table with a force which made every thing to dance on the

* "And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter iii. 4.

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board, and thundering his commands, he insisted that the harmony of the company should be disturbed no more by these vain disputes and unprofitable arguments; and thus the poor woman was silenced; but I saw that her honest and loyal feelings towards her rightful Master worked within her so violently, that she could neither eat nor drink, while she had some difficulty to prevent the tears from gushing from her eyes; neither did I think that the doctor was much more easy than she was, though he had to put a good face upon it, having his object in his head, namely, the bringing all the persons in authority in the house to assist him in the work he had projected for the benefit of the household.

I do not remember any thing else worthy of note during the dinner, excepting that Madame le Monde and her daughters, after the discussion above spoken of had been put an end to, took pains to make themselves agreeable; and as the cheer was uncommonly good, as I remarked before, so we presently became very merry,* that is, at our end of the table, for the bottle went freely round even before the cloth was drawn. However, just before the repast was finished, the doctor, in a general address to the company, requested the presence of every person in the hall, in his own apartments the next day at noon, in order that every one might hear a proposal which he had to make, which he trusted might tend very greatly to the benefit of the family. The housekeeper, in the name of all the females, and Mr. Fitz-Adam in that of all the men, accepted the invitation, and immediately afterward all the women, together with the young people and inferior servants, left the hall. But while I was preparing to accompany them, Mr. Fitz-Adam very politely insisted on my remaining where I was, adding, that he was so much pleased to see my uncle's chair so well filled, that he wished I would not suddenly deprive him of the satisfaction. I felt it impossible to make any other reply to this flattering speech, than by remaining where I was, for I had not yet received strength to say No, when duty required that I should. I therefore sat where I was, though knowing

* "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee: and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties: for they are deceitful meat." Prov. xxiii. 1–3.

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full well that I was not acting properly in so doing. So as I said, only a few of us being left, Mr. Fitz-Adam winked to Father Peter, for the steward has a great way of making himself understood by winks and innuendoes,* whereupon the father got up, and having disappeared a while, presently returned with certain bottles of wine, which having opened, he poured into a large silver cup,† which he gave us to drink. Now it is necessary that, in order to explain this, I should inform my reader, that the father at one time claimed the privilege of keeping the key of the wine cellar; but because it was found that he made great gains,‡ by endeavouring to sell that which the servants had a right to without payment by the charter of the house,§ the key was after a while taken from him, and he was permitted only to keep the command of a particular bin, the wine of which is of a peculiar quality, and though most pleasing to the taste, most injurious to the constitution.‖

So as I said, the father filled the cup, and it was handed round, but the doctor passed it, alleging that he had drank sufficiently, and it would have been well had I followed his example, but I was tempted by the sparkling colour, and so quaffed a large draught,—which I had no sooner done than I began to see the fine wrought ceiling of the hall under my feet, and the figures of my companions so mingled, that I could not tell one from the other; and presently all sorts of strange and gaudy

* "A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually; he soweth discord. Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly; suddenly shall he be broken without remedy." Prov. vi. 12–15.

† "And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath." Rev. xvi. 17, 19.

‡ "Judah, and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants; they traded in thy market wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm." Ezekiel xxvii. 17.

§ "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. lv. 1.

‖ "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter." Deut. xxxii. 32.

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fancies began to fill my mind, and I thought myself superior to other men, and as it were, winged and lifted into the clouds;* after which I fell fast asleep in my easy chair. How long I slept I know not; but when I opened my eyes, it was dark, and there was no one in the hall but the steward and the father, and they were talking together in under tones. The few words which I heard the steward utter fixed my attention, for I had slept myself sober; I therefore lay quiet, and was supposed to be still asleep.

"The plan of the doctor," said the steward, "is an invention of his own brain, in order, no doubt, that he may increase his popularity. If he resembled the secretary in his utter contempt of all honour which does not proceed from him he calls Master, and if, in short, he did not resemble other men in the desire of making himself a name, we should have no more hold upon him than we have upon the secretary. Madame le Monde was the first person who pointed out to me the advantage we might derive, in attacking him on this his weak side, and hitherto we have caught him everywhere, by following her suggestions. For instance, where he had established a school,"—

"Which was done," remarked Father Peter, interrupting the steward, "in opposition to me."

"True," resumed Mr. Fitz-Adam, "it was so in some degree, but as I was saying, when he established his charity school, for his school is, you know, for the lowest of the people, viz. the strangers and orphans on the estate, what must we do (or rather Madame le Monde, for I give her the credit of this contrivance) but affect to patronise it with all our influence; in consequence of which the poor doctor was so flattered, that he permitted Madame to nominate the teachers, and in some degree, to recommend the books. The consequence is this, father (and the steward laughed, and sipped his wine, and laughed again), that this same school, which

* "Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eye shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." Prov. xxiii. 29–33

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has been in action several years, has actually and in bona fide turned out more individuals attached to me and to my person, and my party, and my principles, and those of Madame le Monde, I say more individuals, in the proportion perhaps of ten to one, attached to me and to her, than to the other party; and the best of all is, that the *worthy* chaplain—he loves to be called *worthy*—vaunts himself on the great good his school has effected, and prides himself on the efforts he has made for the advancement of his Master's kingdom; for it is one of his speculations, that we are all to be converted one day or another; and even the great Fitz-Adam, and the superb Madame le Monde, the venerable Father Peter, the librarian, and all of us are to be converted, and through his means no doubt; and then we are, masters, and servants, and all together, to be as the shepherds and flocks of the golden age, living in all sweet simplicity, and having no other pleasure or delight than in singing the praises of the Lord of the land, to the notes of the good doctor's harp; for of course he must lead the tune, or it would not be right. Such," continued Mr. Fitz-Adam, "are his dreams and speculations; but I much fear, could he bring his pastoral visions into effect, he would find one character rather more allied to that of the wolf, than to that of the shepherd of the flock."

"He builds these speculations," replied Father Peter, "on certain messages in the Lord's letters, wherein, under language somewhat figurative indeed, we who are learned in these things have been made to understand that the Master's servants are to be gathered together as sheep, under one shepherd,* in the latter days, and to live in peace, and repose every man in his own place; neither do I doubt but that he supposes that he himself is to be the shepherd who is to gather and feed the sheep, and to rule them with his pastoral staff."

"While you rather think, I make no doubt, that that honour is reserved for yourself, father," replied the steward.

"I do," returned the father, "and though I am now in the shade, yet the time was in which I was acknow-

* "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John x. 16

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ledged to be the only pastor of the faithful flock, the representative of the Master, and, in fact, his vicegerent in the house.* And I can even remember the period, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when you and Madame le Monde bowed to my sway."

"Be that as it may, father," replied the steward, "you and I were always, upon the whole, tolerably good friends; and to tell you the plain truth, I cannot say that I ever found your influence so galling to me as that of some of those who now set up to be teachers. You never gave me half the trouble that even this silly doctor does. To be sure, you are, as you say, now in the shade, but times may mend;—but to go on with what I was saying, I have explained how we counteracted the doctor's influence in the school; since the establishment of which, he has had several other plans which we have found means of rendering null in most instances. And now arises this new chimera,—this scheme for giving every one a copy of the Lord's letters, as they are called, for every fool to interpret his own way, and hence to think himself privileged to act according to his own interpretations. I am sure, Father Peter, you are not one who would approve of a measure of this kind."

"Certainly not," replied the father, "certainly not: for I hold that nothing can be more dangerous than to allow uninstructed persons to read those letters. But permit me to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you disapprove of this measure, why do you give your countenance to it? why do you mean to honour it with your name, and that of Madame le Monde's, and why have you persuaded me to be present at the meeting?"

"Why indeed," replied the steward, "why should I wish my friends and myself to have fingers in the pie which this pragmatical fellow the doctor has compounded, unless I had flattered myself that our whole hands might go in after them, and when that is done, if we do not spoil the dish, we are not so clever as I take it we are."

"But might it not answer just as well," returned Father Peter, "if you were to use your authority to

* "And of the ten horns that were in his head, and of the other which came up, and before whom three fell; even of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things, whose look was more stout than his fellows." Dan. vii. 20.

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quash the business at once. Give me only a little of your countenance, and I am assured that there are many individuals in the family whom I would bring to reason, or at any rate terrify into some sort of submission to old authorities."

"The times will not bear it," replied the steward; "the march of intellect is such, Father Peter, owing in some measure to our improvements on the good doctor's outline of general instruction, that you cannot rule the house with your bugbears as you formerly did, and frighten the grooms and housemaids with your stuffed owls, and bats, and dry bones, as you did in the olden times:—the people have more sense. And the other party," he added, lowering his tone, "are fearfully increased, and are daily increasing, and would indeed have multiplied, as far as I can see, to the utter subversion of my authority in this house, had we not found means to turn the doctor out of his course, and stop him short as it were in his career; for when first restored to his place, and set in authority in the house, he put me in fear, I can tell you, for he was for pleading the cause of him he calls Master, in season and out of season. But Madame le Monde was my best friend on the occasion—and to do her justice, she managed him much better than I could have done; for what must she devise but pretend to have been convinced by him, and so taking hold of him by his weak side viz. his vanity, she contrived to put it into his head, that he had already arrived at the perfection of his ministry, and having done so well hitherto, he must not advance one step farther, lest he should offend, and so drive many from him who were now his sincere admirers and followers. So he was induced to draw in his horns by her gentle touch; and as we had anticipated, the fears and doubts suggested by Madame le Monde, viz. the fear of injuring his followers by injudicious exposures of the truths contained in the letters of him, by some called Lord, and the doubts of the effect which might be produced on the servants' minds by such exposures, gradually worked upon his own mind, and cooled his zeal, rendering him such as you now see him, a troublesome pragmatical fellow indeed on some occasions, but one whom I have made more useful than any man in the house, in checking the forwardness of the secretary and his party, who, after all, are the persons most to be dreaded by me,

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of the case," continued Mr. Fitz-Adam, "having consulted my friends, we have been inclined to adopt a new system,* which has been in preparation and in action for some months past, though not so fully as we trust it will be in the sequel."

"You mean," returned Father Peter, "your system of liberality and universal toleration, than which a more accursed system never entered the brain of man. I tell you, Mr. Steward, that mildness never has answered, and never will answer with these headstrong gentry. What has awakened this spirit of rebellion among the people, but the relaxation of discipline? What have the ignoble vulgar to do, to think for themselves? From what proceeds this spirit which has been awakened among the servants, but from the schools of which you speak, and from which, with all the boasted influence of Madame le Monde, you have not been able to exclude the Lord's letters, entirely in opposition to my advice and counsel?"

"I tell you," said the steward, "that there is a necessity to bend and accommodate to the times. You attribute those results to our places of education, which had taken effect before the doctor had even thought of these seminaries for the rabble. Who or what awakened that spirit by which you were shaken in your seat of authority, and the old chaplain restored, as it were by force to his place, and required to read the letters in the hearing of the servants? I say, who awakened that spirit, Father Peter?"

"It was when that spirit was first excited, that you should have exerted yourself, Mr. Fitz-Adam," said the father; "and had you then listened to me, I should not have experienced that change of circumstances which I now have daily reason to deplore.† For, oh! how fallen,

* "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar and the father of it." John viii. 44.

† "Thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! ....Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

how changed is my condition. When I compare the present with the past, and consider how it once was with me, when my will was even a law with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and when Madame le Monde bowed to my nod, I certainly cannot but weep, and lament, and expostulate against every change which renders my hope more distant."

"Your hope!" returned Mr. Fitz-Adam, "well, at least you must acknowledge that you have had your day; and also that if the party of him whom some call Master should entirely prevail, you would be worse off than you are now; for I tell you that they meditate little else but ousting you altogether."

"Mr. Fitz-Adam," returned the father, angrily, "he to whom you refer, as being falsely called Master, is the person from whom I receive my authority, and of whom I am the vicar and delegate in this house, and whose seat I occupy in the midst of the people;* and it is in his name, and with his prerogatives, that I rule; and him that disputes my authority I pronounce accursed."

"So you made many of us believe, in the time that is passed," replied the steward, "and truly at one time I found it hard myself to resist your claims: and you know perfectly well that this is the point on which you and I quarrelled. You did assuredly at one time take strange state upon yourself, and lorded it over the house far more than was agreeable to me; pretending that I received my authority from you, and even interfering with what I should eat, and what I should drink."†

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?" Isaiah xiv. 4, 11–17.

* "Son of man, say unto the prince of Tyrus, Thus saith the Lord God, Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas; yet thou art a man and not God, though thou set thine heart as the heart of God." Ezek. xxviii. 2.

† "Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats

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"And if I did so," replied the Father Peter, "did I promise you nothing in return for your submission? Did I not undertake to stand between you and the Master, and to keep the peace for you—insomuch that while you held to me and were as it were under my protection, you were at liberty to please yourself, and to enjoy your good things with Madame le Monde, and to solace yourself with the damsels her daughters, without any dread of being called to account at any future time. Now I ask you what promise or prospect of this sort does the doctor hold out to you. Does he presume to stand between you and the Master, or to supply you with any means short of implicit obedience by which you can avoid that reckoning, which, let me tell you, Mr. Steward, will make you and Madame le Monde look about you, come when it will, and no one knows how soon it may come!"

"Well," said the steward, "let every man look to himself in that great day. As to the doctor's opinions respecting it, I never comprehended them rightly, inasmuch as he contradicts himself whenever he speaks upon the subject, sometimes upholding one thing and sometimes another; sometimes maintaining that we are all to be called over the coals and punished for ever for the smallest fault, and then saying that those who love the Master, are just for party's sake to be forgiven every thing: with other such contradictory stuff which is hardly worth repeating. But the thing I like least in the doctor is this, that with all his show of humility, he is full as ready to take any advantage in advancing his own influence in the house as ever you were, Father Peter. I am fully aware that circumstances do not allow me to resist him openly, and to put him down with his followers, as it were with fire and fagot; otherwise I promise you I should soon quash this foolish plan of his for disseminating the Lord's letters. But not having that power, I have had recourse to other measures. I have consulted the librarian, a man who is in better possession of the popular opinion than any one in the house, and

which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." 1 Tim. iv. 2–5.

ne has undertaken to slip in a word or two into the letters, which may alter the sense in very important particulars, without being observed by the doctor and his party, or which may bear an argument if observed; for as you well know, Father Peter, the original manuscripts are somewhat obsolete, and it may be well believed that some of the words may bear various constructions."

"Various and very false constructions have already been placed on many passages by the secretary," replied the father, "and the doctor has adopted these erroneous copies. If I could prevail to have the copies which are disseminating taken from my manuscript, which is the only authentic one, I should have less objection to the doctor's plan than I now have."

"Well," replied Mr. Fitz-Adam, "I have no doubt but that I shall be able to incline the doctor to allow your party to have your own copies; and with the address of the librarian, on which I greatly depend, I trust that we shall be able so effectually to clog the wheels of this great machine which the chaplain is erecting, that little else will proceed from it than clatter and confusion. But the doctor loves a noise of his own making; and if there is rattle enough, he will not presently find out that the hammers do not strike where he would have them; he is not half so wise in his generation as you were, my good father. Only conceive what the old fool said to me the other day. I had affronted him, I suppose, for he was very hot and angry; and he told me as much as that I was utterly vile, and that I had not power to obey the Lord's commandments in a manner acceptable to him, that it is in my very nature to resist them, that I cannot do well even if I try,* and that it is useless for me or any such as I to make the attempt; and then the next moment he turned upon me with his exhortations and preachments, all of which tended to prove that if I did not do what he said I could not do, I should assuredly be cast into a dungeon, from which I never must expect to be set free.† Now as you remarked before, although

* "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Rom. viii. 8. "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Gal. v. 17.

† "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in

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you did take state on yourself in your day, and was troublesome enough in consequence to me, yet you were by no means so worrying as this fool of a fellow is. You were not always dinning these strange contradictions in my ears, which, supposing them to be true, only go to prove that their boasted lord is what he says of himself, a hard master."*

"And so he is," replied the Father Peter, "to those who will not accept the salvation which is offered to them; and the conditions of which are constantly tendered to them by me, who am, as I before said, the vicegerent of the Lord in this place."

"As you say," replied Mr. Fitz-Adam, "and as I once believed, to my comfort and consolation, and I almost wish that I could believe you still, my good fellow; for truly your doctrines were comfortable to flesh and blood, savoury and relishing to the senses. But the librarian has entirely destroyed that illusion, not only in my mind, but in that of the larger part of those whom you counted among your followers in the house; so much so, my good father, that I verily believe that many of those even who fill the best places under you, would cut off their badges, if they did not find it their interest to keep them on."

"The librarian," returned the father, "is therefore to be accounted as among the accursed."

"And the more so," said the steward, laughing, "because, if I remember right, he was nursed and reared in your apartments."

"Beshrew you," replied the father, "he was no nurs ling of mine."

"Well then," returned the steward, "fame must be set down as a liar; and not for the first time, for this librarian is not the eldest of your hopeful progeny according to her: but he is a son, Father Peter, whom you need not be ashamed of, and you will do well to close in with him in the measures we now propose, for he is the rising sun of the house, I can tell you, and not one to be lightly

all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Gal. iii. 10.

* "Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed." Matt. xxv. 24.

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set by. I can tell you that he is an especial favourite with the housekeeper, and her three pretty daughtors."

"Well," said Father Peter, pettishly, "what is all this to the business now on hand; that is, this assembly proposed to be held to-morrow."

"Much," replied the steward, "much, as it refers to the line of conduct which we are required to adopt. This silly fellow, the doctor, must be counteracted in some way or another; and if we cannot manage him by open violence, as you propose, we must have recourse to other measures. The doctor is a man sincerely attached to his Master: you know well that he has stood fire and fagot for his sake before now, and would do so again, were it to come to open war; and yet he is not able to detect our manœuvres under the cover of gracious words. I have found repeatedly, and Madame le Monde can tell you, that if we do but expostulate in his presence on subjects of philanthropy, universal love, general improvement, the bettering of the condition of the lower sort, &c. and give him some credit for the great works which he flatters himself that he has performed (for his own merits after all are the handle by which we turn him about), we may actually invade the rights of his Master before his face, and he will hardly perceive it. Nay, if he does perceive it, he may be soothed and stroked down again by some small concession or another, which Madame le Monde knows how to make, whenever it suits her interest."

"But," said the Father Peter, "why all this to do about the doctor; you are giving him too much consequence, Mr. Steward, and strengthening his hand by so doing."

"As to the doctor, considered as an individual, Father Peter," returned the steward, "I think little of him; he is a shallow fellow, and knows not how to make out his own case to any advantage, for I much doubt whether he himself understands the letters on which he builds his preachments, and as I before remarked, his statements are full of contradictions; but then he has a number of followers in the house. His admirers are exceedingly numerous, and we must not make enemies of them. The servants, especially the lower sort, have lately shown a most dangerous spirit, hinting that they do not see why those upon the dais are to feed upon dainties and drink the best of wines, while they are to eat brown bread, and sup from wooden bowls. These are perilous

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times,* Father Peter, and the utmost skill is requisite to enable me to keep the balance of power, and to maintain things as they ought to be."

"Nor do I see," replied Father Peter, "that things are maintained as they ought to be: the truth is daily losing ground, and I feel myself as it were already reduced almost to a cipher, while every step you take seems to remove my hope still further."

"Because," replied the steward, "your authority was always imaginary and never substantial, and I certainly do see that it never can be restored and set on the same footing as formerly, therefore what is the use of chafing yourself; eat and drink, for to-morrow the Master may come,† and then, as we all cannot but know, there is one party only which will be found right."

"I grant it," replied the father; "I grant that among all these differing opinions, there can be but one party which holds the truth; but I do not understand which party you refer to; for let me tell you, Mr. Steward, you have such a way of being all things to all men, that even those who know you best may often be at a loss to know what you really think."

"Hear then," replied the steward, growing warm, "hear then my real sentiments, and tremble at the truths which will fall from my lips,‡ for they have a frightful interest for us all. Who is the man whom they do not affect? I know that the day will come, nor do I know how soon, in which we shall all be called before the Master:§ at which awful period, all who have not been stanch to his interests must abide the terrible consequences;‖ these are truths which cannot be controverted."

"And hence," said the father, "they should be ever kept in mind, and those merits towards the Master

* "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." 2 Tim. iii. 1.

† "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. xxiv. 44.

‡ "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." James ii. 10.

§ "But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Rom. xiv. 10.

‖ "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." John xv. 6.

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should be acquired, by which his servants may be enabled to meet him with confidence when he shall appear."

"Yes," returned the steward, "by pleasing and paying court to Father Peter. Every man to his trade; but let me tell you, that it is not such as you are that can heal the wound or build up the breach* that is between me and him they call Master.† Neither," continued the steward, growing hotter as he proceeded, "although this is a language which Madame le Monde is not fond that I should use; neither do I say that I have any desire that this breach should be healed; for even could we in any way be made partakers of his kingdom, that is of the kingdom of him we call Lord, when he comes to take the reins in his own hands, I do not understand how I should gain by it, for his service is irksome to me even unto loathing,‡ and there are no emoluments, as I can understand, worthy of my pursuit under that master, nor any enjoyments under his rule and dominion in which I can participate.§ Be that, however, as it may," he added, "I hate to think of these things; I hate the person of him whom they call the Lord;‖ I hate his people;¶ I hate his laws—and though I perish, I will hate him to the end—and I will hold possession in this place to the last moment—and I will counteract him—and I will trouble him—and I will contend with him—and I will strengthen my party—and when he comes, he shall find that which shall grieve him," and as he continued to speak, for he added certain blasphemies against the Lord, which I could not presume to repeat, I could

* "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." Isa. xli. 7.

† "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers." 1 Peter i. 18.

‡ "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Romans viii. 7.

§ "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

‖ "The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil." John vii. 7.

¶ "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." John xv. 18.

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hear the gnashing and grinding of his teeth, as of one in a fearful rage. I was pleased, however, to hear the father reprove him, though I liked not the manner of his reproof. For he rather chided him on the impropriety and imprudence of allowing such sentiments to break from him, than exhibited, as he ought to have done, the folly, and deep depravity, and disloyalty, and malice of these sentiments. So no more was said at that time; only the father excused himself from personal attendance in his robes, as the steward had recommended, at the meeting the next day, promising, however, to be present incognito; and so the conference broke up. And surely such a conference had never before taken place in my hearing.

Being left in the hall, and my mind being filled with many strange and perplexing thoughts, I was minded to slink away privately to my own room, and had actually got into the passage with that intent, when suddenly the sound of music came stealing upon me, and the next minute a bevy of young damsels, led by the housekeeper's eldest daughter, broke out upon me; and partly by a gentle force which I had no power to resist,* they dragged me with them, and thus I was induced to finish the day in dancing and revelling, and all things which are not convenient.† The night was far spent when I returned to my room, and oh! how sad and solitary did that large dark room appear; but not so dark, and sad, and deeply gloomy as my own heart—for this

* "For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption: for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage. For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is returned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." 2 Peter ii. 18–22.

† "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying." Rom. xiii. 12 13

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inquiry was continually suggesting itself to my mind, If I refuse the favour of the Lord on the terms which he has offered to me as stated in his letters, and wilfully offend after having come to the knowledge of these terms, what other means of being saved can I have recourse to?* I then, as I well remember, apostrophized my uncle as if he could have heard me, saying, "Oh, my uncle, my uncle! Why did you leave me in this dangerous house, and yet did I not blame you in my heart for keeping me apart from these people? Was I not disgusted at the quiet, and comparatively pure and holy life you compelled me to lead? Had I any apprehensions that I should so soon, and so entirely fall?" and I struck my hand upon my forehead, and fell prostrate upon the ground, crying, "Oh, what a wretch am I! what a miserable, sinful wretch!" and then I lay awhile on the floor, but after a time, I got up, weeping as I was, and stretched myself on my bed, where I fell into a heavy doze, in which I had many dreadful dreams; but after sunrise, as I suppose, I fell into a soundor and sweeter sleep; and then it was that a vision presented itself to me, such as I never shall forget, though I should despair of describing it; but I thought I saw the Master, the real Master, and his appearance was wonderfully beautiful, and he motioned to me to follow him; and at the same time I heard a voice, which said, "My son, are you in trouble? follow me, and you will find consolation."† I was in tears when I awoke from this dream, and my tears continued to flow even while I was dressing; neither had I ever felt in all my life in so strange a way. But I remembered that I had promised to be present at a meeting during the morning, and I

* "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? For we know him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge his people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Heb. x. 26–31.

† "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

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found that it was late: I therefore breakfasted in haste, and struggling hard against my feelings, which seemed to be more like those of a little child* than a man, I hastened to the appointed place. It was in the large apartment appropriated for the use of the doctor, whose office it was to read the Master's letters to the assembled household; a very convenient room for the purpose in agitation. At one end of it was a sort of platform or stage; and at the other were convenient seats, ranged in a sort of semicircle; the seats nearest the platform being appropriated for the superior members of the household; and those more remote for the inferior. Madame Le Monde and her daughters were in the first row, all handsomely dressed, and looking very graciously; immediately behind them sat the females next in degree, among whom I distinguished the meek and modest Mistress Grace, with some others; and so on according to the different ranks; for I saw in the ranges behind many of the very inferior servants and tenants, with others from the village. Now the persons on the platform were these:—first, Mr. Fitz-Adam in the chair, which, by-the-by, he filled well, being, as I before said, a comely personage at a distance, though not so well on very near inspection, and he comported himself with great dignity, his features being set to a becoming gravity, only that I thought there was something of a knowing twinkle now and then in that eye which was turned towards the company, and more especially when directed towards Madame le Monde and her daughters. Besides Mr. Fitz-Adam, there were on the platform the doctor, Father Peter, the librarian, and two or three more of the elders of the household, whose names it needeth not to repeat, though I should not omit to mention one in particular who attracted much of my attention, being a plain elderly man, in a sad coloured suit, whom I understood to be a respectable tenant on the estate; the doctor addressed him during the meeting by the name of Master Simon. The mass, however, of those on the platform, was made up of the young men, for the most part nephews and cousins of Mr. Fitz-Adam.

* "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Mark x. 15.

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So when we were all seated, the doctor opened the business of the meeting in a long and eloquent harangue, the substance of which was as follows.

First he spoke of the house and estate being the property of a Master, such as there is none other; and the good man enlarged on his Lord's merits till his eyes ran over with water, and I perceived that many were touched by his ardent and heartfelt expressions of love. And next he went on to give a short outline of the history of the estate; how the people had fallen away from their first path, and sold themselves to another; and how they had been redeemed from this bondage—for which part of the speech I refer my reader to a conversation which took place between me and my uncle on my first arrival at this place.

He then proceeded to speak of the letters which the master had left behind him for the comfort and instruction of his servants, and showed how far the people had wandered from the right way, by neglecting the study of these letters; and now coming closer to the point for which this meeting had been called, he explained his motive for calling this assembly, viz. that every person there present might be induced to afford his assistance, either by money or personal labour, for the multiplication and dispersion of the Master's letters, in order, he said, that there might not be a little child on the estate who should be without a copy.

It appeared that this speech gave general satisfaction, for even Madame le Monde smiled, and remarked that the excellent doctor had a charming flow of eloquence, and Mistress Grace said softly, that this thing ought to have been done years ago, and that she hoped now that it would be effected without loss of time.

So the doctor stepped back, and a nephew of Mr. Fitz-Adam came forward, a smart-looking young man, and one who much favoured his uncle in the expression of his countenance and general carriage. What he said was not however greatly to the purpose, his speech running much in a complimentary strain. First he spoke of the times as being so far superior to those which were past, inasmuch as the interests of the poorest occupied the thoughts of the highest, in a degree never known before. It was a pleasure to him, he said, beyond the power of expression (and he laid his hand upon his heart as he spoke), to hear the cause of the children of

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seems was in the hands of my uncle, another in that of Father Peter, and several more in different places.

The question then followed, would the secretary join the association? and it was agreed that he should be applied to when he returned; but the doctor being asked why he had not applied to him before he called the meeting, he seemed much embarrassed, and at length replied,—that he would rather prefer that his friend the secretary would speak for himself, than repeat any thing that might have passed in private conversation with him. I observed an interchange of looks at that moment between the chairman and the librarian; nevertheless, the thing passed off, and the next person who came forward was the librarian, and I could not help observing, that Mr. Fitz-Adam, who had hitherto sat in a sort of listless attitude, with his legs stretched out, so as to be seen by all the company (for he prides himself on the comeliness of his legs,* and is thought to do so not without reason), started up in his seat and sat bolt upright, and was all attention. There were some others also in the room who seemed much excited, and I heard whisperings running along the seats occupied by the inferior servants, for the librarian it seems is a great favourite with this class. So as I said, he got up, and stood forward on the platform, and I only wish that I could make my reader see him as he stood there, and just as he is painted on my mind's eye. The librarian is a little man, long bodied, but uncommonly short from the waist downwards, his face and the upper part of his body being particularly long in proportion to the rest of him, and the forepart of the head, to wit, that portion in which the brains are found, being unusually low, which, as I have heard those who are curious in such matters say, is no token of a strong understanding; but I myself do not presume to be a judge of these things. His features are large and ill formed, and the lines of his face uncommonly strong; yet with all this he is one whom some call interesting, for his eye is as sharp and piercing as that of a hawk, and he has a manner which bears down all before it, so much so, that in all the house there is only my uncle who can withstand him when he is set on any thing. But I should not forget one of his especial qualifications, which is this, that he cannot be

* "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse; he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man." Psalm cxlvii. 10

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made to blush; and this total absence of the perception of shame gives him much readiness as a public speaker, for there are, it is well known, but two sorts of men who are naturally fitted by the qualifications of their minds (I do not allude to the qualifications of a fine voice, or of a commanding presence, which some have by nature) to excel as public orators,—the man who, being entirely pleased with himself, is not liable to have his self-satisfaction disconcerted—and the man who thinks little of himself, and can plead the cause he has in hand, with little or no reference to what the world may think of him as an individual.

But to return to him from whom I started. As soon as the doctor had drawn back, he stepped forward, as I before said, and standing near the edge of the platform, he took up an eye-glass which hung suspended from his neck, and eyed the company all round, rising on his toes for the convenience of seeing some of them the better; a motion which set the young ladies to smile, for he is a particular favourite with them, and which mightily excited the disdain of some others who sat behind them. So after having gazed his fill, for I dare say he stood there more than a minute, a long while I should think to be in such a situation, he dropped his glass, and commenced his oration as follows, just as he would have done had he been talking to a particular friend on his own hearth:—"My friends, and fellow-members of this household, and you my worthy brethren on the platform, must be prepared to pardon me if I utter some truths which may not be altogether agreeable to the ears of those who are in the habit of entertaining and cherishing ancient prejudices. I wish, in the first place, that you, my brethren, should thoroughly understand that I am willing and ready—nay, more than ready, anxious, most anxious, most earnestly anxious to unite in any measure which may conduce to the general good of the family, and not of the higher denomination of members only, much as I respect them (and he bowed to the chairman), but of the inferior brethren also; or rather," he added, "of those whom ancient prejudice has hitherto branded as inferior,"—and his eye traversed the ranges of the most remote benches, and as if taking fire from the view of his friends and partisans there packed, he began to pour forth such a tirade of long unconnected phrases and high-sounding words, as I should despair of giving

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my readers any idea of; but I well remember some words which stood out prominent from the rest of his oration; these were—*liberty, equality, brotherly love, reason, the march of intellect, the rights of man, fanaticism, tyranny,* &c. &c. and how long he might have gone on is not to be known, if his voice had not been drowned by the vehement applauses and clappings of the party chiefly addressed.

When silence was restored, and the orator, all flushed with self-satisfaction, was preparing himself perhaps to renew the same strains, the voice of the chairman admonishing him not to digress from the subject in question, viz. that for which the meeting had been called, brought him down in some degree from the heights of rhodomontade into which he had soared. In consequence of which he recommenced in a chastened tone, and with a softened expression of countenance, but one which to me was not more pleasing than that which had gone before, being of a nature which I could not comprehend. I was, however, all attention, being put even more on the alert by this hint, which in fact assisted me in discovering that which lay under a long rigmarole of flowery compliments paid to the doctor, respecting the brotherly and benevolent feelings which induced him to form the plan now in agitation for the improvement of the people, especially of those hitherto considered as inferiors. He spoke of the letters proposed to be disseminated; he acknowledged with much apparent liberality that they contained much excellent matter on subjects of morality; that they might perhaps throw some little light on the history of the family; and that they represented the person of whom they chiefly treated in an amiable and respectable point of view; in short, that he could see no harm in permitting all the members of the family to read them. They might amuse, they might improve in some respects; they exhibited specimens of fine writing; they contained pleasing and simple descriptions of manners now changed, and modes gone by; but, to speak with candour, he did not believe that they were altogether genuine. He had cause to think that parts of them were interpolated; and that in fact,—and he affected to hesitate and shake his wise head,—that in short, the person supposed to have written them was just such another as themselves, and that his pretensions, or rather the pretensions made in his name,

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to the possession of the house and estate, were only a sort of fallacy—a contrivance to keep power in the hands of certain persons desiring to rule in his name. However," he added, addressing the doctor, "you may, my excellent brother, be assured that I am ready to serve you to the utmost with my hand and heart (and the hand was laid on the heart) in this your most benevolent and well-intentioned purpose."

The doctor and Father Peter it seemed had their mouths open to answer him, and there was a sort of murmur of disapprobation rising from different parts of the room; but the very loud clappings and applauses rendered all reply impossible. And during this interval, observing several persons who were justly offended rising to leave the room, I thought that I could not do less than to follow them, for in fact I began to comprehend that my uncle had more right on his side, in his firm resolve to have nothing to do with these people, than I had hitherto thought. As I passed out, the young man Theophilus brushed by me in haste, but perceiving me, he stopped short, and asked me when I expected my uncle. I made him no answer till we were beyond the hearing of the people coming out of the doctor's house, and then I asked him wherefore he had put the question?

"Because," he replied, "my mind is made up to have done with them, and if your uncle will but take me into his service, I will throw aside my livery this moment, and send it back to Madame le Monde with my best compliments and thanks, leaving her to look after another servant as she pleases."

"You cannot make a better resolution," I answered, "and though my uncle is not at home, yet I think I can answer for him, that he will provide you with employment and welcome you to his service."

"Think you so?" said the young man, "at any rate I will run the chance, and there," said he, "go my badge and my livery," and he threw aside his badge. "I will see that they are delivered to the housekeeper. As to the wages which are due to me, I will have none of them; and as you are so kind, Master Nicodemus, I will bring my few possessions into your apartments presently, and take up my abode with you, if it be only in the little anteroom; for I had rather be a door-keeper

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in your uncle's service, than occupy the seat of highest renown in that of Madame le Monde."*

"And what has brought you to this sudden resolution?" I asked.

"The thing has been tumbling up and down in my mind, Mr. Nicodemus," replied the young man, "for some time, but when I heard them applaud the man who actually denied, in the face of them all, the authority of the Master, why truly, then, I thought it was time to be decided; and if I might be so bold, Mr. Nicodemus, I must say that I think you do wrong to give them so much of your company."

"Well, well," I answered pettishly, "I am not going among them any more, I have a great deal of writing to do, and I must set to work immediately."

"Yes," replied he, "that is the work I desire, and therein I should wish no better than to assist you." So we parted, I going immediately to my room, and he promising to follow me as soon as he could free himself of the things which had been placed under his charge by his late mistress.

I was in a strange sort of humour when I found myself shut up in my room, and perhaps had I been left alone till Theophilus had arrived, I might have settled down as it were in my proper place; but as it happened, I had hardly dipped my pen into my ink to begin my writing, when comes a tap at the door, and when I had cried, Come in, who should enter but the doctor. I was surprised to see him, but he was just come from the meeting which was at that instant broken up, and he was there to ask me when I expected my uncle. As I could give him no satisfaction on that head, he fell into discourse on other things.

"Well, Mr. Nicodemus," he said, "and what did you think of the meeting? Is it not wonderful to see how, by a little address on my part, such discordant elements have been brought into agreement, and so many jarring wheels been made to work together to one object. This is to me a glorious day," continued he, "a day of rejoicing, and a token, I trust, of the speedy approach of that period when we shall all be of one mind in this house,

* "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

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and all be directed to seek only how to please our Master, and to walk in his ways."

"But, my good sir," I answered, "I cannot quite enter into your feelings. Surely, you cannot expect to render such persons subservient to the interests of your Master, as openly deny his right of dominion; really, I think the librarian, for instance, ought not to be depended upon;* such spirits as these are not likely to bend to the will of the Lord."

"There spoke my old friend the secretary; I know him again," replied the doctor. "My good young man, you do not understand, I see, that my spell and art consist in using the talents of this man to my own purposes, even as it were against his own private convictions. He is a man of known ability, and a man of substance; and I ask you why I may not use those talents, and that substance to help forward the great end I have in view!" And he went on a long time to show how this might be done, and the great benefit he expected to derive from bringing all sorts of persons to work together with him in his great object; all which might have passed better with me, had I not heard the discourse above related between Father Peter and the steward. My reader will, perhaps, ask why I did not repeat this discourse to the doctor? I answer, that I had not then been brought to break entirely with the steward and Madame le Monde, and I knew perfectly well that if I told out what I had heard to the doctor, it would be repeated by him to his especial followers, and so get wind; and yet I can hardly say what held me back from breaking with these people, unless it might be that I was more taken with the fascinations of the housekeeper's eldest daughter than I was even myself aware of at the time, and thus being in a sinful state of irresolution, I suffered the worthy man to talk on and say what he would, while I sat twisting my pen in my hand, and looking as weak as all persons do who cannot resolve to act in that way which they know to be right. Now, while we were thus situated,—I persisting in a silence which I knew to be sinful, and the chaplain trying to talk himself into a persuasion that he was right, when more than half apprehensive that he was wrong—who should come in but a servant in the

* "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" Psalm xciv. 20.

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livery of the housekeeper. This man was furnished with two small notes, sealed with wax, and bearing with them the fragrance of honey,* one of which he presented to me, and the other to the doctor.

"What is this?" said the chaplain, "and from whom?"

"From my mistress, the housekeeper," replied the serving-man.

So we opened the notes, and found that they contained invitations couched in language the most polite, to take our supper the next evening in her room on occasion of the birthday of Mr. Fitz-Adam, which was always a great day in the family. When we had read these billets, we looked at one another, conjecturing pretty well what was passing in each other's minds, though neither of us caring to say, on account of the presence of the servant. At length, however, the doctor addressing the messenger, said, "Give my best compliments to your mistress, my good young man, and tell her that Mr. Nicodemus and I will send our answers in a few minutes;" so the servant withdrew, and when he had shut the door after him, the doctor said, "What is to be done now, my young friend?"

"What is your opinion, sir?" I answered; thus giving question for question, a habit into which irresolute persons are almost certain to fall sooner or later.

"Why," replied the doctor, lowering his tone, and drawing his chair closer to mine, "my worthy young friend, all things being considered, and the present crisis of our affairs being brought into calculation,—for now is the moment in which the compact is to be signed or broken; for I would wish you to understand, that although I have with infinite difficulty brought things to the present pass, yet, that the smallest appearance of stiffness on our part just at this time would unravel the whole clew; and, therefore,"—he added, "but probably you already understand my meaning."

I bowed acquiescence, although I hardly knew what would be the upshot of all these parentheses and broken sentences, and the worthy man went on, "Thus all things being weighed and duly considered, although it is a principle of mine, drawn from my Lord's letters,† not

* "It is not good to eat much honey; so for men to search their own glory is not glory." Proverbs xxv. 27.

† "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that

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to be seen in their assemblies unnecessarily, or to accommodate myself to their habits, which, as you must have observed, Mr. Nicodemus, are by no means what they should be; yet, as I was remarking before, in the present crisis, that is, the crisis to which with much labour and exertion (though it becomes me not to speak of what I have been able to do), I have brought the family, I am inclined to think, and no doubt you will agree with me, that upon the whole and under all circumstances," and he was going off again into a labyrinth of sentences within sentences,—which, by-the-by, is as uncontrovertible a proof of a hesitating and doubtful state of mind, as my question in answer could possibly have been,—when I cut him short by saying, "Then, upon the whole, you think that we ought to accept this invitation?"

"I do," replied the chaplain, "and I will give you my reasons:—this house has been for years past torn by different parties and opinions, which have greatly retarded the progress of all that is right among us; yet during these scenes of perplexity, those who have truly loved the rightful Master, and I am thankful to say that there always have been many such in the house, have been consoled by certain promises in the Lord's letters, stating that a time is to come, in which all that is wrong shall be set right, and in which all the members of the family shall enjoy a perfect and unbroken peace.* These you will say, Mr. Nicodemus, are very encouraging promises, and exceedingly pleasing to such as hope to be made instruments in effecting and approximating such a state of things, and," added the poor man with a slight cough, and some hesitation of manner, "if I have been assisted in some small degree to advance this desirable order of affairs, in the first instance by an enlarged and liberal plan (in which I have been upheld by Mr. Fitz-Adam and the housekeeper) for the education and improvement of the children of the inferior servants, and

ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Romans xii. 1, 2.

* "And the work of righteousness shall be peace: and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." Isaiah xxxii. 17.

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in the establishment of several other similar institutions in the family, of which it becomes not me to speak, and if I have, as to-day, been enabled to combine all our powers in one grand effort for the advancement of the only desirable knowledge, have I not reason to think myself most happy? And although your uncle, good man, differs totally from me in some of my views, and even goes so far as to say that I am blowing bubbles in the air, which may look gaudy in the sunbeam for an instant, and may float awhile above my head, but will all presently burst and be altogether as nothing; yet I appeal to your unsophisticated judgment, whether it is nothing to have brought the haughty Fitz-Adam, and that hitherto unbending and imperious character, the housekeeper, to give their sanction and approval to my endeavours? But," he added, "we must not spoil our work at the moment in which we have brought it in some degree to bear. I consider this invitation as a sort of crowning peace-offering, and I rejoice, Mr. Nicodemus, that you see it in the same light, and vote for this one further concession on our parts, for the good of the people."

I stammered out my acquiescence in all he had said in that hesitating tone in which a man, to serve his own private purposes, gives his assent to that which he knows to be false; and in consequence, we immediately set ourselves to work, to write answers to the notes of invitation, which being done, the doctor took them to his own room, in order to seal them, and despatch them by the hands of his own servant. He had scarcely taken his leave, when Theophilus arrived, bringing with him all that rightfully belonged to him, and being dressed in a plain suit, divested of all badges and marks of his late servitude. There was a small antichamber or closet within our room which was unoccupied, and I directed him to put his bed there, at least till my uncle returned; and it was not long before I had reason to rejoice that such an inmate had been added to us; for this Theophilus was a fine young man, being very intelligent, and so well acquainted with the elements of knowledge, that he was more than fit in these particulars to be my associate.

It seems that from childhood he had been in the service of Madame le Monde, and had been continually flattered with the prospect of advancement in that service;

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but having from time to time been visited by the interpreter, though in a manner not understood by those who had the chief rule over him, he had, after various sinful hesitations (to use his own words), been assisted to make the resolution which led him to throw off all dependence on his unworthy mistress, and come to us.

But it was a thorn piercing my heart, to witness the simple and straight-forward manner in which this young man set himself to obey the suggestions of the interpreter, at the very time that I was hesitating between the right and the wrong, resolving to gratify my own evil passions at all risks. And it should be here observed as a warning to others, that the mistaken conduct of the doctor was that which above all other things confirmed me in my evil conduct.*

So Theophilus, having arranged his goods and chattles, and made his bed in the obscure corner which I had pointed out to him, came forth into the room where I was sitting, with a countenance all gay and radiant, as it were, from the effects of inward peace of mind.

It may be believed that I took good care not to speak to him of the invitation which we had just received, yet when the dinner was served up for I had resolved to use my uncle's privilege, and to dine in my own room, I made him sit down and eat with me, and I found him to be not only an agreeable companion, but one to whom I could not help looking up as being already delivered from that bondage of this world, in which I found myself still stricken, in spite as it were of myself. So after dinner we sat down and wrote, though I found myself very unfit for the work, and my pen accordingly went heavily; however, Theophilus having undertaken to help me, I was ashamed to give up till near sunset, at which time we went out to walk. We first took the turn towards the fields, in by-paths where we met no one, though we heard a shepherd-boy playing on a flute; and while we stood listening, for the sound was very sweet, the lad laid aside his flute, and began to sing, and these were the words of his song:

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

* "And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Matt. x 36.

"That little boy is of the right sort," said Theophilus; "he knows his own master,* and that is more than some of the wisest of us do, and what I for one should never have discovered, had I not been assisted so to do."† So when we had listened a while to the boy, we passed on, and having made a turn about, found that our nearest way back to the castle was along the street of the village, and so up through the stables and back courts.

But when we came to the village, we were surprised to find all the street up in arms, as it were, with such a noise and hubbub among the men, who were gathered in fours and fives at the doors, and such an uproar among the women, as quite filled us with astonishment; so that we said one to the other, what is all this? However, we went on, and just before the door of the inn, where the street is widest, we saw a sort of flag set up, and on the flag a motto, and this was the word written, "Laodicea,"‡ which word, however, neither Theophilus nor I had learning enough to interpret; and before the inn, and in the yard, were crowds of men, the one-half of whom were menial servants from the mansion, but in the midst of the crowd, and among the busiest of them all was mine host, and near him the man I had seen sitting at the head of the bench in the inn yard the day I first came to the place. So the host called to Theophilus, and invited him to join the company, while the man whom I shall call the Elder of the Bench, not knowing his other name, extended the invitation to me. But although the housekeeper had found a bait wherewith to catch me, and had me even then at the end of her line, playing fast and loose with me at her pleasure, I was not yet so far fallen as to be caught by such people as these. And as to Theophilus, he pulled me forward, saying, "Give them no answer, nor have any thing to do with them." So we walked on without seeming

* "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Isaiah i. 3.

† "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Matt. xi. 25.

‡ "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Rev. iii. 14–16.

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even to have heard them, whereupon they set up a sort of yell, and gathered round us, hemming us in, and crying out, "These are some of them, down with them, down with them," till at length we were forced to come to a stand, I, for my part, being all in a tremble, but Theophilus firm as a rock.

Now the rabble by which we were surrounded were, as I plainly saw, all in their cups; and when Theophilus asked them what ailed them that they could not let quiet persons walk through the streets without their troubling them? my old acquaintance of the bench took upon himself to answer him, though in that confused way which persons use who are valiant from the ale-cup, saying, "The time was come in which the impositions of those who choose to call themselves great were to be at an end, and in which those who had governed in the name of a supposed Master were to be put down; for," added he, "who is that Master in whose name you rule? and who has given you, or any man, authority to appropriate to yourselves more than another? Who has power to say that this man shall be up, and another down? Who has authority to violate the rights of his fellow-men? Down with them, down with them all—we will have *equality* and *liberty*. We will hear no more of the pretended Master, and the delegated authorities of old laws, and ancient regulations—confusion to them all—away with them all; we will be governed be our own wills, we will be oppressed and deceived no more:" and then he shouted "Liberty! liberty! away with the name of the lord of this land; we will all be masters!" And with that, the cries and shouts became such as almost deafened us; however, we made a push, and running for it, gained the gates of the avenue; nevertheless, we heard voices and shouts behind us, but we made haste and got into our own room, where we shut the door, and sat down to take breath.

"But," said I to Theophilus, "what does all this mean? what is all this confusion?"

"'Tis but what we may expect," replied Theophilus, "from the principles which have been disseminated on the estate for months past, by the librarian and others."

"I do not understand you," I replied.

"Well then," he answered, "I will tell you what I know, which is no great deal, but I have had eyes and ears, and what I have seen and heard has tended not a

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little to make me rejoice in the deliverance which has been effected for me by the interpreter, for I certainly never should have broken my bondage had it not been through his suggestions. As far as I can understand by putting things together, the parties in this family are running higher than ever they did in times past, though by all accounts they have run to great excess in years gone by, as your uncle will have told you; for in these days, in addition to the old parties, viz. that of which Father Peter is the head, a party which at one time carried all before it, and the other, to which your uncle belongs,* there are one or two more. First, there is that of the doctor, who, well-meaning man as he is, plays into the hands of the wrong side, and gives the leaders thereof many a chance for mischief, which otherwise they could not obtain; and, secondly, there is a party from whom I look for all the sorrows which are coming on this house; for I verily believe that we shall have such troubles as we never had before; although, as your uncle says (for he has talked much with me, and his talk, though he might perhaps think his labour lost,† has tended much to open my eyes), these troubles will be much shorter, for the sake of the chosen servants of the Lord. Now this last party," continued Theophilus, "may be in some measure called a new party; the librarian is at the head of it, and its doctrines go right against the authority of the Master—even so far, that some of them deny his very existence, some affirming that he never did, and others that he does not now exist; with much wretched stuff of the same sort, —all of which, as you see, Mr. Nicodemus, tends to the point of destroying every authority, and reducing every man to the same level. Now the librarian has to my knowledge been disseminating this poisonous doctrine for months past, in a quiet way; but I never heard him declare his opinions so publicly as to-day; and it was, I saw, no small triumph to him and to his party, to see how well these daring sentiments were borne with, and I am much mistaken if the flame which blazed out so boldly

* "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." Matt. xxiv. 21.

† "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. xi. 1.

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to-day, will not burn on till it makes some of those feel who little think of it just now. You saw what was going on in the village, Mr. Nicodemus," continued Theophilus; "I would not answer for it that the castle itself will be quiet for many hours to come."

"But," said I, "if all authorities are to be sacrificed to this new spirit, is not Mr. Fitz-Adam uneasy respecting his place? may not he be likely to be pulled down among the rest?"

Theophilus smiled, and replied, "I see you don't understand things yet. Mr. Fitz-Adam has such a hold on the people's hearts and interests (I mean the people of the wrong sort), that come what will, he will be uppermost till the Master himself arrives and takes the government in his own hands, and this he knows full well. Nay, the letters (as I have heard your uncle say) might be brought to prove that no one can shake the empire of Fitz-Adam till the Lord himself shall come, and Madame le Monde will rule as long as he does; they stand and they will fall together, and this they know; therefore they have nothing to dread but the return of the Lord, hence their rage against your uncle, who looks with a longing and anxious eye for that event which alone can terminate their reign."

I was, as my reador may suppose, put into a sort of brown study by this discourse: I saw every moment more and more clearly, that all my uncle had said was right, that it was my duty and interest to keep clear of the steward and the housekeeper, and the daughters of this latter; but then, on the other hand, I felt myself drawn into their circle by a power which I could not resist, and yet, I had not strength even to wish that I might be delivered; in consequence of which I was extremely unhappy, though I endeavoured not to betray my uneasiness to my companion. So we lighted candles, for it was getting dark, and sat down to supper. Falling again into conversation, as is natural to those whose minds are full, and who find their affairs and principles in an unsettled state (though, by-the-by, I should say that I was the only one of the two whose principles were unsettled, for as to Theophilus, it seems that he had made up his mind to go straight forward in the right road, that is, as far as he could see and understand), we sat talking, Theophilus opening his heart to the very bottom, and I guarding mine, as it were, lest he should

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see that in it which I did not wish him to discover: and the time was wearing away towards midnight, when my companion suddenly, as it were, pricking up his ears, said, "Did you not hear that, Mr. Nicodemus?"

"What!" said I, "what is it?"

"Listen," he replied, "listen!" and surely enough, I heard a sort of rushing sound, resembling as I thought the boiling of the ocean* when the waves are pressed forward against the rocks by the tempest.

"What may that be?" I asked.

"What is it!" he replied, "but that the people are up—this is what I expected, though perhaps not so soon." And we arose from our seats, and stood as it were prepared to be on the alert in any way which we might think best. I am sure that we stood in that position four or five minutes, during which the murmur became more and more distinct; and to carry on our allusion, we could now hear the voices of the mariners who rode upon the storm, for the shouts of the populace were distinctly heard rising above the tread of many heavy footsteps.

"They are numerous," said Theophilus; "the village is up, I doubt not, and the inferior servants who lodge without have already joined them."

"What is their object?" asked I.

"Ask the sea," he replied, "what it would have when it tosses its troubled waves on high."

"But, Mr. Fitz-Adam," I said, "what will he do in this emergency?"

"Do!" replied Theophilus, "let him alone for an emergency of this kind; probably he will turn his coat, and rush in with the rabble, and so become the conductor to lead them to execute his own work; and to-morrow, if I am not mistaken, he will turn about again, and put the foremost of those in the stocks who this night will have been the instruments of mischief in his own hands. Mr. Fitz-Adam, indeed! do not trouble yourself about him; if he does not make all this accrue to what he considers his own advantage and that of the master whom he serves, I am mistaken in my man. Nay, I have a pretty shrewd guess respecting the parties against which he will direct the storm."

* "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isaiah lvii. 20, 21

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"And which may they be?" I asked.

"Who should they be," replied Theophilus, "but those who stand most in his own way, and those especially to whom he carries the fairest face, I mean the doctor, of whom to my certain knowledge he begins to be heartily tired; but," added he, "why are we standing here? Is this a time to be deliberating and parleying among ourselves if it is as I expect? Let us hasten to the doctor, we might serve him in his perils." With that we both looked about us, and seeing a number of strong oaken staves belonging to my uncle, we each seized one, and were scarcely thus provided, when we heard a crash, as of the breaking open of a door, and then another and another, and then such yells and shrieks and shouts burst forth, as caused the very inner walls of our apartments to ring again. "They are within the house," cried Theophilus; "let us seek the doctor," and he sprang through the doorway, while I followed him, but through the darkness and intricacies of the passages, lost sight of him in a moment; yet being directed by the roars of the mob, I sprang forward, and soon found myself at the entrance of the great hall; and surely such a sight as met my eyes there could never be forgotten! There was a mad and drunken populace, consisting of men, women, and boys, all without order and discipline, and without other objects than mischief and confusion; and they were pushing forward at the moment when I first saw them, crying, "Down! down! down with them all! we will have nothing—no ruler—no prince; and to this they added scurrilous expressions, such as I will not sully my pages withal; when suddenly, as it were springing up in the midst of them, appeared a tall portly figure, clad as they were, and crying, "Come on! follow on, my boys! here we march, here we go, to destruction! destruction of the tyrants!" and so joining, first with the people, and then as it were leading the war song, he passed on, while the foolish and infuriated populace pursued fast at his heels, adopting him whom they knew not as a leader, at the very moment in which they were uttering the cry of "We will have no prince —down with all authorities!

That this person was Mr. Fitz-Adam himself, I could not doubt, though he was all changed to his outward appearance: neither could I help admiring the firmness and presence of mind with which he thus turned the

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flood from his own party and particular friends, though my admiration was mingled with horror and apprehension of what was to ensue. So he led on, and the people followed, and I stood observing until the last of the herd had passed down towards those parts of the house which were occupied by Father Peter, and which, although communicating by passages with the housekeeper's and steward's room, were capable of being barricaded from them. In following in the rear of the rabble, I therefore speedily entered the precincts of the father, and saw the mob before me through the long vistas of the cloistered walks, and heard their yells as they ran along under the arched roofs, rousing the hooded owls and bats, and other unclean birds, which had long kept undisturbed dominion of their murky secret haunts in the old building, and causing many of the servants and followers of the father to run and hide themselves, trembling even for their lives. The time had been when the father at the head of his band would have driven back ten, nay, a hundred times the number of persons who were then attacking him, but as I have before said, the father is not now what he once was—his power is on the wane; as it took a long time to reach its height, so as I have heard my uncle say it may probably take as long a period to sink into total decay. So as the father did not feel himself strong enough to oppose the enemy, which poured in upon him like a flood, and as the most stanch of his followers seemed to be seized with an astonishment* which rendered them incapable of lifting a finger in his defence, the rabble were left to work their will through all his apartments;† and bad work did they make—hauling and

* "And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning; standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come." Rev. xviii. 9, 10.

† "And he saith unto me, The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues. And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire. For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled. And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth ove the kings of the earth." Rev. xvii. 15–18.

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pulling every thing about, breaking and destroying them with a terrible noise and clatter, till at length he that had made himself their leader called them off in another direction, and then I was reminded of what Theophilus had said, viz. that he had some fears lest a part of the tide of the popular fury might be directed against the doctor. I then did what I should have done before, and made my way to the chaplain's apartments, leaving the main mass of the rioters behind me These, as I afterward learned, when they had for a while exercised their blind rage on the father, were conducted by the man who had made himself their leader through several dark passages, till he got them fairly without the castle gates, when he caused a door to be closed upon them, and so they were left without to congratulate each other on their mighty exploits, viz. the destruction of dried owls and ravens; for although some of them had laid hands on certain of the more valuable possessions of the father, it seems that they had not contrived to bring any of these away with them, although the person thus despoiled, viz. the Father Peter himself, never again got hold of any of the articles. But there was still a part of the rabble within the house; and when I reached the doctor's apartment, I found several young men who were attached to the chaplain, with Theophilus at the head of them, defending the door against a dozen or more of the rioters, which last were alleging with much clamour, that they would have a touch at the doctor, because he was akin to Father Peter; a charge which, by-the-by, the chaplain had brought upon himself, by a foolish assertion, which he was over fond of making, viz. that he was of the same lineage with Father Peter, and that in fact he drew his principal privileges as chaplain of the family from him. Now mine was but a single arm;* however, I began to lay about me, and that so determinedly on the backs of the rabble, that every blow I gave told to the full; and so what with forestrokes and backstrokes, the enemy lost heart, and took to their heels, escaping by windows and chimneys, so that in a short time only two or three of the number

* "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end! How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them and the Lord had shut them up? For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Deut. xxxii. 29–31.

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remained, these being too drunk to run; and then, when thus all was in a manner quiet, up comes Mr. Fitz-Adam, dressed as usual, and as if he had just been roused from a quiet seat by his own fireside, calling order and crying shame, expressing his hopes that the doctor, who now appeared at his door, with some others who had taken refuge in his room, was not hurt; ordering, that lint and bandages might be applied to the broken heads of Theophilus and the other young men, and finishing off by commanding that the two or three poor fellows who had been caught should be put in the stocks all night, and soundly flogged in the morning. Thus terminated this uproar, every one returning to his place, and all being as hushed and quiet when we rose the next morning, as if nothing had happened more than common during the night; though no doubt there were many of us far from easy in our minds, among whom were the doctor; Father Peter, whose apartment had been one of the chief seats of the uproar; the poor creatures in the stocks, who were as the scapegraces of the rabble; and myself, who, though I had seen so plainly all the manœuvres of Mr. Fitz-Adam the last night, could not bring my mind to give up those pleasures which I hoped to enjoy through keeping in favour with him and the housekeeper. Now this day happened to be a day always much to be observed in the household, being set apart to do honour to Mr. Fitz-Adam; and in the morning, soon after I had breakfasted, the chaplain came to express his gratitude to me and to Theophilus for our gallant defence of him the night past, though as I told him, I could take but little credit for what had been done by myself. We then, as was natural, fell into discourse on the state of affairs in the family; and the doctor asked my opinion of all I had seen and heard, and of the strange spirit evinced by the people on the late occasion.

"Why," replied I, "that there are many ill-conditioned people on the estate, and indeed in the castle itself, is but too apparent."

The doctor agreed with me, but remarked that he thought that Mr. Fitz-Adam had acted in a very proper manner, in making an example of the poor fellows who had been caught, adding, "and I trust that all these misguided persons will be the better for the warning, and that henceforth we shall not be subjected to such invasions of

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unnumbered blessings, and a sure protection from every evil:* adding, that he will then break his enemies to pieces with a rod of iron; with many other promises of the same description,† all of which tend to show that the deliverance of the people is not to be effected by any other hand than his own. Neither the doctor nor I was at that time prepared to admit what Theophilus said; we were therefore more disposed to be irritated than influenced by his reasonings; and I verily believe, that had not the chaplain felt himself in some degree under obligations to him for his admirable conduct during the riot, he would have told him in so many words, that he thought it very arrogant in such a young man as he was, to be arguing with a person of his experience and dignity in the family on subjects of this kind. However, he restrained himself, although evidently disconcerted, and soon afterward took his leave, having appointed to meet me at the hour fixed in the note, in the apartment of Madame le Monde, finishing his address in these words; "and there, my dear Mr. Nicodemus, I trust that we shall have strength given us to stand up for the honour of our Lord, in the presence of his enemies." When the doctor had shut the door, "Shall I tell you, Mr. Nicodemus," said Theophilus, "where the error of the doctor lies?"

"I think you have hitherto been forward enough," replied, somewhat peevishly, "in endeavouring to make both me and the chaplain acquainted with our mistakes, and your own superior knowledge and wisdom; but you may say what you please, only be brief, for I have much to do before evening."

"Well then," replied Theophilus, calmly, "his error

and cattle, between the rams and the he-goats." Ezekiel xxxiv. 16, 17.

* "And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them. And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them; but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more." Ezekiel xxxiv. 27–29.

† "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel" Psalm ii. 9.

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lies in this, as I have often heard your uncle say, that he believes that he is to do something towards building up his Master's authority in the estate; whereas, the Master has said repeatedly in his letters, that things will remain as they are, until he himself comes to set all right, and that until then, his people will be as sheep, wandering on the dark hills of this earth, among wolves and wild beasts: and again, that we are to be as the beautiful stones of a temple scattered in the dust, till he shall come to put us together. Nevertheless, the good doctor is persuaded that he, and others of his own way of thinking, are to be chief shepherds and master-builders."*

"Well, Theophilus," I replied, "I am not altogether assured, after all, that the chaplain may not be quite as right as those who say that the Lord is to come himself to settle his own affairs. In the first place, as my uncle tells me, and as I find in my Lord's letters, the present state of the Master, that is, his present situation being in the royal court, of which they say he occupies the principal seat,† it would be indulging low thoughts of him, to suppose that he should condescend to come into such a place as this, and to dwell with such as we; although I can well understand how, after a time, he should so far bethink himself of his own, as to give them power and authority to rule in his name, to redress all grievances, and to set all things in the right order. All this I can understand, and see the reason of, but I cannot at all comprehend wherefore you should expect a consummation so far above all experience, or all rational hope, as that of the return of the Lord to live with us."

"Merely," replied Theophilus, "because the Lord has said it." The young man then turned to a portion of the letters which he had before him for the purpose of copying them, and showed me various passages, which, because I think they might be somewhat long

* "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow; for so he giveth his beloved sleep." Psalm cxxvii. 1, 2.

† "Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church." Eph. i. 21, 22.

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"I have many thoughts," replied the librarian, "but I cannot say which of my thoughts might just now be most acceptable to the present company."

"Well," replied the steward, "then I have a droll circumstance to relate; I was in the village this morning to talk with some of the leaders of the riots last night, being anxious to learn in an amicable way what it was they had to complain of; for you know, doctor," he added turning to the person addressed, "that if a thing of this kind can be terminated in a friendly manner, it is always best."

"And always most pleasing to our Lord," replied the doctor, boldly.

"True," said Mr. Fitz-Adam; "true, doctor, and acting upon this principle, I met the parties pretending to be aggrieved, as I tell you this morning, and we settled every thing very pleasantly on my granting them a whimsical concession, on which, however, they insisted as on a matter of life and death."

"And what might that be?" asked the doctor.

"I suppose," returned the steward, "that it is not necessary to inform you, or any person here present, that all the public documents of the estate, viz. bonds, leases, re-leases, settlements, &c. &c. are required to be signed by me,"—"and this was once required to be done by me also," remarked the father;—"and that," continued the steward, without paying any attention to Father Peter's observation, "they always run to this effect, viz. Adam Fitz-Adam, by the favour of the Lord,* steward of this estate."

"I know it," replied the doctor.

* "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. For, for this cause pay you tribute also; for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour." Rom xiii. 1-7

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"Well," returned Mr. Fitz-Adam, "what think you these foolish fellows have insisted upon."

"I can make no conjecture," replied the doctor.

"Why," resumed the steward, "neither more nor less than this; that in all our future documents we should omit these words, *by the favour of the Lord*, and introduce these, *by the favour of the people*."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the doctor, dropping his knife and fork.

"Impossible!" cried Father Peter

"Very possible, and very certain, rejoined Mr. Fitz-Adam; "and more than this, I have been obliged to yield to the torrent of popular opinion, and to give way."

"Then I say," said the doctor,—but he was interrupted by the librarian, who called for a toast to be generally drunk to the health of Adam Fitz-Adam, "By the favour of the people—steward of the household." The young ladies filled my cup, and Madame le Monde that of the chaplain, while I, gathering consternation from the deadly pallor of the doctor's countenance, felt that I dared not lift the glass to my lips. Nevertheless, the toast went round with loud and repeated cheers, for the very ladies seemed to be so carried away by their enthusiasm (which was all against the rightful Lord) that they laid aside the manners fit for females (which manners, no doubt, were never otherwise than assumed by them), and were nearly as vehement in their expressions of applause and approbation as the men themselves; and moreover, when the toast had gone round with three-times-three, then they would have the harper in, for we have a harper in the castle—a blind one too—and certain other musicians on the strength of the household, and they were directed to play and sing, and we had several airs and songs while we were finishing our supper, all of them bearing some sort of allusion to the great Fitz-Adam, as they chose to call the steward, the friend and beloved of the people.†

* "And upon a set day, Herod arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." Acts xii. 21–23.

† "And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord; neither consider the operation of his hands." Isaiah v. 12.

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Now I saw all this while that the poor doctor was in two minds whether he should not get up and be off—but because he was not compelled to drink the toast, and because Madame le Monde laid her hand upon his arm whenever she saw him about to move, and dropped some of her honeyed words into his ears, he kept his seat; and thus they carried their point as far as it would bear, for that time, that is, they kept him in the company, and made it appear in the eyes of others of the household, that he gave his countenance to all that was passing in the apartment: while, as I afterward found, those that were without were fully acquainted with all that was going on within, not excepting that daring proposition which I have mentioned above, viz. the putting out the name of the Lord from the papers and authoritative documents belonging to the estate. So, as I said, the poor doctor did not stir, though he looked this way and that way, as if he could have sunk into the earth, and as for myself, I was as unable to move as he was, for I had got close to the housekeeper's eldest daughter, and was as one bound in chains; I had no more strength in me than one dead, and so the time passed on. But as we were at our desert, the table being spread with every species of comfiture and sweetmeats prepared by the hand of the housekeeper (who, by-the-by, is very expert in compounding things sweet to the palate), and the company just filling their glasses again, the sound of the harp and viol being at that minute very loud,* suddenly two or three of the servants from without put their heads in at the door, all as it were in a terror and alarm, and looking more like corpses rising from the grave than living men. We all looked that way, our eyes being guided by that of the doctor, who was the first to see them, and the musicians at the same time, after having played some jarring notes, all at once coming to a stand.

* "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem: and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines drank in them. They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." Dan. v. 1, 3–5

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"What do you want there," said the steward, who by this time was warm with wine and good cheer, "what do you come here for, troubling our pleasure? Away with you."

"Speak," said one of the servants, pushing another forward; "speak, and tell him; speak for the life of you"—and the man's teeth chattered frightfully.

"Begone," said Mr. Fitz-Adam, "and don't be troubling me now;" and he struck the table, and muttered words which I will not repeat.

"Oh! sir," was the answer, "help, help, or we are lost."

The steward spoke again, and louder, and more fiercely; bidding them begone, and adding some furious threats—on which, as if with a great effort to bring out that which was almost too terrible to utter, the foremost came out with these words.

"Sir, there is a sound in the mountains;" I did not at first take in the words of the man, and therefore was the more amazed at the effect this awful intelligence had on the company.

Mr. Fitz-Adam turned like a stone,*—horror and amazement seemed to fix his features, as if struck by death. Madame le Monde fell into a fainting fit,† of such sort as one would have supposed she never could recover from. I looked from her to her eldest daughter, and started with a feeling of loathing, such as I could hardly have imagined a moment before, at the effect which this strange communication had produced in her appearance.‡ I had never before suspected that her cheeks were loaded with artificial colours; but now that a deadly pallor had spread itself over her features, and the cold sweat was oozing from every pore, then I saw that she, whom I had hitherto thought a blooming beauty, was only a painted and made-up Jezebel, and an

* "But it came to pass in the morning, when the wine was gone out of Nabal, and his wife had told him these things, that his heart died within him, and he became as a stone." 1 Sam. xxv. 37.

† "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 John ii. 16, 17.

‡ "Then Amnon hated her exceedingly; so that the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her. And Amnon said unto her, Arise begone." 2 Sam. xiii. 15.

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object fit only to excite loathing and abhorrence.* But I had no time to think of these things. The librarian, who alone seemed able to speak or ask for farther information, was questioning the servants, and with that air of incredulity which I have always observed in him on any serious occasion.

"Well, my brave fellows," he said, "and what is this noise like, which seems to have put you into so much consternation? Do explain it for the good of the company."

But I have no patience to repeat the words of this man, they are not fit to be put down on paper; neither did I stay to listen to any more that passed—but seeing the doctor rise to go out, I followed him, leaving the miserable company, of which I had so lately made a part, to make what they could of what had terrified them past all I had ever witnessed before, or could have conceived; and being on the threshold, I said to the doctor, "What is this? What has alarmed them all so much?"

"Do not say them," replied the doctor, "do not blame these miserable ones only; are we not more to be condemned than they are? And am not I more sinful than you are, young man? Ought I not to have been in a state to rejoice when any tidings, however remote, of the coming of our Lord came to my ears? 'Blessed is that servant who shall be found watching when his Lord comes.' But, what have we been doing? How have we spent this night? What were the motives which induced us to sit by and hear the authority of our Lord called in question?" And the poor man wrung his hands, and fairly burst into a flood of tears, crying, "Lord, Lord, I have sinned against thy dominion, and against thee, and I am not worthy to be called thy servant."†

We were in the great hall, into which there is a passage from that hateful room in which we had supped, and though the chaplain had not remarked it (not that I believe he would have cared if at that moment all the

* "And they shall go forth, and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." Isaiah lxvi. 24.

† "And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Luke xv. 19.

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assembled world had witnessed his humiliation), the apartment was full of servants, some standing in attitudes of terror and amazement, and looking as if they would have been glad if the mountains could fall on them and hide them for ever,* and others eagerly gathering to the windows, and others exclaiming as if in solemn joy, "Well, be it so—come Master, come; come and fulfil our hopes, our longing desires; come Lord, come quickly."† Still I was, as it were, partly in the dark, not exactly knowing what all this meant; so loosing the arm of the doctor, whose agony of tears seemed rather to augment than to diminish, I questioned one and another of those who were terrified: but for a long time could get no answer from which I could make any thing out; till at length, seeing her whom they call Grace, and seeing that she was much in her usual frame, at least more so than many others, I put the question to her respecting this general disturbance.

"Follow me," said she, and she led me out upon the platform before the chief door of the house. It was a night in which both moon and stars looked dim;‡ neither was the air in motion:—it was indeed a night of awful stillness, excepting from the cries of those within the house, and these cries were mixed, some being those of distress, and some those of gladness. And she bade me look eastward towards the hills which I have spoken of before; and there I saw, as it were, flickerings of light,◊ just above where the outlines of the mountains marked the sky; and she bade me listen, and then I heard, though low, and as very far off, a sound of beating, as of the beating of hoofs of brass and iron on a hollow pavement.‖

"Do you hear it?" she asked.

* "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." Luke xxiii. 30.

† "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii. 20.

‡ "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark." Zech. xiv. 6.

◊ "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matt. xxiv. 27.

‖ "At the noise of the stamping of the hoofs of his strong horses, at the rushing of his chariots, and at the rumbling of his wheels, the fathers shall not look back to their children for feebleness of hands." Jer. xlvii 3.

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"I do," I replied.

"We have heard it some hours, while you were at your impious regale," she said. "Did you think that the Master would suffer his authority to be wholly despised? Could you suppose that he would not visit for this?" and she looked me hard in the face.

"What are these awful sounds?" I asked.

"These are the signs," she replied, "by which those who desire his appearance, and those too who dread his appearance, might be warned of his approach;* nevertheless, these last will not take warning. True it is, that they are now alarmed,—that they are terrified for the moment, but if space be given them, they will turn back to their offences, as a dog to his vomit; and when the Master comes, he will find these faithless ones eating and drinking, and following their own pleasures, as if no warning had been given them:† but is not even now the rushing of his chariot-wheels heard in the mountains? and yet, who among them will take the warning?"‡

"Some will, I trust," I replied, for in truth I felt myself, as I listened to the awful sounds, and saw the sparks struck, as I supposed, by the feet of the horses flashing in the air, such a feeling of terror as made me fall down upon my knees, praying that I might be forgiven for all the negligences and gross offences of which I had been guilty, in my service of this great Lord. And I felt especially cut to the heart, to think of my ingratitude to the Lord,§ who had called me into his

* "As a dog returneth to his vomit; so a fool returneth to his folly." Prov. xxvi. 11.

† "I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Luke xviii. 8.

"And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all." Luke xvii. 26, 27.

‡ "For, behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire." Isaiah lxvi. 15.

§ "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born." Zech. xii. 10.

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service when I knew him not, and had prepared such a friend for me in my uncle, and had made every thing so easy to me here, and had assured me of such promotion hereafter, and that not from any service I ever did, or ever could do for him;* and when I thought too of his excellent merit, and all he had suffered for us, I was cut, I must say, yea, to the very heart, to the very joints and marrow, and like the poor doctor, began to weep and cry as if my head had been a fountain of water.† And to be sure the sight was awful—and such as no one could look on without trouble. It seemed, as it were, as if the eastern horizon were all on fire, and there were sounds in the mountains distinct from that which we first heard, which we could not comprehend; nay, indeed, we could not comprehend any thing of all this; nevertheless, these sounds were as of heavy substances rolling down with a rumbling, unearthly sound, and dreadful crashes. What these were, we understood in the morning, though we could make nothing of them in the night; they were the snows of the mountains, which being uplifted or shaken in their beds, came tumbling down in mighty avalanches into the vale below.‡ But, as I said, we could make nothing that night of these tremendous sounds, which gave us the notion of the dissolution of the globe itself; and for my part, whenever these sounds occurred, I was like one ready to expire,§ and my eyes and heart seemed to fail me on witnessing these things. However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it seems, being stirred up by the librarian, had, in the mean time (that is, while I was standing

* "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Titus iii. 5.

† "That all flesh may know that I the Lord have drawn forth my sword out of his sheath: it shall not return any more. Sigh, therefore, thou son of man, with the breaking of thy loins; and with bitterness sigh before their eyes. And it shall be, when they say unto thee, Wherefore sighest thou? that thou shalt answer, For the tidings; because it cometh: and every heart shall melt, and all hands shall be feeble, and every spirit shall faint, and all knees shall be weak as water: behold it cometh, and shall be brought to pass, saith the Lord God." Ezek. xxi. 5–7.

‡ "The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai from before the Lord God of Israel." Judges v. 5.

§ "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke xxi. 26.

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without, looking towards the hills), roused himself from his state of despair (for I can compare the condition in which I had last seen him to nothing but despair), and calling up that which alone can make an individual exert himself under the pressure of that most intolerable of all feelings in which hope never comes, viz. malice —(for, as the steward confessed to Father Peter, he hates the Lord, he hates his people, he hates his government, he hates his very merits), he sets himself forthwith to work and to strive, if he must needs yield at the coming of the Lord, to do as much mischief as in him lay to the Lord's party in the meantime, and to hold out as long as might be, at all risks, and at all hazards. Neither was he single and alone in this feeling; for all his party, though without hope of final success (for they well knew that every thing in the end was to be put under the dominion of the Lord),* upheld and strengthened him in his determination to resist to the last, rousing him to speedy action, and taunting him with the horror and affright which he had betrayed on the first news of the sound heard in the mountains. So he roused and shook himself, as a tyrant waking from his wine; and going forth, being accompanied by the librarian, who was also striving to confirm himself in that of which he had endeavoured through all his life to persuade others, to wit,—that the Lord existed only in the imaginations of his followers, and that therefore all the phenomena which had alarmed the house might be traced to natural causes,—he, that is, Mr. Fitz-Adam, came into the hall, his partisans crowding behind him, and ranging themselves about him on the dais. And there, being set, he issued his commands, that all the people of the household should present themselves before him. And it was at this call that I returned into the hall, which was now in fact to be the council-chamber† of the family; and here it was presently seen of

* "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him." Heb. ii. 8.

† "They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. For they have consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee." Psalm lxxxiii. 3–6

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what stuff our rulers were made, as it also appeared how in this solemn assembly the servants of the Lord seemed as silly sheep without a shepherd. It was a solemn scene, and a solemn night: there stood the enemies of the Lord in the place of authority at the upper end of the chamber, and at the other end, by the doctor, like frighted deer gathering by the leader of the herd, stood many of those who had been accustomed to range themselves with this well-intentioned, but somewhat weak servant of the great Master. These were all pale and trembling, some of them being in tears, and others tearing from their dresses those ornaments and badges of distinction with which they had formerly loved to decorate themselves,* and to count as the rewards and tokens of their good conduct. Again, in a darker corner of the hall, stood the father with his followers; most of whom being provided with some symbol, or image, or picture of the Lord, were kissing them, and pressing them to their hearts, with various strange contortions, and exclamations of which I could make nothing. And, finally, there was another party, in the midst of which stood Theophilus and the female called Grace;† and on the countenances of these, as the lamp which hung in the centre of the hall shone upon their faces, was an expression of composure, nay, of holy joy, which embellished their features, and rendered them almost as gods,‡ mingled in the assemblies of men; for these are those blessed servants of the household, who, having been brought to cast aside all their own merits, have confided only in those of him who bought them; and who, having built their house upon a rock, are not frightened when the rains come, and the winds beat upon their house.§ All these last were, however, ranged

* "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Isa. lxiv. 6.

† "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." Rev. vi. 9.

‡ "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. iii. 4.

§ "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." Matt. vii. 24 25.

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on one side, as far from Mr. Fitz-Adam and his party as the space would permit; but between these parties was a mixed mob (for the very villagers were gathered into the hall), which seemed to gape, and wonder, and tremble, as if not knowing what to think, or which side to take. And Mr. Fitz-Adam had called for the watchmen, for we have many watchmen whose business it should be to watch round the house at night, men of nerve and strength, and each of them having armour to defend the house on occasion, so these stood in the centre of the hall before the dais: and these were the first whom the steward addressed, demanding of them wherefore they had not given notice when the alarm had been first heard. To this some of them doggedly answered that they had heard no alarm, neither before time nor now, and that they verily believed that the horses and appearances of which some spoke, were but the roaring of the winds in the mountains, and the flashings of the northern lights; and others could only give such an account of themselves as proved that they had either been asleep or in their cups; while a third sort were dumb, as if terrified and conscience-struck, because when the Master was expected they had not been found watching; for the Lord when he left his people had given especial charge to the watchmen, bidding them to observe the signs of the heavens, and to take especial care of the castle during the night.* But it was not now the time for Mr. Fitz-Adam to be breeding dissensions and exciting angry feelings among the guard; so he soothed and commended them, and addressed them much to the following effect:—

"My worthy and excellent guards and defenders,

* "Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon the land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: if, when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning, his blood shall be upon him: but he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." Ezek. xxxiii 2-7

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inasmuch as we find it written in the Lord's letters (mind he could call the Master Lord to serve his turn*), that in the latter days many shall come in his name, and show signs and wonders if possible to deceive his most faithful servants,† it behooves us who dwell in his house, and are the stewards of his property, and the guardians of his beloved people, to act with the utmost caution, and to keep our house as strong men armed, lest we should admit an enemy instead of our rightful Prince: therefore, while this alarm continues, I command that every door and window shall be closed, and that arms be prepared, and every means of defence provided; and moreover, should any one appear before the castle gates and demand admittance, that no door shall be opened until I, Adam Fitz-Adam, shall give permission."

So the watchmen were commanded to their posts, and every entrance barred; and we who were known, or even suspected to be on the Lord's side, were driven to our places, being bid to hold our peace, and keep our own thoughts to ourselves. So when all was shut up, there was a dread silence in the house, and no voice heard but that of the owl in the turret. So Theophilus and I withdrew to our apartments, and there to our joy and delight, whom should we find but my uncle, just come in; for the watchmen had let him pass at the moment of the closing of the doors. I never was better pleased in my life than in seeing this my valued friend and protector, and I ran to him, and fell into his arms, confessing all the offences of which I had been guilty since he had left us. The good old man embraced me with tears in his eyes, crying, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." Nevertheless, when I said, "Now, uncle, that you are returned, I feel assured that all will be well with me," he reproved me, saying,

"What! Nicodemus, do you embrace one error as soon as you have been brought to forsake another? Whence has arisen all the infidelity of the Master's

* "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. vii. 21.

† "For false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect." Mark xiii. 22.

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servants in this house, but because they 'hew unto them broken cisterns, and forsake the fountains of living waters,' because they make unto themselves masters of their fellow-servants, and thus bring clouds between themselves and the Sun of Righteousness. What! I ask you, in this hour of terror, what have availed the counsels and support of one fellow-servant to another? What, I ask you, was the doctor or Father Peter able to do for their followers this night? Who was able this night to lift up his head, and look towards the hills with hope and joy, besides those whose trust was in the Master only, and who built their confidence on his merits only, to the utter rejection of their own pretensions."*

We then sat down, and fell into discourse on the prodigies observed that night, and we would know of my uncle what they meant, for we had listened attentively, and it had seemed to us that the noise in the mountains had ceased.

"Do you believe," I asked, "that the Master is really coming?"

"Of that day, and of that hour in which he will actually come, no man knows," replied my uncle; "his coming is compared in his letters to that of a thief in the night; nevertheless there will be certain signs given to his servants, which will forerun his appearance, and this which we have witnessed this night is one of these."

We then asked my uncle respecting these signs, and forthwith he took down a volume of the letters, and pointed them out to us, which, because the quotations are somewhat large, shall be given in a note;† so when

* "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." Jer. xvii. 5.

† "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor never shall be. And except those days shall be shortened, there shall no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert, go not forth; behold he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west; so

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he had recited these at large, he fell into a sort of discourse which soothed my mind in a manner I cannot describe; this discourse ran chiefly on the character of the Master, and of the King his father, (for the Master is a prince, and the chief of princes) and of the Interpreter; and I would know of him something respecting the king—and because my uncle was always cautious of not speaking his own words when treating of these high matters,* he referred me to those passages of the letters which explain them,* and behold while he was yet speaking, one entered whose entrance I did not understand,† and whose manner of speaking I could not describe, but he, viz. this person whom I presume not to speak of, blessed me and Theophilus in a most solemn manner, pouring on our heads a most fragrant ointment, which filled the whole room with its odour; and behold, while we yet wondered, it seemed that my uncle only was present with us, but we were so filled with joy, that we were almost ready to cry, "Let us arise, and be gone to meet the Lord in the hills;" forgetting that for the present we were as prisoners‡ in the house; however, we all fell on our knees, and cried, "Come quickly, Lord, come quickly." So passed the remainder of that night, but towards morning we got some sleep, the flesh being fatigued with all which it had gone through.§ Now,

shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Matt. xxiv. 21–28.

* "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." 1 John v. 7.

"I and my Father are one." John x. 30.

"And the Father himself, which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me. Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." John v. 37.

"But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth." 2 Thess. ii. 13.

"Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied." 1 Peter i. 2.

† "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John iii. 8.

‡ "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." Zech. ix. 12.

§ "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Matt. xxvi. 41.

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when I awoke in the morning, and was dressed, I went out into the room where we took our meals and usually sat, and there were Theophilus and my uncle, and the windows were open, and every thing appeared as usual, only that I felt that some great change had passed in my own mind,* for I felt as it were quite a loathing and abhorrence of the very thoughts of those things which, but the day before, had been most sweet to me. So when we had bidden each other good day, my uncle led me to a window which opens towards the mountains, and asked me if I observed any change wrought in the night.

I replied,—"All things seem as they were, the sun shines as brightly, the dew spangles the herb, the storm is past, I see no sign whatever of that which alarmed us last night, excepting," I added, "certain streaks and channels wrought in the sides of the mountains."

"Those," said my uncle, "should prove to us, that what alarmed the Master's enemies was not imaginary; those treasures of the snow which have been heaped up upon the mountains from the beginning of time, will melt and flow at the approach of the Lord, descending into the valleys for the fertilization of some, and tumbling in beautiful avalanches for the destruction of others.† Hence, these breakings forth and disruptions of the snow are certain tokens that the coming of the Lord is not far off; neither should I be surprised, if other effects of that which was exhibited last night, presently appear, approaching us from the east. Oh that our fellow-servants would take warning, and be advised, that they would repent while it is day, and before the night come, when no man can work.‡ But come," he added, "let us refresh ourselves with the necessary aliments which the Lord has provided, and then to our work, for the time is short." But while we were at our breakfast, there was a gentle tap at the door, and on my uncle bidding the person to come in, using his accustomed phrase of invitation, as

* "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

† "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" Job xxxviii. 22.

‡ "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." John ix. 4.

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given before, in came the doctor—but oh, how changed, how contrite was the poor man, and how cordially did he run into the arms of my uncle."

"Oh, my brother, my friend," he exclaimed, "you were right, right from the beginning, and I was wrong; —Did I think, poor weak pragmatical self-conceited wretch that I am, that by any devices I could imagine, or any efforts I could make, I could overreach the enemy of my Lord, and triumph over Madame le Monde and Fitz-Adam,—that I could bind these unicorns in the furrow?* Are the devil, the world, and the flesh, to be thus manacled and shackled by an arm like mine? Oh! blessed Lord, forgive me this sinful thought, from henceforth and for ever may I give all the glory to thee, and to thee only;" and the poor man wept, and my uncle consoled him from his Lord's letters, assuring him, that since no servant had ever been brought by his own reasoning, to give the whole and sole glory to the Lord, he that had been enabled to learn this excellent lesson had already been written in the Master's roll, of the blessed of the household, and would assuredly be preserved in the day of affliction.†

"Alas!" replied the doctor, "could I but think so, I should indeed be at ease; but when I look back on the whole course of my service, and on my impious expectations, I dare not hope."

"Nor will you ever hope till you cease to look at yourself, and your own short coming," said my uncle. "Do you believe and admit, in their full extent, the words of my Lord's letters?"

"I thought I did believe once," replied the doctor, "and then I counted myself among the faithful, but I now see I never had faith; I took not the word in its simple meaning; I held back a portion of the truth as unprofitable to my fellow-servants, and I set up my own opinion in opposition to that of my Lord: and that because I secretly delighted in the favour of the housekeeper, and the velvet chair in the hall."

"But now," said my uncle, "what are your feelings and opinions?"

* "Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee?" Job xxxix. 10.

† "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Matt. vi. 17.

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"That I am a miserable sinner," replied the doctor, "and that my heaviest offence is, that I have kept back the truth from the people;" and the poor man wrung his hands.

"And what is the truth?" asked my uncle.

"That our Master is all in all, and that we are nothing,"* returned the doctor.

"Go then," said my uncle, "my beloved friend, call your people together, and declare your error; lose not a moment, the time is short. Do this at the present moment; this is what you owe to those you have misled."

"But if they will not hear," said the doctor: "yet you are right again, my friend, and I am again wrong," and forthwith he hastened to do that which had been pointed out to him.†

So we were again left, and my uncle called us to our desks, having adopted Theophilus as an assistant, and thanking his Master for having given him such a one. In the mean time, it seems, that all recollection of the last night's alarm had passed away from the minds of the enemies of the Lord, with the darkness of the night, and that every thing was going on with them in the usual way; for we heard the voices of the people as they passed to and fro along the passages and under the windows, calling to their fellows, and bidding them prepare and make ready for a great feast which was to take place that day, in honour of the steward, who had been re-elected, as it were, to rule in the name of the people; and we heard one tell another of the mighty doings which were to be, and how the villagers were to be feasted in the square.

"Did I not tell you so," said my uncle, "what can be done for these people?" And he arose and went out among them, and I doubt not but that he spoke all that was in his mind; nevertheless the terrors of the last night were not wholly without their effect on many individuals. There were some in the house, and these, in

* "And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power." Col. ii. 10.

† "Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?" Joel ii. 17.

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some instances, such as might be least expected, who seemed to be much and deeply impressed by them. The doctor had said that he feared but few would attend to him should he attempt to collect a congregation to hear the recantation of his errors; but herein he was much mistaken, for he had scarcely opened the door of his chapel, when many crowded in and hearkened even with tears confessing their own unfaithfulness, and exclaiming that they threw themselves without condition on the mercy of the Lord. The doctor also was much surprised to see Father Peter's people come to him also, throwing down their images and symbols,* and asking for copies of the Master's letters, so that the stir was great, and many were that day added to the Lord's followers. But the noon of that day, a day ever to be remembered by us, was scarcely arrived, when the sun, which had shone out in the morning, became as it were all darkened, as if under an eclipse, and the birds in the turrets began a screeching cry of a very doleful kind; on which all they who were abroad in the fields ran back to the house, and the steward himself, who was busy with the housekeeper settling some arrangements for the feast, put every thing by to inquire what might be the matter. The watchman on the roof of the house at the same time gave an alarm, on which many of us ran up on the leads. Theophilus and my uncle and I were some of the latest to hear the alarm: accordingly, when we had got upon the leads, we saw Mr. Fitz-Adam with a spy-glass in his hand looking towards the east; and we heard one say to another, that the watchmen had seen people running towards the castle as if in terror of pursuit.

"What can this be?" asked my uncle. So we listened to what Mr. Fitz-Adam should say when he had looked that way with the glass, and we heard him say to the librarian, who stood by him, "It is true enough, they are running for their lives; and lo, behold, one and another drops from among them as if without life." So the librarian took a look through the glass and shook his head. But when my uncle asked him to lend him the glass for an instant, he put it quietly into his pocket saying it was of no use to help the sight, and then having whispered something in the ear of Mr. Fitz-Adam, the

* "In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats." Isa. ii. 20.

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latter in a thundering tone issued his orders, as he had done the night before, that every door and window of the house, especially towards the east, should be carefully closed and barred, and that every watchman should be at his station.

"What can this mean?" said Theophilus.

"It will appear presently," replied my uncle, "but be not afraid; be assured that if it is a messenger of the Lord who frightens them, he comes on an errand of love to those who trust in him."*

Now while my uncle spake, many of those who were followers of Mr. Fitz-Adam had gone off with him, and there were but few left in that place. So there we stood, and anon in the direction the watchman pointed out, we saw people running. They were country people, and they came from those parts of the estate lying nearest the hills; however, we saw them not with the naked eye many moments before we discerned that behind them which was the cause of their terror, and truly the sight was enough to appal the stoutest heart. It was a chariot drawn by pale horses, and his name that sat in the chariot was death; he was armed with arrows, for he was an archer, and he was terrible to look upon;†—and this frightful apparition approached the castle, yet not swiftly; but as with measured steps the archer bent his bow, and from time to time he sent forth an arrow, which striking one and another of those who fled before him, struck the individual to the ground, for the arrow was sure, each one had its mark, and none fell harmless; nevertheless, it seemed that the stroke was not always mortal, for some few arose and fled, having torn the arrow from the wound. All this could be seen from the place where we stood, for the progress of the chariot as I before said, was measured and slow; yet its approach was certain. In the meantime the work of defence and of offence was going on in the castle; every door and window was blocked, and several guns which

* "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Psalm xci. 5.

† "And I saw and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And I looked and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." Rev. vi. 2, 8.

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were upon the roof and in other places were brought to bear upon the enemy. Never having witnessed any thing of the kind before, I sprang some inches high when the first guns went off, and I saw the balls whizzing through the air right in the direction of the enemy; but although they seemed as it were to pierce the very bodies of the pale steeds, yet they winced not, nor changed a foot, nor did the archer even start in his seat.

"I know," said my uncle, "whence this messenger comes, and I also know that no weapon formed against him will prosper." It seemed that the defenders of the castle were soon convinced of this, for we heard no more guns, but were admonished by some who wished us well, to come down into the house, into a place where we might be secure from the arrows."

"Be it so," replied my uncle, calmly, "we will act as friends advise, but we are equally safe in this place as in any other, and therefore should not desire to move, unless we could be of service, and this will appear anon." So we stepped off the leads down into the interior chambers, and seeing the door of the doctor's apartment open, we went in; here we found this venerable servant of the Lord employed as he should be, consoling and strengthening the faith of certain persons, in whom the present state of affairs seemed to have shaken their confidence in the Lord's kindness; or rather of persons, who in looking to themselves, seemed as if they could not understand how they could ever be counted worthy of that kindness, for it was seen very clearly at this time, that no one could bear these trials who did not look from himself to the high price which the Lord had paid for our redemption. However, we were surprised to see how the tongue of the doctor was loosed, and how earnestly and decidedly he applied the words of consolation to those who were feeble in spirit. But while thus engaged in this inner chamber, we were made sensible that the attack upon the house itself was actually commenced, for the cries of the wounded ran along the galleries, and we heard the footsteps of those who were bearing away the wounded, while others were heard running in various directions, exclaiming, "Where can we be safe? Where shall we find a refuge? Help, help, or we are lost." It was then that the doctor and my uncle rushing forth into the place in which the arrows fell thickest (for neither walls, nor bars, nor any other

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defence, seemed to avail the least to keep them off), set themselves to point out, that now, even in this perilous moment, it might not be too late to seek that mercy which could render these barbed arrows but messengers of love. And while Theophilus and I were endeavouring to give what assistance might be in our power, in succouring, and consoling, and assisting those who were wounded, and yet not so severely but that the arrow might be extricated; and while the servants of the castle were throwing out the bodies of those who were past hope, for it was impossible, nay, and contrary to the laws of the household, to keep those within the walls who were struck in any way past recovery by a messenger from the Lord;* two arrows came as it were at one and the same time. They were particularly sharp, and they bore on each a motto, and the words were these, as I observed them afterward, viz. I have loved thee to the end;—and at the moment that one of them pierced to the heart of my uncle, the other at the same time buried its barbed head in the breast of the chaplain. I was near my venerable parent when this happened, and received him falling in my arms—He lifted up his eyes and said, "Dear Master, I come—and when I am gone accept the services of my nephew:"—and he blessed me, and while his blessings still hung on his lips, he was torn from me, for so the stern ordinances of the house demanded, and he was gathered up with others into the chariot, and I saw him no more. And as it had been with me as regarded my uncle, so was it with Theophilus as touching the doctor; and for a while we were like persons stupified and heedless of all that befell those around us—nay, while the arrows continued to fly around us the whole household seemed to be confounded, and nothing was heard but lamentations and cries, except it might be among those who were enabled to see as it were beyond this veil of sorrow, into the clear light of a glorious day very near at hand.

At length, however, the scourge was withdrawn—the quiver of the pestilence was exhausted—those who had fallen by the arrows were seen no more—the stains of blood were washed from the floors, and the seats which were emptied were filled again. Where the doctor once

* "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more." Job vii. 10

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stood, there stands Theophilus, and I am in my uncle's seat. May we both be enabled to fill our places as those should do who are daily looking and longing for the return of the Master. Father Peter is getting weaker and losing influence from day to day; Mr. Fitz-Adam is unchanged; Madame le Monde is revived; the servants of the Lord are overpowered and driven into corners by the opposite party as afore-time; and the librarian at the right-hand of the steward on the dais in the hall, boasts how he predicted that the alarms described in the former part of our history would terminate in nothing, and that the return of a pretended Lord was but an old woman's tale calculated to frighten froward children.

And here I close my history, having brought it down to the present hour; and if it seems to be broken off abruptly, let my reader understand that it is an allegory, in which every man is concerned;—that it includes much awful instruction; and that its termination, as it affects my reader individually, depends on this, viz. whether he is a follower of the world and a servant of the old Adam, or whether he is one of those who long and look for the return of the only true Lord—"For the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever;" and it is his will "that we should believe in the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent"

THE END OF THE LATTER DAYS.

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